This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

Esther Strait Mosher

from C. D. M.

7 Apr. 1880

THE

PLAYS AND POEMS

OF

SHAKESPEARE.

VOL. XII.

THE

PLAYS AND POEMS

OF

SHAKESPEARE.

VOL. XII.



Westall del Starling sc.

CYMBELINE
Imogen in Boys Clothes
Act III. Scene VI.

THE

PLAYS AND POEMS

OF

SHAKESPEARE.

WITH

ONE HUNDRED AND SEVENTY ILLUSTRATIONS,

FROM DESIGNS BY EMINENT ARTISTS.

EDITED BY

A. J. VALPY, A.M.,

FELLOW OF PEMBROKE COLLEGE, OXFORD.

IN FIFTEEN VOLUMES.

VOL. XII.

LONDON:

BELL & DALDY, YORK STREET, COVENT GARDEN.

1878.

616923

Widely excelling in the knowledge of human nature, Shakspeare has given to his infinitely varied pictures of it, such truth of design, such force of drawing, such beauty of coloring, as was hardly ever equalled by any writer, whether his aim was the use, or only the entertainment of mankind.

BISHOP WARBURTON.

CONTENTS

OF THE

TWELFTH VOLUME.

	PAGE
ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA	1
CYMBELINE	161

ILLUSTRATIONS

TO THE

TWELFTH VOLUME.

ENGRAVINGS ON STEEL.

PAGE

1. Imogen in boy's clothes (Cymbeline) from a painting by *Westall*. Frontispiece.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

2. Antony, Cleopatra, Eros, Charmian, &c.—*H. Tresham*. 92
3. Antony, Cleopatra, &c.—*Ditto*. 112
4. Cleopatra, Women, Guards, &c.—*Ditto*. . . 166

CYMBELINE.

5. Imogen, Posthumus, Queen, Cymbeline, &c.-*Hamilton*. 173
6. Imogen and Iachimo.— *Westall*. 203
7. Posthumus, Iachimo, and Philario.—*Ditto* . . 217
8. Pisanio and Imogen.—*Hoppner*. 237

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

HISTORICAL NOTICE

OF

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

The composition of this tragedy is assigned by Malone to the date of 1608, although no publication of it has been hitherto discovered anterior to the folio edition of 1623. Some of its incidents are supposed to have been borrowed from a production of Daniel, called 'The Tragedie of Cleopatra,' which was entered on the books of the Stationers' Company in the year 1593. The materials used by Shakspeare were derived from North's translation of Plutarch; and he appears to have been desirous of introducing every incident and person which he found recorded; for when the historian mentions his grandfather Lamprias as his authority for his account of the entertainments of Antony at Alexandria;—in the old copy of this play, in a stage direction, in act i. scene 2. Lamprias, Rannius, and Lucilius enter with the rest, but sustain no share in the dialogue. Of the three plays founded by our author on the history of Plutarch this is the one in which he has least indulged his fancy. His adherence to his authority is minute, and he bestowed little pains in the adaptation of the history to the purposes of the drama, beyond an ingenious, and frequently elegant metrical arrangement of the humble prose of North. The action comprises the events of ten years, com-

ARGUMENT.

the eastern provinces, awarded to Antony
partition of the Roman empire, enables him
out restraint his natural taste for prodigality
and the duties of his high office are sa-
shrine of Cleopatra, whose influence is sus-
maritime superiority of Sextus Pompeius,
her admirer to the capital. A family alliance
ted with Octavia, the sister of Cæsar, who
wife of Antony, and accompanies her husband
government, after the seeming restoration of
uillity. The success of Cæsar, who soon after
forces of Pompey, and deprives Lepidus of his
triumvirate, at length alarms the effeminate
ho provokes the resentment of his powerful rival
rtion of the amiable Octavia, and his renewed
to the charms of the Egyptian queen. The
encounter near the promontory of Actium,
fortunes of Cæsar prevail, in consequence of the
of Cleopatra, who betakes herself to flight in the
of the action; and the infatuated Antony, following
mple, is compelled to avoid impending captivity by
to the alternative of a voluntary death; while
tra is reserved to grace the triumph of her conqueror,
vigilance she contrives to elude by depriving herself
by the poison of asps, secretly conveyed to her in a
ot of figs.

mencing with the death of Fulvia, B. C. 40. and terminating with the final overthrow of the Ptolemean dynasty, B. C. 30.

'This play,' says Dr. Johnson, 'keeps curiosity always busy, and the passions always interested. The continual hurry of the action, the variety of incidents, and the quick succession of one personage to another, call the mind forward without intermission from the first act to the last: but the power of delighting is derived principally from the frequent changes of the scene; for except the feminine arts, some of which are too low, which distinguish Cleopatra, no character is very strongly discriminated. Upton, who did not easily miss what he desired to find, has discovered that the language of Antony is, with great skill and learning, made pompous and superb, according to his real practice; but I think his diction not distinguishable from that of others: the most tumid speech in the play is that which Cæsar makes to Octavia. The events, of which the principal are described according to history, are produced without any art of connexion or care of disposition.'

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

M. Antony, Octavius Cæsar, M. Æmil. Lepidus, } triumvirs.
Sextus Pompeius.
Domitius Enobarbus, Ventidius, Eros, Scarus, Dercetas, Demetrius, Philo, } friends of Antony.
Mecænas, Agrippa, Dolabella, Proculeius, Thyreus, Gallus, } friends to Cæsar.
Menas, Menecrates, Varrius, } friends of Pompey.
Taurus, lieutenant-general to Cæsar.
Canidius, lieutenant-general to Antony.
Silius, an officer in Ventidius's army.
Euphronius, an ambassador from Antony to Cæsar.
Alexas, Mardian, Seleucus, and Diomedes; attendants on Cleopatra.
Soothsayer. Clown.

Cleopatra, queen of Egypt.
Octavia, sister to Cæsar, and wife to Antony.
Charmian, Iras, } attendants on Cleopatra.

Officers, Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants.

Scene, dispersed, in several parts of the Roman empire.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

Alexandria. A room in Cleopatra's palace.

Enter DEMETRIUS *and* PHILO.

Phi. Nay, but this dotage of our general's
O'erflows the measure: those his goodly eyes,
That o'er the files and musters of the war
Have glow'd like plated Mars, now bend, now turn
The office and devotion of their view
Upon a tawny front: his captain's heart,
Which in the scuffles of great fights hath burst
The buckles on his breast, reneges[1] all temper;
And is become the bellows and the fan
To cool a gipsy's lust. Look, where they come!

Florish. Enter ANTONY *and* CLEOPATRA, *with their trains; Eunuchs fanning her.*

Take but good note, and you shall see in him

---

[1] Renounces.

The triple pillar of the world transform'd
Into a strumpet's fool: behold, and see.

Cle. If it be love indeed, tell me how much.

Ant. There's beggary in the love that can be reckon'd.

Cle. I'll set a bourn[1] how far to be beloved.

Ant. Then must thou needs find out new heaven, new earth.

Enter ATTENDANT.

Att. News, my good lord, from Rome.

Ant. Grates[2] me:—the sum.

Cle. Nay, hear them, Antony:
Fulvia, perchance, is angry; or, who knows
If the scarce-bearded Cæsar have not sent
His powerful mandate to you,—'Do this, or this;
Take in that kingdom, and enfranchise that;
Perform 't, or else we damn thee.'

Ant. How, my love?

Cle. Perchance,—nay, and most like,
You must not stay here longer; your dismission
Is come from Cæsar; therefore hear it, Antony.—
Where's Fulvia's process?[3] Cæsar's, I would say?—Both?—
Call in the messengers.—As I am Egypt's queen,
Thou blushest, Antony; and that blood of thine
Is Cæsar's homager: else so thy cheek pays shame,

---

[1] Limit [2] It offends. [3] Summons.

When shrill-tongued Fulvia scolds.—The messengers.

Ant. Let Rome in Tiber melt, and the wide arch
Of the ranged empire fall! Here is my space;
Kingdoms are clay: our dungy earth alike
Feeds beast as man: the nobleness of life
Is, to do thus; when such a mutual pair, [*embracing.*
And such a twain can do 't, in which, I bind,
On pain of punishment, the world to weet,[1]
We stand up peerless.

Cle. Excellent falsehood!
Why did he marry Fulvia, and not love her?—
I 'll seem the fool I am not; Antony
Will be himself.

Ant. But stirr'd by Cleopatra.—
Now, for the love of Love,[2] and her soft hours,
Let 's not confound the time with conference harsh:
There 's not a minute of our lives should stretch
Without some pleasure now. What sport to-night?

Cle. Hear the ambassadors.

Ant. Fie, wrangling queen!
Whom every thing becomes, to chide, to laugh,
To weep; whose every passion fully strives
To make itself, in thee, fair and admired!
No messenger; but thine and all alone,
To-night, we 'll wander through the streets, and note

---

[1] Know. [2] i. e. of Venus.

The qualities of people. Come, my queen;
Last night you did desire it.—Speak not to us.
[*Exeunt Antony and Cleopatra, with their train.*

Dem. Is Cæsar with Antonius prized so slight?

Phi. Sir, sometimes, when he is not Antony,
He comes too short of that great property
Which still should go with Antony.

Dem. I 'm full sorry,
That he approves the common liar,[1] who
Thus speaks of him at Rome: but I will hope
Of better deeds to-morrow. Rest you happy!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The same. Another room.

Enter CHARMIAN, IRAS, ALEXAS, *and a* SOOTHSAYER.

Char. Lord Alexas, sweet Alexas, most any thing Alexas, almost most absolute Alexas, where 's the soothsayer that you praised so to the queen? O, that I knew this husband, which, you say, must charge his horns with garlands!

Alex. Soothsayer.

Sooth. Your will?

Char. Is this the man?—Is 't you, sir, that know things?

Sooth. In Nature's infinite book of secresy
A little I can read.

---

[1] Fame.

Alex. Show him your hand.

Enter ENOBARBUS.

Eno. Bring in the banquet quickly; wine enough, Cleopatra's health to drink.

Char. Good sir, give me good fortune.

Sooth. I make not, but foresee.

Char. Pray then, foresee me one.

Sooth. You shall be yet far fairer than you are.

Char. He means, in flesh.

Iras. No, you shall paint when you are old.

Char. Wrinkles forbid!

Alex. Vex not his prescience; be attentive.

Char. Hush!

Sooth. You shall be more beloving than beloved.

Char. I had rather heat my liver with drinking.

Alex. Nay, hear him.

Char. Good now, some excellent fortune! Let me be married to three kings in a forenoon, and widow them all: let me have a child at fifty, to whom Herod of Jewry may do homage: find me to marry me with Octavius Cæsar, and companion me with my mistress.

Sooth. You shall outlive the lady whom you serve.

Char. O excellent! I love long life better than figs.[1]

---

[1] A proverbial expression.

Sooth. You have seen and proved a fairer former fortune
Than that which is to approach.

Char. Then, belike, my children shall have no names.[1] Pr'ythee, how many boys and wenches must I have?

Sooth. If every of your wishes had a womb,
And fertile every wish, a million.

Char. Out, fool! I forgive thee for a witch.

Alex. You think, none but your sheets are privy to your wishes.

Char. Nay, come, tell Iras hers.

Alex. We 'll know all our fortunes.

Eno. Mine, and most of our fortunes, to-night, shall be—drunk to bed.

Iras. There 's a palm presages chastity, if nothing else.

Char. Even as the o'erflowing Nilus presageth famine.

Iras. Go, you wild bedfellow; you cannot soothsay.

Char. Nay, if an oily palm be not a fruitful prognostication, I cannot scratch mine ear. Pr'ythee, tell her but a worky-day fortune.

Sooth. Your fortunes are alike.

Iras. But how, but how? give me particulars.

Sooth. I have said.

---

[1] i. e. be illegitimate.

Iras. Am I not an inch of fortune better than she?

Char. Well, if you were but an inch of fortune better than I, where would you choose it?

Iras. Not in my husband's nose.

Char. Our worser thoughts Heavens mend! Alexas,—come, his fortune, his fortune!—O, let him marry a woman that cannot go, sweet Isis, I beseech thee! And let her die too, and give him a worse! and let worse follow worse, till the worst of all follow him laughing to his grave, fifty-fold a cuckold! Good Isis, hear me this prayer, though thou deny me a matter of more weight; good Isis, I beseech thee!

Iras. Amen. Dear goddess, hear that prayer of the people! for, as it is a heart-breaking to see a handsome man loose-wived, so it is a deadly sorrow to behold a foul knave uncuckolded: therefore, dear Isis, keep decorum, and fortune him accordingly!

Char. Amen.

Alex. Lo, now, if it lay in their hands to make me a cuckold, they would make themselves whores, but they'ld do't!

Eno. Hush! here comes Antony.

Char. Not he; the queen.

Enter CLEOPATRA.

Cleo. Saw you my lord?

[illegible]

Eno. No, lady.

Cle. Was he not here?

Char. No, madam.

Cle. He was disposed to mirth, but on the sudden
A Roman thought hath struck him.—Enobarbus!

Eno. Madam.

Cle. Seek him, and bring him hither.—Where 's Alexas?

Alex. Here, madam, at your service.—My lord approaches.

Enter ANTONY, *with a* MESSENGER *and Attendants.*

Cle. We will not look upon him: go with us.
[*Exeunt Cleopatra, Enobarbus, Alexas, Iras, Charmian, Soothsayer, and Attendants.*

Mes. Fulvia thy wife first came into the field.

Ant. Against my brother Lucius?

Mes. Ay:
But soon that war had end, and the time's state
Made friends of them, jointing their force 'gainst Cæsar;
Whose better issue in the war, from Italy,
Upon the first encounter, drave them.

Ant. Well, what worst?

Mes. The nature of bad news infects the teller.

Ant. When it concerns the fool or coward.—On:
Things, that are past, are done with me. 'Tis thus;—
Who tells me true, though in his tale lie death,

I hear him as he flatter'd.

Mes. Labienus
(This is stiff news) hath, with his Parthian force,
Extended Asia from Euphrates;
His conquering banner shook, from Syria
To Lydia and to Ionia;
Whilst——

Ant. Antony, thou wouldst say,——

Mes. O, my lord!

Ant. Speak to me home, mince not the general tongue;
Name Cleopatra as she 's call'd in Rome:
Rail thou in Fulvia's phrase; and taunt my faults
With such full license, as both truth and malice
Have power to utter. O, then we bring forth weeds,
When our quick minds lie still; and our ills told us,
Is as our earing.[1] Fare thee well awhile.

Mes. At your noble pleasure. [*Exit.*

Ant. From Sicyon how the news? Speak there.

1 *Att.* The man from Sicyon.—Is there such a one?

2 *Att.* He stays upon your will.

Ant. Let him appear.—
These strong Egyptian fetters I must break,

---

[1] 'When our pregnant minds lie untilled, they bring forth weeds; but the telling us of our faults is a kind of culture to them.'—M. Mason.

Enter another MESSENGER.

Or lose myself in dotage.—What are you?
2 *Mes.* Fulvia thy wife is dead.
Ant. Where died she?
2 *Mes.* In Sicyon:
Her length of sickness, with what else more serious
Importeth thee to know, this bears. [*gives a letter.*
Ant. Forbear me.
[*Exit Messenger.*
There 's a great spirit gone! Thus did I desire it.
What our contempts do often hurl from us,
We wish it ours again; the present pleasure,
By revolution lowering, does become
The opposite of itself: she 's good, being gone;
The hand could pluck her back, that shoved her on.
I must from this enchanting queen break off:
Ten thousand harms, more than the ills I know,
My idleness doth hatch.—How now, Enobarbus?

Enter ENOBARBUS.

Eno. What 's your pleasure, sir?
Ant. I must with haste from hence.
Eno. Why, then, we kill all our women: we see how mortal an unkindness is to them; if they suffer our departure, death 's the word.
Ant. I must be gone.
Eno. Under a compelling occasion, let women die: it were pity to cast them away for nothing; though between them and a great cause they

should be esteemed nothing. Cleopatra, catching but the least noise of this, dies instantly; I have seen her die twenty times upon far poorer moment:[1] I do think, there is mettle in death, which commits some loving act upon her, she hath such a celerity in dying.

Ant. She is cunning past man's thought.

Eno. Alack, sir, no; her passions are made of nothing but the finest part of pure love. We cannot call her winds and waters, sighs and tears; they are greater storms and tempests than almanacks can report: this cannot be cunning in her; if it be, she makes a shower of rain as well as Jove.

Ant. Would I had never seen her!

Eno. O, sir, you had then left unseen a wonderful piece of work; which not to have been blessed withal, would have discredited your travel.

Ant. Fulvia is dead.

Eno. Sir?

Ant. Fulvia is dead.

Eno. Fulvia?

Ant. Dead.

Eno. Why, sir, give the gods a thankful sacrifice. When it pleaseth their deities to take the wife of a man from him, it shows to man the tailors of the earth; comforting therein, that when old robes are worn out, there are members to make new. If

---

[1] Less reason.

there were no more women but Fulvia, then had you indeed a cut, and the case to be lamented: this grief is crowned with consolation; your old smock brings forth a new petticoat; and, indeed, the tears live in an onion that should water this sorrow.

Ant. The business she hath broached in the state
Cannot endure my absence.

Eno. And the business you have broached here cannot be without you; especially that of Cleopatra's, which wholly depends on your abode.

Ant. No more light answers. Let our officers
Have notice what we purpose: I shall break
The cause of our expedience[1] to the queen,
And get her love[2] to part: for not alone
The death of Fulvia, with more urgent touches,
Do strongly speak to us; but the letters too
Of many our contriving friends in Rome
Petition us at home. Sextus Pompeius
Hath given the dare to Cæsar, and commands
The empire of the sea: our slippery people
(Whose love is never link'd to the deserver,
Till his deserts are past) begin to throw
Pompey the great, and all his dignities,
Upon his son; who, high in name and power,
Higher than both in blood and life, stands up
For the main soldier; whose quality, going on,
The sides o' the world may danger. Much is
breeding,

---

[1] Expedition. [2] For leave.

Which, like the courser's hair, hath yet but life,[1]
And not a serpent's poison. Say, our pleasure,
To such whose place is under us, requires
Our quick remove from hence.
Eno. I shall do 't. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, *and* ALEXAS.

Cle. Where is he?
Char. I did not see him since.
Cle. See where he is, who 's with him, what he does:—
I did not send you:[2]—if you find him sad,
Say I am dancing; if in mirth, report
That I am sudden sick: quick, and return.
[*Exit Alexas.*
Char. Madam, methinks, if you did love him dearly,
You do not hold the method to enforce
The like from him.
Cle. What should I do, I do not?
Char. In each thing give him way; cross him in nothing.
Cle. Thou teachest like a fool: the way to lose him.

---

[1] In allusion to an old idle notion, that the hair of a horse dropped into corrupted water, will turn to an animal.
[2] Appear as if I did not send you.

Char. Tempt him not so too far: I wish, forbear;
In time we hate that which we often fear.

Enter ANTONY.

But here comes Antony.
Cle. I am sick and sullen.
Ant. I am sorry to give breathing to my purpose,——
Cle. Help me away, dear Charmian; I shall fall:
It cannot be thus long; the sides of nature
Will not sustain it.
Ant. Now, my dearest queen,——
Cle. Pray you, stand farther from me.
Ant. What's the matter?
Cle. I know, by that same eye, there's some good news.
What says the married woman?—You may go:
Would she had never given you leave to come!
Let her not say, 'tis I that keep you here:
I have no power upon you; hers you are.
Ant. The gods best know,——
Cle. O, never was there queen
So mightily betray'd! Yet, at the first,
I saw the treasons planted.
Ant. Cleopatra!——
Cle. Why should I think, you can be mine, and true,
Though you in swearing shake the throned gods,
Who have been false to Fulvia? Riotous madness,
To be entangled with those mouth-made vows,

Which break themselves in swearing!

Ant. Most sweet queen!——

Cle. Nay, pray you, seek no color for your going;
But bid farewell, and go: when you sued staying,
Then was the time for words: no going then;—
Eternity was in our lips and eyes;
Bliss in our brows' bent;[1] none our parts so poor,
But was a race of heaven:[2] they are so still,
Or thou, the greatest soldier of the world,
Art turn'd the greatest liar.

Ant. How now, lady?

Cle. I would I had thy inches; thou shouldst know
There were a heart in Egypt.

Ant. Hear me, queen:
The strong necessity of time commands
Our services awhile; but my full heart
Remains in use with you. Our Italy
Shines o'er with civil swords: Sextus Pompeius
Makes his approaches to the port[3] of Rome:
Equality of two domestic powers
Breeds scrupulous faction. The hated, grown to strength,
Are newly grown to love: the condemn'd Pompey,
Rich in his father's honor, creeps apace
Into the hearts of such as have not thrived
Upon the present state, whose numbers threaten;
And quietness, grown sick of rest, would purge

[1] In the arch of our eyebrows.
[2] Of heavenly origin.
[3] Gate.

By any desperate change. My more particular,
And that which most with you should safe my going,[1]
Is Fulvia's death.

Cle. Though age from folly could not give m freedom,
It does from childishness.—Can Fulvia die?

Ant. She 's dead, my queen:
Look here, and, at thy sovereign leisure, read
The garboils[2] she awaked; at the last, best:
See, when and where she died.

Cle. O most false love!
Where be the sacred vials thou shouldst fill
With sorrowful water? Now I see, I see,
In Fulvia's death, how mine received shall be.

Ant. Quarrel no more, but be prepared to know
The purposes I bear, which are, or cease,
As you shall give the advice. By the fire
That quickens Nilus' slime, I go from hence,
Thy soldier, servant; making peace or war,
As thou affect'st.

Cle. Cut my lace, Charmian, come;
But let it be.—I am quickly ill and well:
So Antony loves.

Ant. My precious queen, forbear;
And give true evidence to his love, which stands
An honorable trial.

Cle. So Fulvia told me.
I pr'ythee, turn aside, and weep for her;

---

[1] Should reconcile you to my departure. [2] Tumults.

Then bid adieu to me, and say, the tears
Belong to Egypt.[1] Good now, play one scene
Of excellent dissembling; and let it look
Like perfect honor.

Ant. You 'll heat my blood; no more.

Cle. You can do better yet; but this is meetly.

Ant. Now, by my sword,——

Cle. And target:—still he mends;
But this is not the best. Look, pr'ythee, Charmian,
How this Herculean Roman does become
The carriage of his chafe.

Ant. I 'll leave you, lady.

Cle. Courteous lord, one word.
Sir, you and I must part,—but that 's not it:
Sir, you and I have loved,—but there 's not it;
That you know well. Something it is I would:—
O, my oblivion[2] is a very Antony,
And I am all forgotten.

Ant. But that your royalty
Holds idleness your subject, I should take you
For idleness itself.

Cle. 'Tis sweating labor,
To bear such idleness so near the heart,
As Cleopatra this: but, sir, forgive me;
Since my becomings kill me, when they do not
Eye well to you. Your honor calls you hence;
Therefore be deaf to my unpitied folly,
And all the gods go with you! upon your sword

---

[1] i. e. to me, the queen of Egypt.

[2] Oblivious memory.

How 'tis abroad. Pompey is strong at sea;
And it appears, he is beloved of those
That only have fear'd Cæsar: to the ports
The discontents repair, and men's reports
Give him much wrong'd.

Cæ. I should have known no less:
It hath been taught us from the primal state,
That he, which is, was wish'd, until he were;
And the ebb'd man, ne'er loved till ne'er worth love,
Comes dear'd[1] by being lack'd. This common body,
Like a vagabond flag upon the stream,
Goes to and back, lackeying the varying tide,[2]
To rot itself with motion.

Mes. Cæsar, I bring thee word,
Menecrates and Menas, famous pirates,
Make the sea serve them, which they ear[3] and wound
With keels of every kind. Many hot inroads
They make in Italy; the borders maritime
Lack blood[4] to think on 't, and flush youth revolt:
No vessel can peep forth, but 'tis as soon
Taken as seen; for Pompey's name strikes more
Than could his war resisted.

Cæ. Antony,
Leave thy lascivious wassels.[5] When thou once

---

[1] Becomes endeared.

[2] Floating backwards and forwards with the variation of the tide, like a page or lackey at his master's heels.

[3] Plough. [4] Turn pale. [5] Intemperance.

Wast beaten from Modena, where thou slew'st
Hirtius and Pansa, consuls, at thy heel
Did famine follow; whom thou fought'st against,
Though daintily brought up, with patience more
Than savages could suffer. Thou didst drink
The stale of horses, and the gilded puddle
Which beasts would cough at: thy palate then did
deign
The roughest berry on the rudest hedge;
Yea, like the stag, when snow the pasture sheets,
The barks of trees thou browsed'st: on the Alps,
It is reported, thou didst eat strange flesh,
Which some did die to look on: and all this
(It wounds thine honor that I speak it now)
Was borne so like a soldier, that thy cheek
So much as lank'd not.

Lep. 'Tis pity of him.

Cæ. Let his shames quickly
Drive him to Rome. 'Tis time we twain
Did show ourselves i' the field; and, to that end,
Assemble we immediate council: Pompey
Thrives in our idleness.

Lep. To-morrow, Cæsar,
I shall be furnish'd to inform you rightly
Both what by sea and land I can be able,
To 'front this present time.

Cæ. Till which encounter,
It is my business too. Farewell.

Lep. Farewell, my lord: what you shall know
meantime
Of stirs abroad, I shall beseech you, sir,

To let me be partaker.

Cæ. Doubt not, sir;
I knew it for my bond.[1] [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Alexandria. A room in the palace.

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, *and* MARDIAN.

Cle. Charmian!

Char. Madam.

Cle. Ha, ha!—
Give me to drink mandragora.[2]

Char. Why, madam?

Cle. That I might sleep out this great gap of time,
My Antony is away.

Char. You think of him too much.

Cle. O, 'tis treason!

Char. Madam, I trust, not so.

Cle. Thou, eunuch! Mardian!

Mar. What 's your highness' pleasure?

Cle. Not now to hear thee sing: I take no pleasure
In aught an eunuch has. 'Tis well for thee,
That, being unseminar'd, thy freer thoughts
May not fly forth of Egypt. Hast thou affections?

Mar. Yes, gracious madam.

---

[1] My bounden duty. [2] A sleepy potion.

Cle. Indeed?

Mar. Not in deed, madam; for I can do nothing
But what in deed is honest to be done:
Yet have I fierce affections, and think
What Venus did with Mars.

Cle. O Charmian,
Where think'st thou he is now? Stands he, or sits he?
Or does he walk? or is he on his horse?
O happy horse, to bear the weight of Antony!
Do bravely, horse! for wot'st thou whom thou movest?
The demi-Atlas of this earth, the arm
And burgonet[1] of men. He's speaking now,
Or murmuring, 'Where's my serpent of old Nile?'
For so he calls me: now I feed myself
With most delicious poison.—Think on me,
That am with Phœbus' amorous pinches black,
And wrinkled deep in time? Broad-fronted Cæsar,
When thou wast here above the ground, I was
A morsel for a monarch: and great Pompey
Would stand, and make his eyes grow in my brow:
There would he anchor his aspect, and die
With looking on his life.

Enter ALEXAS.

Alex. Sovereign of Egypt, hail!

Cle. How much unlike art thou Mark Antony!

---

[1] A burgonet is a kind of helmet.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

Messina. A room in Pompey's house.

Enter POMPEY, MENECRATES, *and* MENAS.

Pom. If the great gods be just, they shall assist
The deeds of justest men.
Menec. Know, worthy Pompey,
That what they do delay they not deny.
Pom. Whiles we are suitors to their throne, decays
The thing we sue for.
Menec. We, ignorant of ourselves,
Beg often our own harms, which the wise powers
Deny us for our good; so find we profit,
By losing of our prayers.
Pom. I shall do well:
The people love me, and the sea is mine;
My power 's a crescent, and my auguring hope
Says, it will come to the full. Mark Antony
In Egypt sits at dinner, and will make
No wars without doors: Cæsar gets money, where
He loses hearts: Lepidus flatters both,
Of both is flatter'd; but he neither loves,
Nor either cares for him.
Menas. Cæsar and Lepidus
Are in the field; a mighty strength they carry.
Pom. Where have you this? 'tis false.

Menas. From Silvius, sir.
Pom. He dreams: I know, they are in Rome together,
Looking for Antony: but all the charms of love,
Salt Cleopatra, soften thy waned[1] lip!
Let witchcraft join with beauty, lust with both!
Tie up the libertine in a field of feasts,
Keep his brain fuming; Epicurean cooks
Sharpen with cloyless sauce his appetite;
That sleep and feeding may prorogue his honor,
Even till a Lethed dulness.—How now, Varrius?

Enter VARRIUS.

Var. This is most certain that I shall deliver:
Mark Antony is every hour in Rome
Expected; since he went from Egypt, 'tis
A space for farther travel.
Pom. I could have given less matter
A better ear. Menas, I did not think,
This amorous surfeiter would have don'd[2] his helm
For such a petty war: his soldiership
Is twice the other twain. But let us rear
The higher our opinion, that our stirring
Can from the lap of Egypt's widow pluck
The ne'er lust-wearied Antony.
Menas. I cannot hope.
Cæsar and Antony shall well greet together.
His wife, that's dead, did trespasses to Cæsar;

---

[1] Faded. [2] Put on.

His brother warr'd upon him; although, I think,
Not moved by Antony.

Pom. I know not, Menas,
How lesser enmities may give way to greater.
Were 't not that we stand up against them all,
'Twere pregnant they should square[1] between themselves;
For they have entertained cause enough
To draw their swords: but how the fear of us
May cement their divisions, and bind up
The petty difference, we yet not know.
Be it as our gods will have it! It only stands
Our lives upon to use our strongest hands.
Come, Menas. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Rome. A room in the house of Lepidus.

Enter ENOBARBUS *and* LEPIDUS.

Lep. Good Enobarbus, 'tis a worthy deed,
And shall become you well, to entreat your captain
To soft and gentle speech.

Eno. I shall entreat him
To answer like himself: if Cæsar move him
Let Antony look over Cæsar's head,
And speak as loud as Mars. By Jupiter,
Were I the wearer of Antonius' beard,
I would not shave 't to-day.

---

[1] Quarrel.

Lep. 'Tis not a time
For private stomaching.

Eno. Every time
Serves for the matter that is then born in it.

Lep. But small to greater matters must give way.

Eno. Not if the small come first.

Lep. Your speech is passion:
But, pray you, stir no embers up. Here comes
The noble Antony.

Enter ANTONY *and* VENTIDIUS.

Eno. And yonder, Cæsar.

Enter CÆSAR, MECÆNAS, *and* AGRIPPA.

Ant. If we compose[1] well here, to Parthia:
Hark you, Ventidius.

Cæ. I do not know,
Mecænas; ask Agrippa.

Lep. Noble friends,
That which combined us was most great, and let not
A leaner action rend us. What 's amiss,
May it be gently heard: when we debate
Our trivial difference loud, we do commit
Murder in healing wounds. Then, noble partners,
(The rather, for I earnestly beseech)
Touch you the sourest points with sweetest terms,
Nor curstness[2] grow to the matter.

Ant. 'Tis spoken well.

---

[1] Agree. [2] Ill humor.

Were we before our armies, and to fight.
I should do thus.
Cæ. Welcome to Rome.
Ant. Thank you.
Cæ. Sit.
Ant. Sit, sir!
Cæ. Nay,
Then——
Ant. I learn, you take things ill, which are not so;
Or, being, concern you not.
Cæ. I must be laugh'd at,
If, or for nothing, or a little, I
Should say myself offended; and with you
Chiefly i' the world: more laugh'd at, that I should
Once name you derogately, when to sound your name
It not concern'd me.
Ant. My being in Egypt, Cæsar,
What was 't to you?
Cæ. No more than my residing here at Rome
Might be to you in Egypt: yet, if you there
Did practise [1] on my state, your being in Egypt
Might be my question.[2]
Ant. How intend you, practised?
Cæ. You may be pleased to catch at mine intent,
By what did here befal me. Your wife and brother

---

[1] Use bad arts or stratagems.
[2] Subject of conversation.

Made wars upon me; and their contestation
Was theme for you;[1] you were the word of war.

Ant. You do mistake your business; my brother never
Did urge me in his act: I did inquire it;
And have my learning from some true reports,[2]
That drew their swords with you. Did he not rather
Discredit my authority with yours;
And make the wars alike against my stomach,
Having alike your cause? Of this my letters
Before did satisfy you. If you 'll patch a quarrel,
As matter whole you have not to make it with,
It must not be with this.

Cæ. You praise yourself
By laying defects of judgment to me; but
You patch'd up your excuses.

Ant. Not so, not so:
I know you could not lack, I am certain on 't,
Very necessity of this thought, that I,
Your partner in the cause 'gainst which he fought,
Could not with graceful eyes attend those wars
Which 'fronted[3] mine own peace. As for my wife,
I would you had her spirit in such another:
The third o' the world is yours, which with a snaffle
You may pace easy; but not such a wife.

---

[1] 'Their contest was proposed as an example for you to follow on a yet more extensive plan.'—Steevens.

[2] For reporters. [3] Opposed.

Eno. Would we had all such wives, that the men might go to wars with the women!

Ant. So much uncurbable her garboils,[1] Cæsar,
Made out of her impatience, (which not wanted
Shrewdness of policy too) I grieving grant,
Did you too much disquiet: for that, you must
But say, I could not help it.

Cæ. I wrote to you,
When rioting in Alexandria: you
Did pocket up my letters, and with taunts
Did gibe my missive[2] out of audience.

Ant. Sir,
He fell upon me, ere admitted; then
Three kings I had newly feasted, and did want
Of what I was i' the morning: but, next day,
I told him of myself, which was as much
As to have ask'd him pardon. Let this fellow
Be nothing of our strife; if we contend,
Out of our question[3] wipe him.

Cæ. You have broken
The article of your oath; which you shall never
Have tongue to charge me with.

Lep. Soft, Cæsar.

Ant. No, Lepidus, let him speak:
The honor 's sacred which he talks on now,
Supposing that I lack'd it: but on, Cæsar:
The article of my oath.——

---

[1] Commotions. [2] Messenger.
[3] Conversation

Cæ. To lend me arms and aid, when I required them;
The which you both denied.

Ant. Neglected, rather:
And then, when poison'd hours had bound me up
From mine own knowlege. As nearly as I may,
I 'll play the penitent to you: but mine honesty
Shall not make poor my greatness, nor my power
Work without it.[1] Truth is, that Fulvia,
To have me out of Egypt, made wars here;
For which myself, the ignorant motive, do
So far ask pardon, as befits mine honor
To stoop in such a case.

Lep. 'Tis nobly spoken.

Mec. If it might please you, to enforce no farther
The griefs[2] between ye: to forget them quite,
Were to remember that the present need
Speaks to atone you.

Lep. Worthily spoken, Mecænas.

Eno. Or, if you borrow one another's love for the instant, you may, when you hear no more words of Pompey, return it again: you shall have time to wrangle in, when you have nothing else to do.

Ant. Thou art a soldier only; speak no more.

Eno. That truth should be silent, I had almost forgot.

Ant. You wrong this presence; therefore speak no more.

---

[1] i. e. without my honesty. [2] Grievances.

Eno. Go to then; your considerate stone.

Cæ. I do not much dislike the matter, but
The manner of his speech; for it cannot be,
We shall remain in friendship, our conditions[1]
So differing in their acts. Yet, if I knew
What hoop should hold us stanch, from edge to edge
O' the world I would pursue it.

Agr. Give me leave, Cæsar,—

Cæ. Speak, Agrippa.

Agr. Thou hast a sister by the mother's side,
Admired Octavia: great Mark Antony
Is now a widower.

Cæ. Say not so, Agrippa:
If Cleopatra heard you, your reproof
Were well deserved of rashness.

Ant. I am not married, Cæsar: let me hear
Agrippa farther speak.

Agr. To hold you in perpetual amity,
To make you brothers, and to knit your hearts
With an unslipping knot, take Antony
Octavia to his wife; whose beauty claims
No worse a husband than the best of men;
Whose virtue, and whose general graces, speak
That which none else can utter. By this marriage,
All little jealousies, which now seem great,
And all great fears, which now import their dangers,
Would then be nothing: truths would be tales,

---

[1] Dispositions.

Where now half tales be truths: her love to both,
Would, each to other, and all loves to both,
Draw after her. Pardon what I have spoke;
For 'tis a studied, not a present thought,
By duty ruminated.

Ant. Will Cæsar speak?

Cæ. Not till he hears how Antony is touch'd
With what is spoke already.

Ant. What power is in Agrippa
If I would say, 'Agrippa, be it so,'
To make this good?

Cæ. The power of Cæsar, and
His power unto Octavia.

Ant. May I never
To this good purpose, that so fairly shows,
Dream of impediment. Let me have thy hand:
Further this act of grace; and, from this hour,
The heart of brothers govern in our loves,
And sway our great designs!

Cæ. There is my hand.
A sister I bequeathe you, whom no brother
Did ever love so dearly. Let her live
To join our kingdoms and our hearts; and never
Fly off our loves again!

Lep. Happily, Amen!

Ant. I did not think to draw my sword 'gainst Pompey;
For he hath laid strange courtesies, and great,
Of late upon me: I must thank him only,
Lest my remembrance suffer ill report;

At heel of that, defy him.

Lep. Time calls upon us:
Of us must Pompey presently be sought,
Or else he seeks out us.

Ant. Where lies he?

Cæ. About the Mount Misenum.

Ant. What 's his strength
By land?

Cæ. Great, and increasing; but by sea
He is an absolute master.

Ant. So is the fame.
Would we had spoke together! Haste we for it:
Yet, ere we put ourselves in arms, despatch we
The business we have talk'd of.

Cæ. With most gladness;
And do invite you to my sister's view,
Whither straight I will lead you.

Ant. Let us, Lepidus,
Not lack your company.

Lep. Noble Antony,
Not sickness should detain me.

[*Florish. Exeunt Cæsar, Antony, and Lepidus.*

Mec. Welcome from Egypt, sir.

Eno. Half the heart of Cæsar, worthy Mecænas! —my honorable friend, Agrippa!

Agr. Good Enobarbus!

Mec. We have cause to be glad, that matters are so well digested. You stayed well by it in Egypt.

Eno. Ay, sir; we did sleep day out of countenance, and made the night light with drinking.

Mec. Eight wild boars roasted whole at a breakfast, and but twelve persons there:—is this true?

Eno. This was but as a fly by an eagle: we had much more monstrous matter of feast, which worthily deserved noting.

Mec. She's a most triumphant lady, if report be square to her.[1]

Eno. When she first met Mark Antony, she pursed up his heart, upon the river of Cydnus.

Agr. There she appeared indeed, or my reporter devised well for her.

Eno. I will tell you:

The barge she sat in, like a burnish'd throne,
Burn'd on the water: the poop was beaten gold;
Purple the sails, and so perfumed, that
The winds were love-sick with them: the oars were
silver;
Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and made
The water, which they beat, to follow faster,
As amorous of their strokes. For her own person,
It beggar'd all description: she did lie
In her pavilion, (cloth of gold, of tissue)
O'er-picturing that Venus, where we see
The fancy outwork nature: on each side her,
Stood pretty dimpled boys, like smiling Cupids
With diverse-color'd fans, whose wind did seem
To glow the delicate cheeks which they did cool,
And what they undid, did.

---

[1] i. e. correspond with her merits.

Agr. O, rare for Antony!
Eno. Her gentlewomen, like the Nereides,
So many mermaids, tended her i' the eyes,
And made their bends adornings:[1] at the helm
A seeming mermaid steers: the silken tackle
Swell with the touches of those flower-soft hands,
That yarely frame[2] the office. From the barge
A strange invisible perfume hits the sense
Of the adjacent wharfs. The city cast
Her people out upon her; and Antony,
Enthroned i' the market-place, did sit alone,
Whistling to the air; which, but for vacancy
Had gone to gaze on Cleopatra too,
And made a gap in nature.
Agr. Rare Egyptian!
Eno. Upon her landing, Antony sent to her,
Invited her to supper: she replied,
It should be better, he became her guest;
Which she entreated. Our courteous Antony,
Whom ne'er the word of No woman heard speak,
Being barber'd ten times o'er, goes to the feast;
And, for his ordinary, pays his heart,
For what his eyes eat only.
Agr. Royal wench!
She made great Cæsar lay his sword to bed:
He plough'd her, and she cropp'd.
Eno. I saw her once

---

[1] Made the act of humiliation become them.
[2] Readily perform.

Hop forty paces through the public street:
And, having lost her breath, she spoke, and panted,
That she did make defect perfection,
And, breathless, power breathe forth.

Mec. Now Antony must leave her utterly.

Eno. Never; he will not:
Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale
Her infinite variety. Other women cloy
The appetites they feed; but she makes hungry,
Where most she satisfies: for vilest things
Become themselves in her; that the holy priests
Bless her when she is riggish.

Mec. If beauty, wisdom, modesty, can settle
The heart of Antony, Octavia is
A blessed lottery to him.

Agr. Let us go.—
Good Enobarbus, make yourself my guest,
Whilst you abide here.

Eno. Humbly, sir, I thank you.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The same. A room in Cæsar's house.

Enter CÆSAR, ANTONY, OCTAVIA *between them; Attendants, and a* SOOTHSAYER.

Ant. The world, and my great office, will sometimes
Divide me from your bosom.

Oct. All which time,
Before the gods my knee shall bow my prayers

To them for you.

Ant. Good night, sir.—My Octavia,
Read not my blemishes in the world's report.
I have not kept my square; but that to come
Shall all be done by the rule. Good night, dear lady.—
Good night, sir.

Cæ. Good night. [*Exeunt Cæsar and Octavia.*

Ant. Now, sirrah! you do wish yourself in Egypt?

Sooth. Would I had never come from thence, nor you
Thither!

Ant. If you can, your reason?

Sooth. I see it in
My motion,[1] have it not in my tongue: but yet
Hie you again to Egypt.

Ant. Say to me,
Whose fortunes shall rise higher, Cæsar's or mine?

Sooth. Cæsar's:
Therefore, O Antony, stay not by his side.
Thy dæmon, that 's thy spirit which keeps thee, is
Noble, courageous, high, unmatchable,
Where Cæsar's is not; but, near him, thy angel
Becomes a Fear, as being o'erpower'd; therefore
Make space enough between you.

Ant. Speak this no more.

Sooth. To none but thee; no more, but when to thee.

---

[1] My prophetic agitation.

If thou dost play with him at any game,
Thou art sure to lose; and, of that natural luck,
He beats thee 'gainst the odds; thy lustre thickens,
When he shines by: I say again, thy spirit
Is all afraid to govern thee near him;
But, he away, 'tis noble.

Ant. Get thee gone.
Say to Ventidius, I would speak with him.
[*Exit Soothsayer.*
He shall to Parthia.—Be it art or hap,
He hath spoken true: the very dice obey him;
And, in our sports, my better cunning faints
Under his chance: if we draw lots, he speeds:
His cocks do win the battle still of mine,
When it is all to naught; and his quails[1] ever
Beat mine, inhoop'd,[2] at odds. I will to Egypt:
And though I make this marriage for my peace,

Enter VENTIDIUS.

I' the east my pleasure lies.—O, come, Ventidius;
You must to Parthia; your commission 's ready:
Follow me, and receive it. [*Exeunt.*

---

[1] The ancients used to match quails as we match cocks.
[2] Enclosed, confined.

SCENE IV.

The same. A street.

Enter LEPIDUS, MECÆNAS, *and* AGRIPPA.

Lep. Trouble yourselves no farther: pray you, hasten
Your generals after.
Agr. Sir, Mark Antony
Will ev'n but kiss Octavia, and we 'll follow.
Lep. Till I shall see you in your soldier's dress,
Which will become you both, farewell.
Mec. We shall,
As I conceive the journey, be at Mount [1]
Before you, Lepidus.
Lep. Your way is shorter;
My purposes do draw me much about:
You 'll win two days upon me.
Mec. Agr. Sir, good success!
Lep. Farewell. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Alexandria. A room in the palace.

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, *and* ALEXAS.

Cle. Give me some music; music, moody [2] food
Of us that trade in love.
Att. The music, ho!

---

[1] i. e. Mount Misenum. [2] Melancholy.

Enter MARDIAN.

Cle. Let it alone: let us to billiards:
Come, Charmian.

Char. My arm is sore; best play with Mardian.

Cle. As well a woman with an eunuch play'd,
As with a woman:—come, you 'll play with me, sir?

Mar. As well as I can, madam.

Cle. And when good will is show'd, though it come too short,
The actor may plead pardon. I 'll none now:
Give me mine angle. We 'll to the river: there,
My music playing far off, I will betray
Tawny-finn'd fishes; my bended hook shall pierce
Their slimy jaws; and, as I draw them up,
I 'll think them every one an Antony,
And say, 'Ah, ha! you 're caught!'

Char. 'Twas merry, when
You wager'd on your angling; when your diver
Did hang a salt fish on his hook, which he
With fervency drew up.

Cle. That time!—O times!—
I laugh'd him out of patience; and that night
I laugh'd him into patience; and next morn,
Ere the ninth hour, I drunk him to his bed;
Then put my tires[1] and mantles on him, whilst
I wore his sword Philippan.—O! from Italy?

---

[1] Head-dress.

Enter MESSENGER.

Ram thou thy fruitful tidings in mine ears,
That long time have been barren.
Mes. Madam, madam.——
Cle. Antony 's dead?
If thou say so, villain, thou kill'st thy mistress:
But well and free,
If thou so yield him, there is gold, and here
My bluest veins to kiss; a hand, that kings
Have lipp'd, and trembled kissing.
Mes. First, madam, he is well.
Cle. Why, there 's more gold.
But, sirrah, mark; we use
To say, the dead are well: bring it to that,
The gold I give thee, will I melt, and pour
Down thy ill-uttering throat.
Mes. Good madam, hear me.
Cle. Well, go to, I will
But there 's no goodness in thy face. If Antony
Be free and healthful, why so tart a favor[1]
To trumpet such good tidings? If not well,
Thou shouldst come like a fury crown'd with snakes,
Not like a formal man.[2]
Mes. Will 't please you hear me?
Cle. I have a mind to strike thee, ere thou speak'st:
Yet, if thou say, Antony lives, is well,

---

[1] So sour a countenance. [2] i. e. a man in his senses.

Or friends with Cæsar, or not captive to him,
I 'll set thee in a shower of gold, and hail
Rich pearls upon thee.

Mes. Madam, he 's well.

Cle. Well said.

Mes. And friends with Cæsar.

Cle. Thou 'rt an honest man.

Mes. Cæsar and he are greater friends than ever.

Cle. Make thee a fortune from me.

Mes. But yet, madam,——

Cle. I do not like 'But yet,' it does allay
The good precedence: fie upon 'But yet!'
'But yet' is as a jailer to bring forth
Some monstrous malefactor. Pr'ythee, friend,
Pour out the pack of matter to mine ear,
The good and bad together. He 's friends with Cæsar;
In state of health, thou say'st; and, thou say'st, free.

Mes. Free, madam! no; I made no such report:
He 's bound unto Octavia.

Cle. For what good turn?

Mes. For the best turn i' the bed.

Cle. I am pale, Charmian.

Mes. Madam, he 's married to Octavia.

Cle. The most infectious pestilence upon thee!
[*strikes him down.*

Mes. Good madam, patience.

Cle. What say you?—Hence,
[*strikes him again.*
Horrible villain! or I 'll spurn thine eyes

Like balls before me; I 'll unhair thy head:
[*she hales him up and down*
Thou shalt be whipp'd with wire, and stew'd in brine,
Smarting in lingering pickle.
Mes. Gracious madam,
I, that do bring the news, made not the match.
Cle. Say, 'tis not so, a province I will give thee,
And make thy fortunes proud: the blow thou hadst
Shall make thy peace, for moving me to rage;
And I will boot[1] thee with what gift beside
Thy modesty can beg.
Mes. He 's married, madam.
Cle. Rogue, thou hast lived too long.
[*draws a dagger.*
Mes. Nay, then I 'll run.
What mean you, madam? I have made no fault.
[*Exit.*
Char. Good madam, keep yourself within yourself:
The man is innocent.
Cle. Some innocents 'scape not the thunderbolt.
Melt Egypt into Nile! and kindly creatures
Turn all to serpents!—Call the slave again;
Though I am mad, I will not bite him.—Call.
Char. He is afeard to come.
Cle. I will not hurt him.—
These hands do lack nobility, that they strike

---

[1] Recompense.

A meaner than myself; since I myself
Have given myself the cause.—Come hither, sir.

Re-enter MESSENGER.

Though it be honest, it is never good
To bring bad news. Give to a gracious message
A host of tongues; but let ill tidings tell
Themselves, when they be felt.

Mes. I have done my duty.

Cle. Is he married?
I cannot hate thee worser than I do,
If thou again say, Yes.

Mes. He is married, madam.

Cle. The gods confound thee! dost thou hold there still?

Mes. Should I lie, madam?

Cle. O, I would, thou didst;
So half my Egypt were submerged, and made
A cistern for scaled snakes! Go, get thee hence:
Hadst thou Narcissus in thy face, to me
Thou wouldst appear most ugly. He is married?

Mes. I crave your highness' pardon.

Cle. He is married?

Mes. Take no offence, that I would not offer you:
To punish me for what you make me do,
Seems much unequal. He is married to Octavia.

Cle. O, that his fault should make a knave of thee,
That art not what thou 'rt sure of!—Get thee hence:

The merchandise, which thou hast brought from Rome,
Are all too dear for me: lie they upon thy hand,
And be undone by 'em! [*Exit Messenger.*

Char. Good your highness, patience.

Cle. In praising Antony, I have dispraised Cæsar.

Char. Many times, madam.

Cle. I am paid for 't now.
Lead me from hence.
I faint; O Iras, Charmian,—'Tis no matter:—
Go to the fellow, good Alexas; bid him
Report the feature of Octavia, her years,
Her inclination; let him not leave out
The color of her hair:—bring me word quickly.
[*Exit Alexas.*
Let him for ever go:—let him not—Charmian,
Though he be painted one way like a Gorgon,
The other way he 's a Mars.—Bid you Alexas
[*to Mardian.*
Bring me word how tall she is.—Pity me, Charmian,
But do not speak to me.—Lead me to my chamber.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Near Misenum.

Enter POMPEY *and* MENAS, *at one side, with drum and trumpet; at another,* CÆSAR, LEPIDUS, ANTONY, ENOBARBUS, MECÆNAS, *with Soldiers marching.*

Pom. Your hostages I have, so have you mine;

And we shall talk before we fight.

Cæ. Most meet,
That first we come to words; and therefore have we
Our written purposes before us sent;
Which if thou hast consider'd, let us know
If 'twill tie up thy discontented sword;
And carry back to Sicily much tall[1] youth,
That else must perish here.

Pom. To you all three,
The senators alone of this great world,
Chief factors for the gods,—I do not know,
Wherefore my father should revengers want,
Having a son and friends; since Julius Cæsar,
Who at Philippi the good Brutus ghosted,
There saw you laboring for him. What was it,
That moved pale Cassius to conspire? and what
Made the all-honor'd, honest, Roman Brutus,
With the arm'd rest, courtiers of beauteous freedom,
To drench the Capitol; but that they would
Have one man but a man? And that is it,
Hath made me rig my navy; at whose burden
The anger'd ocean foams; with which I meant
To scourge the ingratitude that despiteful Rome
Cast on my noble father.

Cæ. Take your time.

Ant. Thou canst not fear[2] us, Pompey, with thy sails.

---

[1] Brave. [2] Affright.

We'll speak with thee at sea: at land, thou know'st
How much we do o'ercount thee.

Pom. At land, indeed,
Thou dost o'ercount me of my father's house:
But, since the cuckoo builds not for himself,
Remain in't as thou mayst.

Lep. Be pleased to tell us,
(For this is from the present[1]) how you take
The offers we have sent you.

Cæ. There's the point.

Ant. Which do not be entreated to, but weigh
What it is worth embraced.

Cæ. And what may follow,
To try a larger fortune.

Pom. You have made me offer
Of Sicily, Sardinia; and I must
Rid all the sea of pirates; then to send
Measures of wheat to Rome: this 'greed upon,
To part with unhack'd edges, and bear back
Our targes undinted.[2]

Cæ. Ant. Lep. That's our offer.

Pom. Know then,
I came before you here, a man prepared
To take this offer; but Mark Antony
Put me to some impatience. Though I lose
The praise of it by telling, you must know,
When Cæsar and your brothers were at blows,
Your mother came to Sicily, and did find

[1] Foreign from the point. [2] Unbattered

Her welcome friendly.

Ant. I have heard it, Pompey;
And am well studied for a liberal thanks,
Which I do owe you.

Pom. Let me have your hand:
I did not think, sir, to have met you here.

Ant. The beds i' the east are soft; and thanks to you,
That call'd me, timelier than my purpose, hither;
For I have gain'd by it.

Cæ. Since I saw you last,
There is a change upon you.

Pom. Well, I know not
What counts[1] harsh Fortune casts upon my face;
But in my bosom shall she never come,
To make my heart her vassal.

Lep. Well met here.

Pom. I hope so, Lepidus.—Thus we are agreed:
I crave our composition may be written,
And seal'd between us.

Cæ. That 's the next to do.

Pom. We 'll feast each other, ere we part; and let us
Draw lots, who shall begin.

Ant. That will I, Pompey.

Pom. No, Antony, take the lot: but, first
Or last, your fine Egyptian cookery

---

[1] Marks.

We'll s
How m
Pom.
Thou d
But, si
Remai
Lep.
(For th
The o
Cæ.
Ant
What
Cæ
To tr
Po.
Of Si
Rid a
Mea
To p
Our
C
P.
I ca
To t
Put
The
Wh
You

Menas. Thy father, Pompey, would ne'er have made this treaty.—[*aside*.] You and I have known,[1] sir.

Eno. At sea, I think.

Menas. We have, sir.

Eno. You have done well by water.

Menas. And you by land.

Eno. I will praise any man that will praise me: though it cannot be denied what I have done by land.

Menas. Nor what I have done by water.

Eno. Yes, something you can deny for your own safety: you have been a great thief by sea.

Menas. And you by land.

Eno. There I deny my land service. But give me your hand, Menas: if our eyes had authority, here they might take two thieves kissing.

Menas. All men's faces are true, whatsoe'er their hands are.

Eno. But there is never a fair woman has a true face.

Menas. No slander; they steal hearts.

Eno. We came hither to fight with you.

Menas. For my part, I am sorry it is turned to a drinking. Pompey doth this day laugh away his fortune.

Eno. If he do, sure, he cannot weep it back again.

---

[1] Been acquainted.

Menas. You have said, sir. We looked not for Mark Antony here: pray you, is he married to Cleopatra?

Eno. Cæsar's sister is called Octavia.

Menas. True, sir; she was the wife of Caius Marcellus.

Eno. But she is now the wife of Marcus Antonius.

Menas. Pray you, sir!

Eno. 'Tis true.

Menas. Then is Cæsar and he for ever knit together.

Eno. If I were bound to divine of this unity, I would not prophesy so.

Menas. I think, the policy of that purpose made more in the marriage than the love of the parties.

Eno. I think so too: but you shall find, the band that seems to tie their friendship together, will be the very strangler of their amity: Octavia is of a holy, cold, and still conversation.

Menas. Who would not have his wife so?

Eno. Not he, that himself is not so; which is Mark Antony. He will to his Egyptian dish again; then shall the sighs of Octavia blow the fire up in Cæsar; and, as I said before, that which is the strength of their amity, shall prove the immediate author of their variance. Antony will use his affection where it is; he married but his occasion here.

Menas. And thus it may be. Come, sir, will you aboard? I have a health for you.

Eno. I shall take it, sir: we have used our throats in Egypt.

Menas. Come; let's away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

On board Pompey's galley, lying near Misenum.

Music. Enter two or three SERVANTS, *with a banquet.*

1 *Ser.* Here they'll be, man: some o' their plants [1] are ill-rooted already; the least wind i' the world will blow them down.

2 *Ser.* Lepidus is high-colored.

1 *Ser.* They have made him drink alms-drink.[2]

2 *Ser.* As they pinch one another by the disposition,[3] he cries out, 'No more;' reconciles them to his entreaty, and himself to the drink.

1 *Ser.* But it raises the greater war between him and his discretion.

2 *Ser.* Why, this it is to have a name in great men's fellowship: I had as lief have a reed that will do me no service, as a partisan [4] I could not heave.

1 *Ser.* To be called into a huge sphere, and not to be seen to move in 't, are the holes where eyes should be, which pitifully disaster the cheeks.

---

[1] Feet. [2] Another's share of liquor besides his own.
[3] i. e. touch one another in a sore place. [4] Pike.

[illegible]

Menas. Forsake thy seat, I do beseech thee, captain, [*aside.*
And hear me speak a word.

Pom. Forbear me till anon.—
This wine for Lepidus.

Lep. What manner o' thing is your crocodile?

Ant. It is shaped, sir, like itself, and it is as broad as it hath breadth: it is just so high as it is, and moves with its own organs: it lives by that which norisheth it; and the elements once out of it, it transmigrates.

Lep. What color is it of?

Ant. Of its own color too.

Lep. 'Tis a strange serpent.

Ant. 'Tis so: and the tears of it are wet.

Cæ. Will this description satisfy him?

Ant. With the health that Pompey gives him, else he is a very epicure.

Pom. [*to Menas aside.*] Go, hang, sir, hang! Tell me of that? away!
Do as I bid you.—Where 's this cup I call'd for?

Menas. If for the sake of merit thou wilt hear me,
Rise from thy stool. [*aside.*

Pom. I think thou 'rt mad. The matter? [*rises, and walks aside.*

Menas. I have ever held my cap off to thy fortunes.

Pom. Thou hast served me with much faith: what 's else to say?
Be jolly, lords.

Ant. These quicksands, Lepidus.

Keep off them, for you sink.

Menas. Wilt thou be lord of all the world?

Pom. What say'st thou?

Menas. Wilt thou be lord of the whole world?
That's twice.

Pom. How should that be?

Menas. But entertain it, and,
Although thou think me poor, I am the man
Will give thee all the world.

Pom. Hast thou drunk well?

Menas. No, Pompey, I have kept me from the cup.
Thou art, if thou dar'st be, the earthly Jove.
Whate'er the ocean pales, or sky inclips,
Is thine, if thou wilt have it.

Pom. Show me which way.

Menas. These three world-sharers, these competitors,
Are in thy vessel. Let me cut the cable;
And, when we are put off, fall to their throats:
All there is thine.

Pom. Ah, this thou shouldst have done,
And not have spoke on't! In me, 'tis villany;
In thee, 't had been good service. Thou must know,
'Tis not my profit that does lead mine honor,
Mine honor, it. Repent that e'er thy tongue
Hath so betrayed thine act: being done unknown,

[illegible] [2] Embraces.

I should have found it afterwards well done;
But must condemn it now. Desist, and drink.

Menas. For this, [*aside.*
I 'll never follow thy pall'd[1] fortunes more.
Who seeks, and will not take, when once 'tis offer'd,
Shall never find it more.

Pom. This health to Lepidus.

Ant. Bear him ashore.—I 'll pledge it for him, Pompey.

Eno. Here 's to thee, Menas.

Menas. Enobarbus, welcome.

Pom. Fill, till the cup be hid.

Eno. There 's a strong fellow, Menas.

[*pointing to the Attendant who carries off Lepidus.*

Menas. Why?

Eno. He bears
The third part of the world, man; seest not?

Menas. The third part then is drunk: would it were all,
That it might go on wheels!

Eno. Drink thou; increase the reels.

Menas. Come.

Pom. This is not yet an Alexandrian feast.

Ant. It ripens towards it.—Strike the vessels, ho!
Here is to Cæsar.

Cæ. I could well forbear it.

---

[1] Impaired.

It 's monstrous labor, when I wash my brain,
And it grows fouler.

Ant. Be a child o' the time.

Cæ. Possess[1] it, I 'll make answer: but I had rather fast
From all, four days, than drink so much in one.

Eno. Ha, my brave emperor! [*to Antony.*
Shall we dance now the Egyptian Bacchanals,
And celebrate our drink?

Pom. Let 's ha 't, good soldier.

Ant. Come, let us all take hands;
Till that the conquering wine hath steep'd our sense
In soft and delicate Lethe.

Eno. All take hands:
Make battery to our ears with the loud music:—
The while, I 'll place you: then the boy shall sing;
The holding[2] every man shall bear, as loud
As his strong sides can volley.

[*music plays. Enobarbus places them hand in hand.*

SONG.

Come, thou monarch of the vine,
Plumpy Bacchus, with pink eyne;[3]
In thy vats our cares be drown'd;
With thy grapes our hairs be crown'd.
Cup us, till the world go round!
Cup us, till the world go round!

---

[1] Understand. [2] Burden, chorus.
[3] Eyes inflamed with drinking.

Cæ. What would you more?—Pompey, good night. Good brother,
Let me request you off: our graver business
Frowns at this levity.—Gentle lords, let 's part:
You see, we have burnt our cheeks: strong Enobarbe
Is weaker than the wine; and mine own tongue
Splits what it speaks: the wild disguise hath almost
Antic'd us all. What needs more words? Good night.—
Good Antony, your hand.

Pom. I 'll try you on the shore.

Ant. And shall, sir: give 's your hand.

Pom. O Antony,
You have my father's house,—But what? we are friends:
Come, down into the boat.

Eno. Take heed you fall not.—
[*Exeunt Pom. Cæ. Ant. and Attendants.*
Menas, I 'll not on shore.

Menas. No, to my cabin.—
These drums!—these trumpets, flutes! what!—
Let Neptune hear we bid a loud farewell
To these great fellows: sound, and be hang'd: sound out. [*a florish of trumpets, with drums.*

Eno. Ho, says 'a! There 's my cap.

Menas. Ho! noble captain! come.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.

A plain in Syria.

Enter VENTIDIUS, *as after conquest, with* SILIUS, *and other Romans, Officers, and Soldiers; the dead body of Pacorus borne before him.*

Ven. Now, darting Parthia, art thou struck; and now
Pleased Fortune does of Marcus Crassus' death
Make me revenger. Bear the king's son's body
Before our army: thy Pacorus, Orodes,[1]
Pays this for Marcus Crassus.
Sil. Noble Ventidius,
Whilst yet with Parthian blood thy sword is warm,
The fugitive Parthians follow; spur through Media,
Mesopotamia, and the shelters whither
The routed fly: so thy grand captain Antony
Shall set thee on triumphant chariots, and
Put garlands on thy head.
Ven. O Silius, Silius,
I have done enough. A lower place, note well,
May make too great an act: for learn this, Silius;
Better to leave undone, than by our deed

[1] Pacorus was the son of Orodes, king of Parthia.

Acquire too high a fame, when him we serve 's
away.
Cæsar and Antony have ever won
More in their officer, than person: Sossius,
One of my place in Syria, his lieutenant,
For quick accumulation of renown,
Which he achieved by the minute, lost his favor.
Who does i' the wars more than his captain can,
Becomes his captain's captain; and ambition,
The soldier's virtue, rather makes choice of loss,
Than gain, which darkens him.
I could do more to do Antonius good,
But 'twould offend him; and in his offence
Should my performance perish.

Sil. Thou hast, Ventidius, that,
Without the which a soldier, and his sword,
Grants scarce distinction. Thou wilt write to Antony?

Ven. I 'll humbly signify what in his name,
That magical word of war, we have effected:
How, with his banners, and his well-paid ranks,
The ne'er-yet-beaten horse of Parthia
We have jaded out o' the field.

Sil. Where is he now?

Ven. He purposeth to Athens; whither with what haste
The weight we must convey with us will permit,
We shall appear before him.—On, there; pass along. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Rome. An antechamber in Cæsar's house.

Enter AGRIPPA *and* ENOBARBUS, *meeting.*

Agr. What, are the brothers parted?
Eno. They have despatch'd with Pompey: he is gone;
The other three are sealing. Octavia weeps
To part from Rome; Cæsar is sad; and Lepidus,
Since Pompey's feast, as Menas says, is troubled
With the green sickness.
Agr. 'Tis a noble Lepidus.
Eno. A very fine one. O, how he loves Cæsar!
Agr. Nay, but how dearly he adores Mark Antony!
Eno. Cæsar? Why, he's the Jupiter of men.
Agr. What's Antony? The god of Jupiter.
Eno. Spake you of Cæsar? How? the nonpareil!
Agr. O Antony! O thou Arabian bird![1]
Eno. Would you praise Cæsar, say,—Cæsar;—go no farther.
Agr. Indeed, he plied them both with excellent praises.
Eno. But he loves Cæsar best: yet he loves Antony.

---

[1] The phœnix.

Ho! hearts, tongues, figures, scribes, bards, poets, cannot
Think, speak, cast, write, sing, number, ho, his love
To Antony: but as for Cæsar,
Kneel down, kneel down, and wonder.

Agr. Both he loves.

Eno. They are his shards,[1] and he their beetle. So,— [*trumpets.*
This is to horse.—Adieu, noble Agrippa.

Agr. Good fortune, worthy soldier; and farewell

Enter CÆSAR, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, *and* OCTAVIA.

Ant. No farther, sir.

Cæ. You take from me a great part of myself;
Use me well in 't.—Sister, prove such a wife
As my thoughts make thee, and as my farthest band[2]
Shall pass on thy approof.—Most noble Antony,
Let not the piece of virtue, which is set
Betwixt us, as the cement of our love,
To keep it builded, be the ram, to batter
The fortress of it: for better might we
Have loved without this mean, if on both parts
This be not cherish'd.

Ant. Make me not offended
In your distrust.

---

[1] Scaly wings. [2] Bond.

Cæ. I have said.

Ant. You shall not find,
Though you be therein curious,[1] the least cause
For what you seem to fear: so, the gods keep you,
And make the hearts of Romans serve your ends!
We will here part.

Cæ. Farewell, my dearest sister; fare thee well:
The elements be kind to thee, and make
Thy spirits all of comfort! Fare thee well.

Oct. My noble brother!——

Ant. The April's in her eyes: it is love's spring,
And these the showers to bring it on. Be cheerful.

Oct. Sir, look well to my husband's house; and——

Cæ. What,
Octavia?

Oct. I'll tell you in your ear.

Ant. Her tongue will not obey her heart, nor can
Her heart inform her tongue: the swan's down feather,
That stands upon the swell at full of tide,
And neither way inclines.

Eno. Will Cæsar weep? [*aside to Agrippa.*

Agr. He has a cloud in 's face.

Eno. He were the worse for that, were he a horse;
So is he, being a man.

Agr. Why, Enobarbus?

---

[1] Scrupulous.

When Antony found Julius Cæsar dead,
He cried almost to roaring; and he wept,
When at Philippi he found Brutus slain.

Eno. That year, indeed, he was troubled with a
rheum;
What willingly he did confound,[1] he wail'd:
Believe it, till I weep too.

Cæ. No, sweet Octavia,
You shall hear from me still: the time shall not
Outgo my thinking on you.

Ant. Come, sir, come:
I 'll wrestle with you in my strength of love.
Look, here I have you; thus I let you go,
And give you to the gods.

Cæ. Adieu; be happy!

Lep. Let all the number of the stars give light
To thy fair way!

Cæ. Farewell, farewell! [*kisses Octavia.*

Ant. Farewell!

[*trumpets sound. Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Alexandria. A room in the palace.

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, *and* ALEXAS.

Cle. Where is the fellow?

Alex. Half afeard to come.

---

[1] Destroy.

Cle. Go to, go to.—Come hither, sir.

Enter MESSENGER.

Alex. Good majesty,
Herod of Jewry dare not look upon you,
But when you are well pleased.

Cle. That Herod's head
I'll have: but how? when Antony is gone,
Through whom I might command it.—Come thou near.

Mes. Most gracious majesty,——

Cle. Didst thou behold
Octavia?

Mes. Ay, dread queen.

Cle. Where?

Mes. Madam, in Rome
I look'd her in the face; and saw her led
Between her brother and Mark Antony.

Cle. Is she as tall as me?

Mes. She is not, madam.

Cle. Didst hear her speak? Is she shrill-tongued, or low?

Mes. Madam, I heard her speak; she is low-voiced.

Cle. That's not so good:—he cannot like her long.

Char. Like her? O Isis! 'tis impossible.

Cle. I think so, Charmian: dull of tongue, and dwarfish!—
What majesty is in her gait? Remember,
If e'er thou look'dst on majesty.

Mes. She creeps;
Her motion and her station[1] are as one:
She shows a body rather than a life,
A statue than a breather.

Cle. Is this certain?

Mes. Or I have no observance.

Char. Three in Egypt
Cannot make better note.

Cle. He 's very knowing,
I do perceive 't:—there 's nothing in her yet.
The fellow has good judgment.

Char. Excellent.

Cle. Guess at her years, I pr'ythee.

Mes. Madam,
She was a widow.

Cle. Widow?—Charmian, hark.

Mes. And I do think, she 's thirty.

Cle. Bear'st thou her face in mind? is 't long, or round?

Mes. Round even to faultiness.

Cle. For the most part too, they are foolish that are so.—
Her hair, what color?

Mes. Brown, madam: and her forehead
As low as she would wish it.

Cle. There is gold for thee.
Thou must not take my former sharpness ill:—
I will employ thee back again: I find thee

---

[1] Standing still.

Most fit for business. Go, make thee ready;
Our letters are prepared. [*Exit Messenger.*

Char. A proper man.

Cle. Indeed, he is so: I repent me much,
That so I harried him.[1] Why, methinks, by him,
This creature's no such thing.

Char. Nothing, madam.

Cle. The man hath seen some majesty, and should know.

Char. Hath he seen majesty? Isis else defend,
And serving you so long!

Cle. I have one thing more to ask him yet, good Charmian:—
But 'tis no matter; thou shalt bring him to me
Where I will write: all may be well enough.

Char. I warrant you, madam. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Athens. A room in Antony's house.

Enter ANTONY *and* OCTAVIA.

Ant. Nay, nay, Octavia, not only that;—
That were excusable, that, and thousands more
Of semblable import:[2] but he hath waged
New wars 'gainst Pompey; made his will, and read it
To public ear:

---

[1] That I used him so roughly.
[2] Of similar tendency.

Spoke scantly of me: when perforce he could not
But pay me terms of honor, cold and sickly
He vented them; most narrow measure lent me:
When the best hint was given him, he not took 't,
Or did it from his teeth.[1]

Oct. O my good lord,
Believe not all; or, if you must believe,
Stomach not all. A more unhappy lady,
If this division chance, ne'er stood between,
Praying for both parts: the good gods will mock me presently,
When I shall pray, 'O, bless my lord and husband!'
Undo that prayer, by crying out as loud,
'O, bless my brother!' Husband win, win brother,
Prays, and destroys the prayer; no midway
'Twixt these extremes at all.

Ant. Gentle Octavia,
Let your best love draw to that point, which seeks
Best to preserve it: if I lose mine honor,
I lose myself: better I were not yours,
Than yours so branchless. But, as you requested,
Yourself shall go between us: the mean time, lady,
I'll raise the preparation of a war
Shall stain your brother: make your soonest haste;
So your desires are yours.

Oct. Thanks to my lord.
The Jove of power make me most weak, most weak,
Your reconciler! Wars 'twixt you twain would be

---

[1] Indistinctly, unwillingly.

As if the world should cleave, and that slain men
Should solder up the rift.

Ant. When it appears to you where this begins,
Turn your displeasure that way; for our faults
Can never be so equal, that your love
Can equally move with them. Provide your going;
Choose your own company, and command what cost
Your heart has mind to. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

The same. Another room in the same.

Enter ENOBARBUS *and* EROS, *meeting.*

Eno. How now, friend Eros?

Eros. There 's strange news come, sir.

Eno. What, man?

Eros. Cæsar and Lepidus have made wars upon Pompey.

Eno. This is old: what is the success?

Eros. Cæsar, having made use of him in the wars 'gainst Pompey, presently denied him rivality;[1] would not let him partake in the glory of the action; and not resting here, accuses him of letters he had formerly wrote to Pompey; upon his own appeal,[2] seises him: so the poor third is up, till death enlarge his confine.

Eno. Then, world, thou hast a pair of chaps, no more;

[1] Equal rank. [2] Accusation.

And throw between them all the food thou hast,
They'll grind the one the other. Where's Antony?

Eros. He's walking in the garden—thus; and spurns
The rush that lies before him; cries, 'Fool, Lepidus!'
And threats the throat of that his officer,
That murder'd Pompey.

Eno. Our great navy's rigg'd.

Eros. For Italy and Cæsar. More, Domitius;
My lord desires you presently: my news
I might have told hereafter.

Eno. 'Twill be naught:
But let it be.—Bring me to Antony.

Eros. Come, sir. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Rome. A room in Cæsar's house.

Enter CÆSAR, AGRIPPA, *and* MECÆNAS.

Cæ. Contemning Rome, he has done all this, and more,
In Alexandria;—here's the manner of it.
I' the market-place, on a tribunal silver'd,
Cleopatra and himself in chairs of gold
Were publicly enthroned: at the feet sat
Cæsarion, whom they call my father's son;
And all the unlawful issue, that their lust
Since then hath made between them. Unto her
He gave the 'stablishment of Egypt; made her

Of lower Syria, Cyprus, Lydia,
Absolute queen.
Mec. This in the public eye?
Cæ. I' the common show-place, where they exercise.
His sons he there proclaim'd, the kings of kings:
Great Media, Parthia, and Armenia,
He gave to Alexander; to Ptolemy he assign'd
Syria, Cilicia, and Phœnicia: she
In the habiliments of the goddess Isis
That day appear'd; and oft before gave audience,
As 'tis reported, so.
Mec. Let Rome be thus
Inform'd.
Agr. Who, queasy [1] with his insolence
Already, will their good thoughts call from him.
Cæ. The people know it, and have now received
His accusations.
Agr. Whom does he accuse?
Cæ. Cæsar: and that, having in Sicily
Sextus Pompeius spoil'd, we had not rated [2] him
His part o' the isle: then does he say, he lent me
Some shipping unrestored: lastly, he frets,
That Lepidus of the triumvirate
Should be deposed; and, being that, we detain
All his revenue.
Agr. Sir, this should be answer'd.
Cæ. 'Tis done already, and the messenger gone.

---

[1] Sick, disgusted. [2] Assigned.

I have told him, Lepidus was grown too cruel;
That he his high authority abused,
And did deserve his change: for what I have conquer'd,
I grant him part; but then, in his Armenia,
And other of his conquer'd kingdoms, I
Demand the like.

Mec. He 'll never yield to that.

Cæ. Nor must not then be yielded to in this.

Enter OCTAVIA.

Oct. Hail, Cæsar, and my lord! hail, most dear Cæsar!

Cæ. That ever I should call thee, Castaway!

Oct. You have not call'd me so, nor have you cause.

Cæ. Why have you stolen upon us thus? You come not
Like Cæsar's sister. The wife of Antony
Should have an army for an usher, and
The neighs of horse to tell of her approach,
Long ere she did appear; the trees by the way
Should have borne men; and expectation fainted,
Longing for what it had not: nay, the dust
Should have ascended to the roof of heaven,
Raised by your populous troops: but you are come
A market-maid to Rome; and have prevented
The ostentation of our love, which, left unshown,
Is often left unloved: we should have met you
By sea and land, supplying every stage

With an augmented greeting.

Oct. Good my lord,
To come thus was I not constrain'd, but did it
On my free-will. My lord, Mark Antony,
Hearing that you prepared for war, acquainted
My grieved ear withal; whereon, I begg'd
His pardon for return.

Cæ. Which soon he granted,
Being an obstruct 'tween his lust and him.

Oct. Do not say so, my lord.

Cæ. I have eyes upon him,
And his affairs come to me on the wind.
Where is he now?

Oct. My lord, in Athens.

Cæ. No, my most wronged sister; Cleopatra
Hath nodded him to her. He hath given his empire
Up to a whore; who now are levying
The kings o' the earth for war. He hath assembled
Bocchus, the king of Libya; Archelaus,
Of Cappadocia; Philadelphos, king
Of Paphlagonia; the Thracian king, Adallas;
King Malchus, of Arabia; king of Pont;
Herod of Jewry; Mithridates, king
Of Comagene; Polemon and Amintas,
The kings of Mede and Lycaonia, with a
More larger list of sceptres.

Oct. Ah me, most wretched,
That have my heart parted betwixt two friends,
That do afflict each other!

Cæ. Welcome hither:
Your letters did withhold our breaking forth;

Till we perceived, both how you were wrong led,
And we in negligent danger. Cheer your heart:
Be you not troubled with the time, which drives
O'er your content these strong necessities;
But let determined things to destiny
Hold unbewail'd their way. Welcome to Rome:
Nothing more dear to me. You are abused
Beyond the mark of thought; and the high gods,
To do you justice, make them ministers
Of us, and those that love you. Best of comfort;
And ever welcome to us.

Agr. Welcome, lady.

Mec. Welcome, dear madam.
Each heart in Rome does love and pity you:
Only the adulterous Antony, most large
In his abominations, turns you off;
And gives his potent regiment[1] to a trull,
That noises it against us.

Oct. Is it so, sir?

Cæ. Most certain. Sister, welcome: pray you,
Be ever known to patience. My dearest sister!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

Antony's camp, near the promontory of Actium.

Enter CLEOPATRA *and* ENOBARBUS.

Cle. I will be even with thee, doubt it not.

---

[1] Authority, government.

Eno. But why, why, why?

Cle. Thou hast forspoke[1] my being in these wars,
And say'st it is not fit.

Eno. Well, is it, is it?

Cle. If not denounced against us, why should not we
Be there in person?

Eno. [*aside.*] Well, I could reply:—
If we should serve with horse and mares together,
The horse were merely lost; the mares would bear
A soldier and his horse.

Cle. What is 't you say?

Eno. Your presence needs must puzzle Antony;
Take from his heart, take from his brain, from his time,
What should not then be spared. He is already
Traduced for levity; and 'tis said in Rome,
That Photinus an eunuch, and your maids,
Manage this war.

Cle. Sink Rome; and their tongues rot,
That speak against us! A charge we bear i' the war,
And, as the president of my kingdom, will
Appear there for a man. Speak not against it;
I will not stay behind.

Eno. Nay, I have done:
Here comes the emperor.

---

[1] Forbid.

Enter ANTONY *and* CANIDIUS.

Ant. Is 't not strange, Canidius,
That from Tarentum and Brundusium,
He could so quickly cut the Ionian sea,
And take in [1] Toryne?—You have heard on 't, sweet?

Cle. Celerity is never more admired
Than by the negligent.

Ant. A good rebuke,
Which might have well becomed the best of men,
To taunt at slackness.—Canidius, we
Will fight with him by sea.

Cle. By sea! What else?

Can. Why will my lord do so?

Ant. For [2] that he dares us to 't.

Eno. So hath my lord dared him to single fight.

Can. Ay, and to wage this battle at Pharsalia,
Where Cæsar fought with Pompey: but these offers,
Which serve not for his vantage, he shakes off;
And so should you.

Eno. Your ships are not well mann'd;
Your mariners are muliters, reapers, people
Ingross'd by swift impress: in Cæsar's fleet
Are those, that often have 'gainst Pompey fought:
Their ships are yare,[3] yours heavy. No disgrace
Shall fall you for refusing him at sea,
Being prepared for land.

---

[1] Subdue. [2] Because. [3] Manageable.

Ant. By sea, by sea.

Eno. Most worthy sir, you therein throw away
The absolute soldiership you have by land;
Distract your army, which doth most consist
Of war-mark'd footmen; leave unexecuted
Your own renowned knowlege; quite forego
The way which promises assurance; and
Give up yourself merely to chance and hazard,
From firm security.

Ant. I'll fight at sea.

Cle. I have sixty sails, Cæsar none better.

Ant. Our overplus of shipping will we burn;
And, with the rest full-mann'd, from the head of Actium
Beat the approaching Cæsar: but if we fail,

Enter MESSENGER.

We then can do 't at land.—Thy business?

Mes. The news is true, my lord: he is descried;
Cæsar has taken Toryne.

Ant. Can he be there in person? 'tis impossible;
Strange, that his power should be.—Canidius,
Our nineteen legions thou shalt hold by land,
And our twelve thousand horse; we'll to our ship:

Enter SOLDIER.

Away, my Thetis! [1]—How now, worthy soldier?

---

[1] He calls Cleopatra by the name of the sea goddess.

Sol. O noble emperor, do not fight by sea;
Trust not to rotten planks. Do you misdoubt
This sword, and these my wounds? Let the Egyptians
And the Phœnicians go a ducking; we
Have used to conquer, standing on the earth,
And fighting foot to foot.

Ant. Well, well, away.

[*Exeunt Antony, Cleopatra, and Enobarbus.*

Sol. By Hercules, I think I am i' the right.

Can. Soldier, thou art; but his whole action grows
Not in the power on 't; so our leader 's led,
And we are women's men.

Sol. You keep by land
The legions and the horse whole, do you not?

Can. Marcus Octavius, Marcus Justeius,
Publicola, and Cælius, are for sea:
But we keep whole by land. This speed of Cæsar's
Carries beyond belief.

Sol. While he was yet in Rome,
His power went out in such distractions,[1] as
Beguiled all spies.

Can. Who 's his lieutenant, hear you?

Sol. They say, one Taurus.

Can. Well I know the man.

---

[1] Separate detachments.

Enter MESSENGER.

Mes. The emperor calls Canidius.

Can. With news the time 's with labor, and throes forth,
Each minute, some. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.

A plain near Actium.

Enter CÆSAR, TAURUS, *Officers, and others.*

Cæ. Taurus,——

Tau. My lord.

Cæ. Strike not by land; keep whole:
Provoke not battle, till we have done at sea.
Do not exceed the prescript of this scroll:
Our fortune lies upon this jump. [*Exeunt.*

Enter ANTONY *and* ENOBARBUS.

Ant. Set we our squadrons on yon' side o' the hill,
In eye of Cæsar's battle; from which place
We may the number of the ships behold,
And so proceed accordingly. [*Exeunt.*

Enter CANIDIUS, *marching with his land army one way over the stage; and* TAURUS, *the lieutenant of Cæsar, the other way. After their going in, is heard the noise of a sea-fight.*

Alarum. Re-enter ENOBARBUS.

Eno. Naught, naught, all naught! I can behold no longer:
The Antoniad,[1] the Egyptian admiral,
With all their sixty, fly, and turn the rudder:
To see 't, mine eyes are blasted.

Enter SCARUS.

Sca. Gods and goddesses,
All the whole synod of them!
Eno. What's thy passion?
Sca. The greater cantle[2] of the world is lost
With very ignorance; we have kiss'd away
Kingdoms and provinces.
Eno. How appears the fight?
Sca. On our side like the token'd[3] pestilence,
Where death is sure. Yon' ribald-rid nag of Egypt,
Whom leprosy o'ertake! i' the midst o' the fight,—
When vantage like a pair of twins appear'd,
Both as the same, or rather ours the elder,—
The brize[4] upon her! like a cow in June,
Hoists sails, and flies.
Eno. That I beheld:
Mine eyes did sicken at the sight, and could not
Endure a farther view.

---

[1] Name of Cleopatra's ship. [2] Corner.
[3] Spotted. [4] The gad-fly that stings cattle.

Sca. She once being loof'd,[1]
The noble ruin of her magic, Antony,
Claps on his sea-wing; and, like a doting mallard,[2]
Leaving the fight in height, flies after her.
I never saw an action of such shame:
Experience, manhood, honor, ne'er before
Did violate so itself.

Eno. Alack, alack!

Enter CANIDIUS.

Can. Our fortune on the sea is out of breath
And sinks most lamentably. Had our general
Been what he knew himself, it had gone well.
O, he has given example for our flight,
Most grossly, by his own.

Eno. Ay, are you thereabouts? Why then, good night
Indeed. [*aside*.

Can. Towards Peloponnesus are they fled.

Sca. 'Tis easy to't; and there I will attend
What farther comes.

Can. To Cæsar will I render
My legions and my horse: six kings already
Show me the way of yielding.

Eno. I'll yet follow
The wounded chance of Antony, though my reason
Sits in the wind against me. [*Exeunt*.

---

[1] To loof is to bring a ship close to the wind.
[2] The drake of the wild duck.

SCENE IX.

Alexandria. A room in the palace.

Enter ANTONY *and* ATTENDANTS.

Ant. Hark, the land bids me tread no more upon 't;
It is ashamed to bear me! Friends, come hither;
I am so lated [1] in the world, that I
Have lost my way for ever:—I have a ship
Laden with gold; take that, divide it; fly,
And make your peace with Cæsar.

Att. Fly! not we.

Ant. I have fled myself; and have instructed cowards
To run, and show their shoulders. Friends, be gone;
I have myself resolved upon a course,
Which has no need of you; be gone:
My treasure 's in the harbor; take it. O,
I follow'd that I blush to look upon:
My very hairs do mutiny; for the white
Reprove the brown for rashness, and they them
For fear and doting.—Friends, be gone; you shall
Have letters from me to some friends, that will
Sweep your way for you. Pray you, look not sad,
Nor make replies of loathness: take the hint
Which my despair proclaims; let that be left

---

[1] Benighted.

Which leaves itself: to the sea side straightway.
I will possess you of that ship and treasure.
Leave me, I pray, a little: pray you now:—
Nay, do so; for, indeed, I have lost command;
Therefore I pray you:—I 'll see you by and by.
[*sits down.*

Enter EROS, *and* CLEOPATRA, *led by* CHARMIAN *and* IRAS.

Eros. Nay, gentle madam, to him: comfort him.
Iras. Do, most dear queen.
Char. Do! Why, what else?
Cle. Let me sit down. O Juno!
Ant. No, no, no, no, no.
Eros. See you here, sir?
Ant. O fie, fie, fie.
Cle. Madam,——
Iras. Madam; O good empress!——
Eros. Sir, sir,——
Ant. Yes, my lord, yes: he,[1] at Philippi, kept
His sword ev'n like a dancer, while I struck
The lean and wrinkled Cassius; and 'twas I,
That the mad Brutus ended: he alone
Dealt on lieutenantry,[2] and no practice had
In the brave squares of war: yet now——No matter.
Cle. Ah, stand by.
Eros. The queen, my lord, the queen.

---

[1] i. e. Cæsar. [2] Fought by his officers.



H. Tresham del.

Starling sc.

ANTONY & CLEOPATRA

Antony, Cleopatra, Eros, Charmian, &c.

Act III. Scene IX.

Making and marring fortunes. You did know,
How much you were my conqueror; and that
My sword, made weak by my affection, would
Obey it on all cause.

Cle. O, pardon, pardon!

Ant. Fall not a tear, I say; one of them rates
All that is won and lost. Give me a kiss;
Even this repays me. We sent our schoolmaster;
Is he come back?—Love, I am full of lead.
Some wine, within there, and our viands: Fortune knows,
We scorn her most, when most she offers blows.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE X.

Cæsar's camp in Egypt.

Enter CÆSAR, DOLABELLA, THYREUS, *and others.*

Cæ. Let him appear that 's come from Antony.—
Know you him?

Dol. Cæsar, 'tis his schoolmaster;
An argument that he is pluck'd, when hither
He sends so poor a pinion of his wing,
Which had superfluous kings for messengers,
Not many moons gone by.

Enter EUPHRONIUS.

Cæ. Approach, and speak.

Eu. Such as I am, I come from Antony:
I was of late as petty to his ends,
As is the morn-dew on the myrtle leaf

To his grand sea.

Cæ. Be it so: declare thine office.

Eu. Lord of his fortunes he salutes thee, and
Requires to live in Egypt: which not granted,
He lessens his requests; and to thee sues
To let him breathe between the heavens and earth,
A private man in Athens: this for him.
Next, Cleopatra does confess thy greatness;
Submits her to thy might; and of thee craves
The circle[1] of the Ptolemies for her heirs,
Now hazarded to thy grace.

Cæ. For Antony,
I have no ears to his request: the queen
Of audience nor desire shall fail, so she
From Egypt drive her all-disgraced friend,
Or take his life there: this if she perform,
She shall not sue unheard. So to them both.

Eu. Fortune pursue thee!

Cæ. Bring him through the bands.
[*Exit Euphronius.*

To try thy eloquence now 'tis time: despatch;
From Antony win Cleopatra: promise, [*to Thyreus.*
And in our name, what she requires; add more,
From thine invention, offers: women are not,
In their best fortunes, strong; but want will perjure
The ne'er-touch'd vestal. Try thy cunning, Thyreus,
Make thine own edict for thy pains, which we

---

[1] Diadem.

Will answer as a law.
Thy. Cæsar, I go.
Cæ. Observe how Antony becomes his flaw;[1]
And what thou think'st his very action speaks
In every power that moves.
Thy. Cæsar, I shall. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE XI.

Alexandria. A room in the palace.

Enter CLEOPATRA, ENOBARBUS, CHARMIAN, *and* IRAS.

Cle. What shall we do, Enobarbus?
Eno. Think, and di
Cle. Is Antony or we in fault for this?
Eno. Antony only, that would make his will
Lord of his reason. What, though you fled
From that great face of war, whose several ranges
Frighted each other? why should he follow?
The itch of his affection should not then
Have nick'd[2] his captainship; at such a point,
When half to half the world opposed, he being
The mered question:[3] 'twas a shame no less
Than was his loss, to course your flying flags,
And leave his navy gazing.
Cle. Pr'ythee, peace.

---

[1] Bears his misfortunes. [2] Defeated.
[3] The sole occasion of the war.

Enter ANTONY, *with* EUPHRONIUS.

Ant. Is this his answer?
Eu. Ay, my lord.
Ant. The queen shall then have courtesy, so she
Will yield us up.
Eu. He says so.
Ant. Let her know it.—
To the boy Cæsar send this grizzled head,
And he will fill thy wishes to the brim
With principalities.
Cle. That head, my lord?
Ant. To him again: tell him, he wears the rose
Of youth upon him; from which, the world should note
Something particular: his coin, ships, legions,
May be a coward's; whose ministers would prevail
Under the service of a child, as soon
As i' the command of Cæsar: I dare him therefore
To lay his gay comparisons [1] apart,
And answer me declined,[2] sword against sword,
Ourselves alone: I 'll write it; follow me.
[*Exeunt Antony and Euphronius.*
Eno. Yes, like enough, high-battled Cæsar will
Unstate his happiness, and be staged to the show,
Against a sworder. I see, men's judgments are
A parcel of [3] their fortunes; and things outward

[1] The advantages of his good fortune.
[2] i. e. in age and power.
[3] Of a piece with.

Do draw the inward quality after them,
To suffer all alike. That he should dream,
Knowing all measures, the full Cæsar will
Answer his emptiness!—Cæsar, thou hast subdued
His judgment too.

Enter ATTENDANT.

Att. A messenger from Cæsar.
Cle. What, no more ceremony?—See, my women!
Against the blown rose may they stop their nose,
That kneel'd unto the buds. Admit him, sir.
Eno. Mine honesty and I begin to square.[1] [*aside.*
The loyalty, well held to fools, does make
Our faith mere folly: yet he, that can endure
To follow with allegiance a fallen lord,
Does conquer him that did his master conquer,
And earns a place i' the story.

Enter THYREUS.

Cle. Cæsar's will?
Thy. Hear it apart.
Cle. None but friends; say boldly.
Thy. So, haply, are they friends to Antony.
Eno. He needs as many, sir, as Cæsar has,
Or needs not us. If Cæsar please, our master

---

[1] Quarrel.

Will leap to be his friend: for us, you know,
Whose he is, we are; and that 's, Cæsar's.

Thy. So.
Thus then, thou most renown'd: Cæsar entreats,
Not to consider in what case thou stand'st,
Farther than he is Cæsar's.

Cle. Go on: right royal.

Thy. He knows, that you embrace not Antony
As you did love, but as you fear'd him.

Cle. O!

Thy. The scars upon your honor, therefore, he
Does pity, as constrained blemishes,
Not as deserved.

Cle. He is a god, and knows
What is most right. Mine honor was not yielded,
But conquer'd merely.

Eno. To be sure of that, [*aside.*
I will ask Antony.—Sir, sir, thou 'rt so leaky,
That we must leave thee to thy sinking, for
Thy dearest quit thee. [*Exit Enobarbus.*

Thy. Shall I say to Cæsar
What you require of him? for he partly begs
To be desired to give. It much would please him,
That of his fortunes you should make a staff
To lean upon: but it would warm his spirits,
To hear from me you had left Antony,
And put yourself under his shroud,
The universal landlord.

Cle. What 's your name?

Thy. My name is Thyreus.

Cle. Most kind messenger.

Say to great Cæsar this:—in disputation[1]
I kiss his conquering hand: tell him, I am prompt
To lay my crown at his feet, and there to kneel:
Tell him, from his all-obeying[2] breath I hear
The doom of Egypt.

Thy. 'Tis your noblest course.
Wisdom and fortune combating together,
If that the former dare but what it can,
No chance may shake it. Give me grace[3] to lay
My duty on your hand.

Cle. Your Cæsar's father oft,
When he hath mused of taking kingdoms in,
Bestow'd his lips on that unworthy place,
As it rain'd kisses.

Re-enter ANTONY *and* ENOBARBUS.

Ant. Favors, by Jove that thunders!—
What art thou, fellow?

Thy. One, that but performs
The bidding of the fullest man, and worthiest
To have command obey'd.

Eno. You will be whipp'd.

Ant. Approach, there;—ay, you kite!—Now gods and devils!
Authority melts from me: of late, when I cried, 'Ho!'

---

[1] Supposed to be an error for 'deputation,' i.e. by proxy.
[2] Obeying for obeyed.
[3] Grant me the favor.

Like boys unto a muss,[1] kings would start forth,
And cry, 'Your will?' Have you no ears? I am

Enter ATTENDANTS.

Antony yet. Take hence this Jack,[2] and whip him.
Eno. 'Tis better playing with a lion's whelp,
Than with an old one dying.
Ant. Moon and stars!
Whip him. Were't twenty of the greatest tributaries
That do acknowlege Cæsar, should I find them
So saucy with the hand of she here, (what's her name,
Since she was Cleopatra?)—Whip him, fellows,
Till, like a boy, you see him cringe his face,
And whine aloud for mercy. Take him hence.
Thy. Mark Antony,——
Ant. Tug him away: being whipp'd,
Bring him again.—This Jack of Cæsar's shall
Bear us an errand to him.
[*Exeunt Attendants with Thyreus.*
You were half blasted ere I knew you:—Ha!
Have I my pillow left unpress'd in Rome,
Forborne the getting of a lawful race,
And by a gem of women, to be abused
By one that looks on feeders?[3]
Cle. Good my lord,——

---

[1] Scramble. [2] A term of contempt.
[3] By one that waits at table.

Ant. You have been a boggler ever:
But when we in our viciousness grow hard,
(O misery on't!) the wise gods seel[1] our eyes;
In our own filth drop our clear judgments; make us
Adore our errors; laugh at us, while we strut
To our confusion.

Cle. O, is it come to this?

Ant. I found you as a morsel, cold upon
Dead Cæsar's trencher: nay, you were a fragment
Of Cneius Pompey's; besides what hotter hours,
Unregister'd in vulgar fame, you have
Luxuriously pick'd out: for, I am sure,
Though you can guess what temperance should be,
You know not what it is.

Cle. Wherefore is this?

Ant. To let a fellow that will take rewards,
And say, 'God quit you!' be familiar with
My playfellow, your hand; this kingly seal,
And plighter of high hearts!—O, that I were
Upon the hill of Basan, to outroar
The horned herd! for I have savage cause;
And to proclaim it civilly, were like
A halter'd neck, which does the hangman thank
For being yare[2] about him.—Is he whipp'd?

Re-enter ATTENDANTS, *with* THYREUS.

1 *Att.* Soundly, my lord.

Ant. Cried he, and begg'd he pardon?

---

[1] Close. [2] Ready, adroit.

1 *Att.* He did ask favor.

Ant. If that thy father live, let him repent
Thou wast not made his daughter; and be thou sorry
To follow Cæsar in his triumph, since
Thou hast been whipp'd for following him: henceforth,
The white hand of a lady fever thee;
Shake thou to look on 't. Get thee back to Cæsar;
Tell him thy entertainment: look, thou say,
He makes me angry with him; for he seems
Proud and disdainful, harping on what I am,
Not what he knew I was: he makes me angry;
And at this time most easy 'tis to do 't;
When my good stars, that were my former guides,
Have empty left their orbs, and shot their fires
Into the abysm of hell. If he mislike
My speech, and what is done; tell him, he has
Hipparchus, my enfranchised bondman, whom
He may at pleasure whip, or hang, or torture,
As he shall like, to quit[1] me: urge it thou.
Hence with thy stripes; be gone. [*Exit Thyreus.*

Cle. Have you done yet?

Ant. Alack, our terrene moon
Is now eclipsed; and it portends alone
The fall of Antony!

Cle. I must stay his time.

Ant. To flatter Cæsar, would you mingle eyes

---

[1] Requite.

With one that ties his points?[1]
Cle. Not know me yet?
Ant. Cold-hearted toward me?
Cle. Ah, dear, if I be so,
From my cold heart let heaven engender hail,
And poison it in the source; and the first stone
Drop in my neck: as it determines,[2] so
Dissolve my life; the next Cæsarion[3] smite:
Till, by degrees, the memory of my womb,
Together with my brave Egyptians all,
By the discandying of this pelleted storm,[4]
Lie graveless; till the flies and gnats of Nile
Have buried them for prey!
Ant. I am satisfied.
Cæsar sits down in Alexandria, where
I will oppose his fate. Our force by land
Hath nobly held; our sever'd navy too
Have knit again, and fleet,[5] threatening most sea-like.
Where hast thou been, my heart?—Dost thou hear, lady?
If from the field I shall return once more
To kiss these lips, I will appear in blood;
I and my sword will earn our chronicle.
There is hope in it yet.
Cle. That 's my brave lord!

---

[1] With a menial attendant. [2] Dissolves.
[3] Her son by Julius Cæsar.
[4] By the melting of this storm consisting of bullets.
[5] Float.

Ant. I will be treble-sinew'd, hearted, breathed,
And fight maliciously: for when mine hours
Were nice and lucky, men did ransom lives
Of me for jests; but now, I 'll set my teeth,
And send to darkness all that stop me.—Come,
Let 's have one other gaudy night: call to me
All my sad captains, fill our bowls; once more
Let 's mock the midnight bell.
Cle. It is my birth-day:
I had thought, to have held it poor; but, since my lord
Is Antony again, I will be Cleopatra.
Ant. We 'll yet do well.
Cle. Call all his noble captains to my lord.
Ant. Do so; we 'll speak to them; and to-night I 'll force
The wine peep through their scars. Come on, my queen;
There 's sap in 't yet. The next time I do fight,
I 'll make death love me; for I will contend
Even with his pestilent scythe.
[*Exeunt Antony, Cleopatra, and Attendants.*
Eno. Now he 'll outstare the lightning. To be furious,
Is to be frighted out of fear: and in that mood,
The dove will peck the estridge;[1] and I see still,
A diminution in our captain's brain
Restores his heart. When valor preys on reason,

---

[1] Ostrich

It eats the sword it fights with. I will seek
Some way to leave him. [*Exit.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

Cæsar's camp at Alexandria.

Enter CÆSAR, *reading a letter;* AGRIPPA, MECÆNAS, *and others.*

Cæ. He calls me boy; and chides, as he had power
To beat me out of Egypt: my messenger
He hath whipp'd with rods; dares me to personal combat,
Cæsar to Antony: let the old ruffian know,
I have many other ways to die; meantime,
Laugh at his challenge.
Mec. Cæsar must think,
When one so great begins to rage, he 's hunted
Even to falling. Give him no breath, but now
Make boot[1] of his distraction: never anger
Made good guard for itself.
Cæ. Let our best heads
Know, that to-morrow the last of many battles
We mean to fight. Within our files there are
Of those that served Mark Antony but late,

---

[1] Take advantage.

Enough to fetch him in. See it be done;
And feast the army: we have store to do 't,
And they have earn'd the waste. Poor Antony!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Alexandria. A room in the palace.

Enter ANTONY, CLEOPATRA, ENOBARBUS, CHARMIAN, IRAS, ALEXAS, *and others.*

Ant. He will not fight with me, Domitius.
Eno. No.
Ant. Why should he not?
Eno. He thinks, being twenty times of better fortune,
He is twenty men to one.
Ant. To-morrow, soldier,
By sea and land I 'll fight: or I will live,
Or bathe my dying honor in the blood
Shall make it live again. Woo 't thou fight well?
Eno. I 'll strike, and cry, 'Take all.'
Ant. Well said; come on.—
Call forth my household servants; let 's to-night

Enter SERVANTS.

Be bounteous at our meal.—Give me thy hand;
Thou hast been rightly honest;—so hast thou;—
And thou,—and thou,—and thou: you have served me well,
And kings have been your fellows.

Cle. What means this?

Eno. 'Tis one of those odd tricks, which sorrow shoots [*aside.*
Out of the mind.

Ant. And thou art honest too.
I wish, I could be made so many men;
And all of you clapp'd up together in
An Antony; that I might do you service,
So good as you have done.

Ser. The gods forbid!

Ant. Well, my good fellows, wait on me to-night:
Scant not my cups; and make as much of me,
As when mine empire was your fellow too,
And suffer'd my command.

Cle. What does he mean?

Eno. To make his followers weep.

Ant. Tend me to-night:
May be, it is the period of your duty:
Haply, you shall not see me more; or if,
A mangled shadow: perchance, to-morrow
You 'll serve another master. I look on you,
As one that takes his leave. Mine honest friends,
I turn you not away; but, like a master
Married to your good service, stay till death:
Tend me to-night two hours, I ask no more,
And the gods yield [1] you for 't!

Eno. What mean you, sir,

---

[1] Reward.

To give them this discomfort? Look, they weep:
And I, an ass, am onion-eyed: for shame!
Transform us not to women.

Ant. Ho, ho, ho!
Now the witch take me, if I meant it thus!
Grace grow where those drops fall! My hearty friends,
You take me in too dolorous a sense:
For I spake to you for your comfort; did desire you
To burn this night with torches. Know, my hearts,
I hope well of to-morrow; and will lead you,
Where rather I 'll expect victorious life
Than death and honor. Let 's to supper; come,
And drown consideration. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The same. Before the palace.

Enter TWO SOLDIERS, *to their guard.*

1 *Sol.* Brother, good night: to-morrow is the day.

2 *Sol.* It will determine one way: fare you well.
Heard you of nothing strange about the streets?

1 *Sol.* Nothing: what news?

2 *Sol.* Belike, 'tis but a rumor: good night to you.

1 *Sol.* Well, sir, good night.

Enter TWO *other* SOLDIERS.

2 *Sol.* Soldiers, have careful watch.

Ant. Rarely, rarely:
He that unbuckles this, till we do please
To doff 't[1] for our repose, shall hear a storm.
Thou fumblest, Eros; and my queen 's a squire
More tight[2] at this than thou: despatch.—O love,
That thou couldst see my wars to-day, and knew'st
The royal occupation! thou shouldst see

Enter OFFICER, *armed.*

A workman in 't.—Good morrow to thee; welcome:
Thou look'st like him that knows a warlike charge.
To business that we love, we rise betime,
And go to it with delight.
1 *Off.* A thousand, sir,
Early though 't be, have on their riveted trim,
And at the port expect you.
[*shout, trumpets, florish.*

Enter other OFFICERS, *and Soldiers.*

2 *Off.* The morn is fair.—Good morrow, general.
All. Good morrow, general.
Ant. 'Tis well blown, lads.
This morning, like the spirit of a youth
That means to be of note, begins betimes.
So, so; come, give me that: this way; well said.
Fare thee well, dame, whate'er becomes of me.
This is a soldier's kiss: rebukable, [*kisses her.*

---

[1] To put it off. [2] Adroit.



[illegible] del. [illegible]

ANTONY & CLEOPATRA

Antony, Cleopatra, &c.

Act IV Scene IV.

And worthy shameful check it were, to stand
On more mechanic compliment. I 'll leave thee
Now, like a man of steel. You, that will fight,
Follow me close; I 'll bring you to 't.—Adieu.
[*Exeunt Antony, Eros, Officers, and Soldiers.*

Char. Please you, retire to your chamber?

Cle. Lead me.
He goes forth gallantly. That he and Cæsar might
Determine this great war in single fight!
Then, Antony,——But now,——Well, on. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Antony's camp near Alexandria.

Trumpets sound. Enter ANTONY *and* EROS; *a* SOLDIER *meeting them.*

Sol. The gods make this a happy day to Antony!

Ant. Would thou and those thy scars had once prevail'd
To make me fight at land!

Sol. Hadst thou done so,
The kings that have revolted, and the soldier
That has this morning left thee, would have still
Follow'd thy heels.

Ant. Who 's gone this morning?

Sol.
One ever near thee. Call for Enobarbus,

He shall not hear thee; or from Cæsar's camp
Say, 'I am none of thine.'

Ant. What say'st thou?

Sol. Sir,
He is with Cæsar.

Eros. Sir, his chests and treasure
He has not with him.

Ant. Is he gone?

Sol. Most certain.

Ant. Go, Eros, send his treasure after; do it:
Detain no jot, I charge thee: write to him
(I will subscribe) gentle adieus and greetings:
Say, that I wish he never find more cause
To change a master.—O, my fortunes have
Corrupted honest men!—Despatch.—Enobarbus!
[*Exeunt*

SCENE VI.

Cæsar's camp before Alexandria.

Florish. Enter CÆSAR, *with* AGRIPPA, ENOBARBU
and others.

Cæ. Go forth, Agrippa, and begin the fight:
Our will is, Antony be took alive;
Make it so known.

Agr. Cæsar, I shall. [*Exit Agri*

Cæ. The time of universal peace is near:
Prove this a prosperous day, the three-nook'd w
Shall bear the olive freely.

Enter MESSENGER.

Mes. Antony
Is come into the field.

Cæ. Go, charge Agrippa
Plant those that have revolted in the van,
That Antony may seem to spend his fury
Upon himself. [*Exeunt Cæsar and his train.*

Eno. Alexas did revolt, and went to Jewry, on
Affairs of Antony; there did persuade
Great Herod to incline himself to Cæsar,
And leave his master Antony: for this pains,
Cæsar hath hang'd him. Canidius, and the rest
That fell away, have entertainment, but
No honorable trust. I have done ill;
Of which I do accuse myself so sorely,
That I will joy no more.

Enter SOLDIER *of Cæsar's.*

Sol. Enobarbus, Antony
Hath after thee sent all thy treasure, with
His bounty overplus: the messenger
Came on my guard; and at thy tent is now,
Unloading of his mules.

Eno. I give it you.

Sol. Mock not, Enobarbus.
I tell you true. Best you safed the bringer
Out of the host; I must attend mine office,
Or would have done 't myself. Your emperor
Continues still a Jove. [*Exit Soldier.*

Eno. I am alone the villain of the earth,
And feel I am so most. O Antony,
Thou mine of bounty, how wouldst thou have paid
My better service, when my turpitude
Thou dost so crown with gold! This blows[1] my heart:
If swift thought break it not, a swifter mean
Shall outstrike thought: but thought will do 't, I feel.
I fight against thee?—No: I will go seek
Some ditch, wherein to die; the foul'st best fits
My latter part of life. [*Exit.*

SCENE VII.

Field of battle between the camps.

Alarum. Drums and trumpets. Enter AGRIPPA *and others.*

Agr. Retire; we have engaged ourselves too far:
Cæsar himself has work, and our oppression[2]
Exceeds what we expected. [*Exeunt.*

Alarum. Enter ANTONY *and* SCARUS, *wounded.*

Sca. O my brave emperor, this is fought indeed!
Had we done so at first, we had driven them home
With clouts about their heads.

Ant. Thou bleed'st apace.

---

[1] Swells.
[2] i.e. the force by which we are oppressed or overpowered.

Sca. I had a wound here that was like a T,
But now 'tis made an H.

Ant. They do retire.

Sca. We 'll beat 'em into bench-holes: I have yet
Room for six scotches more.

Enter EROS.

Eros. They are beaten, sir; and our advantage serves
For a fair victory.

Sca. Let us score their backs,
And snatch 'em up, as we take hares, behind:
'Tis sport to maul a runner.

Ant. I will reward thee
Once for thy spritely comfort, and tenfold
For thy good valor. Come thee on.

Sca. I 'll halt after. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.

Under the walls of Alexandria.

Alarum. Enter ANTONY, *marching;* SCARUS, *and forces.*

Ant. We have beat him to his camp. Run one before,
And let the queen know of our guests.—To-morrow,
Before the sun shall see us, we 'll spill the blood
That has to-day escaped. I thank you all;
For doughty-handed are you; and have fought

Not as you served the cause, but as it had been
Each man's like mine; you have shown all Hectors.
Enter the city, clip[1] your wives, your friends,
Tell them your feats; whilst they, with joyful tears,
Wash the congealment from your wounds, and kiss
The honor'd gashes whole.—Give me thy hand:
[*to Scarus.*

Enter CLEOPATRA, *attended.*

To this great fairy I 'll commend thy acts;
Make her thanks bless thee. O thou day o' the world,
Chain mine arm'd neck; leap thou, attire and all,
Through proof of harness[2] to my heart, and there
Ride on the pants triumphing.

Cle. Lord of lords!
O infinite virtue! comest thou smiling from
The world's great snare uncaught?

Ant. My nightingale,
We have beat them to their beds. What, girl? though gray
Do something mingle with our younger brown; yet have we
A brain that norishes our nerves, and can
Get goal for goal of youth. Behold this man:
Commend unto his lips thy favoring hand;—
Kiss it, my warrior. He hath fought to-day,
As if a god, in hate of mankind, had

---

[1] Embrace. [2] Armour of proof.

Destroy'd in such a shape.
Cle. I 'll give thee, friend,
An armour all of gold; it was a king's.
Ant. He has deserved it, were it carbuncled
Like holy Phœbus' car.—Give me thy hand:
Through Alexandria make a jolly march;
Bear our hack'd targets like the men that owe[1] them.
Had our great palace the capacity
To camp this host, we all would sup together;
And drink carouses to the next day's fate,
Which promises royal peril. Trumpeters,
With brazen din blast you the city's ear;
Make mingle with our rattling tabourines;[2]
That heaven and earth may strike their sounds together,
Applauding our approach. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX.

Cæsar's camp.

SENTINELS *on their post.* *Enter* ENOBARBUS.

1 *Sol.* If we be not relieved within this hour,
We must return to the court of guard: the night
Is shiny; and, they say, we shall embattle
By the second hour i' the morn.
2 *Sol.* This last day was

---

[1] Own. [2] Small drums.

A shrewd one to us.

Eno. O, bear me witness, night,——

3 *Sol.* What man is this?

2 *Sol.* Stand close, and list him.

Eno. Be witness to me, O thou blessed moon,
When men revolted shall upon record
Bear hateful memory, poor Enobarbus did
Before thy face repent!——

1 *Sol.* Enobarbus!

3 *Sol.* Peace;
Hark farther.

Eno. O sovereign mistress of true melancholy,
The poisonous damp of night disponge[1] upon me;
That life, a very rebel to my will,
May hang no longer on me: throw my heart
Against the flint and hardness of my fault;
Which, being dried with grief, will break to powder,
And finish all foul thoughts. O Antony,
Nobler than my revolt is infamous,
Forgive me in thine own particular;
But let the world rank me in register
A master-leaver, and a fugitive.
O Antony! O Antony! [*dies.*

2 *Sol.* Let's speak
To him.

1 *Sol.* Let's hear him, for the things he speaks
May concern Cæsar.

3 *Sol.* Let's do so: but he sleeps.

---

[1] Discharge, as a moist sponge when squeezed

1 *Sol.* Swoons rather; for so bad a prayer as his
Was never yet for sleep.
2 *Sol.* Go we to him.
3 *Sol.* Awake, awake, sir; speak to us.
2 *Sol.* Hear you, sir?
1 *Sol.* The hand of death hath raught[1] him.
Hark, the drums [*drums afar off.*
Demurely wake the sleepers. Let us bear him
To the court of guard; he is of note: our hour
Is fully out.
3 *Sol.* Come on then;
He may recover yet. [*Exeunt with the body.*

SCENE X.

Between the two camps.

Enter ANTONY *and* SCARUS, *with forces, marching.*

Ant. Their preparation is to-day by sea;
We please them not by land.
Sca. For both, my lord.
Ant. I would, they 'd fight i' the fire or in the air;
We 'd fight there too. But this it is; our foot,
Upon the hills adjoining to the city,
Shall stay with us: order for sea is given;
They have put forth the haven. Let 's seek a spct,
Where their appointment we may best discover,
And look on their endeavor. [*Exeunt.*

---

[1] Reached.

Enter CÆSAR, *and his forces, marching.*

Cæ. But[1] being charged, we will be still by land,
Which, as I take 't, we shall; for his best force
Is forth to man his galleys. To the vales,
And hold our best advantage. [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter ANTONY *and* SCARUS.

Ant. Yet they 're not join'd. Where yonder pine does stand,
I shall discover all: I 'll bring thee word
Straight, how 'tis like to go. [*Exit.*
Sca. Swallows have built
In Cleopatra's sails their nests: the augurers
Say, they know not,—they cannot tell;—look grimly,
And dare not speak their knowlege. Antony
Is valiant and dejected; and, by starts,
His fretted fortunes give him hope and fear,
Of what he has and has not.
[*alarum afar off, as at a sea-fight.*

Re-enter ANTONY.

Ant. All is lost:
This foul Egyptian hath betrayed me;
My fleet hath yielded to the foe; and yonder
They cast their caps up, and carouse together

---

[1] Unless.

Like friends long lost.—Triple-turn'd whore![1] 'tis thou
Hast sold me to this novice; and my heart
Makes only wars on thee. Bid them all fly;
For when I am revenged upon my charm,
I have done all:—bid them all fly, be gone.
[*Exit Scarus.*
O sun, thy uprise shall I see no more:
Fortune and Antony part here; even here
Do we shake hands.—All come to this?—The hearts
That spaniel'd me at heels, to whom I gave
Their wishes, do discandy, melt their sweets
On blossoming Cæsar; and this pine is bark'd,
That overtopp'd them all. Betray'd I am.
O this false soul of Egypt! this grave charm,[2]
Whose eye beck'd forth my wars, and call'd them home;
Whose bosom was my crownet, my chief end;—
Like a right gipsy, hath, at fast and loose,[3]
Beguiled me to the very heart of loss.—
What, Eros, Eros!

Enter CLEOPATRA.

Ah, thou spell! Avaunt.

Cle. Why is my lord enraged against his love?

---

[1] Cleopatra first belonged to Julius Cæsar, then to Antony, and now, as Antony supposes, to Augustus.

[2] This destructive piece of witchcraft.

[3] A cheating game, since known by the name of 'pricking at the belt.'

Ant. Vanish; or I shall give thee thy dese
And blemish Cæsar's triumph. Let him take
And hoist thee up to the shouting plebeians.
Follow his chariot, like the greatest spot
Of all thy sex; most monster-like, be shown
For poor'st diminutives,[1] for doits; and let
Patient Octavia plough thy visage up
With her prepared nails. [*Exit Cleopatra.*] 'T
thou 'rt gone,
If it be well to live: but better 'twere
Thou fell'st into my fury; for one death
Might have prevented many.—Eros, ho!—
The shirt of Nessus is upon me: teach me,
Alcides, thou mine ancestor,[2] thy rage:
Let me lodge Lichas on the horns o' the moo
And with those hands, that grasp'd the h
club,
Subdue my worthiest self. The witch shall
To the young Roman boy she hath sold me
fall
Under this plot: she dies for 't.—Eros, ho!

SCENE XI.

Alexandria. A room in the palace.

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, *and* MAR

Cle. Help me, my women! O, he is more

---

1 For the smallest piece of money.
2 Mark Antony claimed to be a descendant of Herc

Than Telamon for his shield: the boar of Thessaly
Was never so emboss'd.[1]

Char. To the monument!
There lock yourself, and send him word you are dead.
The soul and body rive[2] not more in parting,
Than greatness going off.

Cle. To the monument!—
Mardian, go tell him I have slain myself;
Say, that the last I spoke was, Antony,
And word it, pr'ythee, piteously. Hence,
Mardian; and bring me how he takes my death.—
To the monument! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE XII.

The same. Another room.

Enter ANTONY *and* EROS.

Ant. Eros, thou yet behold'st me?

Eros. Ay, noble lord.

Ant. Sometime we see a cloud that 's dragonish;
A vapor, sometime, like a bear or lion,
A tower'd citadel, a pendent rock,
A forked mountain, or blue promontory
With trees upon 't, that nod unto the world.
And mock our eyes with air. Thou hast seen these signs;

---

[1] Foaming at the mouth. [2] Split.

Ant. Vanish; or I shall give thee thy deserving,
And blemish Cæsar's triumph. Let him take thee,
And hoist thee up to the shouting plebeians.
Follow his chariot, like the greatest spot
Of all thy sex; most monster-like, be shown
For poor'st diminutives,[1] for doits; and let
Patient Octavia plough thy visage up
With her prepared nails. [*Exit Cleopatra.*] 'Tis well thou 'rt gone,
If it be well to live: but better 'twere
Thou fell'st into my fury; for one death
Might have prevented many.—Eros, ho!—
The shirt of Nessus is upon me: teach me,
Alcides, thou mine ancestor,[2] thy rage:
Let me lodge Lichas on the horns o' the moon;
And with those hands, that grasp'd the heaviest club,
Subdue my worthiest self. The witch shall die.
To the young Roman boy she hath sold me, and I fall
Under this plot: she dies for 't.—Eros, ho! [*Exit.*

SCENE XI.

Alexandria. A room in the palace.

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, *and* MARDIAN.

Cle. Help me, my women! O, he is more mad

---

[1] For the smallest piece of money.
[2] Mark Antony claimed to be a descendant of Hercules.

Is done unto thy hand: the last she spake
Was,—'Antony! most noble Antony!'
Then in the midst a tearing groan did break
The name of Antony; it was divided
Between her heart and lips: she render'd life,
Thy name so buried in her.

Ant. Dead then?

Mar. Dead.

Ant. Unarm, Eros; the long day's task is done,
And we must sleep. That thou depart'st hence safe,
Does pay thy labor richly; go.—Off, pluck off:
[*Exit Mardian.*
The sevenfold shield of Ajax cannot keep
The battery from my heart. O, cleave, my sides!
Heart, once be stronger than thy continent;[1]
Crack thy frail case!—Apace, Eros, apace.—
No more a soldier: bruised pieces, go;
You have been nobly borne.—From me awhile.—
[*Exit Eros.*
I will o'ertake thee, Cleopatra, and
Weep for my pardon: so it must be, for now
All length is torture: since the torch is out,
Lie down, and stray no farther. Now all labor
Mars what it does; yea, very force entangles
Itself with strength: seal then, and all is done.—
Eros!—I come, my queen.—Eros!—Stay for me.

---

[1] i. e. the thing that contains thee.

[illegible] hand in
[illegible]
[illegible] make the ghosts gaze:
[illegible]
[illegible] — [illegible] Eros, Eros!

[illegible]

[illegible]
Ant. Since [illegible] died,
[illegible] that the gods
[illegible] with my sword
[illegible] Neptune's back
[illegible] myself to lack
[illegible] noble mind
[illegible] our Caesar tells,
[illegible] Thou art sworn,
[illegible]
[illegible] which now
[illegible] see behind me
[illegible]
[illegible] command,
[illegible] the time is
[illegible]
[illegible] Caesar thou defeat'st.
[illegible]
Eros. The gods withhold me!
Shall I do that which all the Parthian darts,
Though enemy, lost aim, and could not?
Ant. Eros,
Wouldst thou be window'd in great Rome, and see

Thy master thus with pleach'd[1] arms, bending down
His corrigible neck, his face subdued
To penetrative shame; whilst the wheel'd seat
Of fortunate Cæsar, drawn before him, branded
His baseness that ensued?

Eros. I would not see 't.

Ant. Come then; for with a wound I must be cured.
Draw that thy honest sword, which thou hast worn
Most useful for thy country.

Eros. O, sir, pardon me.

Ant. When I did make thee free, sworest thou not then
To do this when I bade thee? Do it at once;
Or thy precedent services are all
But accidents unpurposed. Draw, and come.

Eros. Turn from me then that noble countenance,
Wherein the worship of the whole world lies.

Ant. Lo thee. [*turning from him.*

Eros. My sword is drawn.

Ant. Then let it do at once
The thing why thou hast drawn it.

Eros. My dear master,
My captain, and my emperor! let me say,
Before I strike this bloody stroke, farewell.

Ant. 'Tis said, man;—and farewell.

---

[1] Folded.

Eros. Farewell, great chief. Shall I strike now?
Ant. Now, Eros.
Eros. Why, there then.—[*falls on his sword.*]
Thus do I escape the sorrow
Of Antony's death. [*dies.*
Ant. Thrice nobler than myself!
Thou teachest me, O valiant Eros, what
I should, and thou couldst not. My queen and Eros
Have, by their brave instruction, got upon me
A nobleness in record: but I will be
A bridegroom in my death, and run into 't
As to a lover's bed. Come then; and, Eros,
Thy master dies thy scholar: to do thus
[*falling on his sword.*
I learn'd of thee. How! not dead? not dead?—
The guard!—ho!—O, despatch me.

Enter DERCETAS *and* GUARD.

1 *Guard.* What 's the noise?
Ant. I have done my work ill, friends: O, make an end
Of what I have begun.
2 *Guard.* The star is fallen.
1 *Guard.* And time is at his period.
All. Alas, and woe!
Ant. Let him that loves me, strike me dead.
1 *Guard.* Not I.
2 *Guard.* Nor I.
3 *Guard.* Nor any one. [*Exeunt Guard.*

bid thy followers

·r, with this tidings,

·MEDES.

?

, there.

, man? [*Exit Dercetas.*

··re, Diomed? Draw thy sword,

·ne

·· death.

Most absolute lord,

·n sent me to thee.

send thee?

Now, my lord.

Where is she?

·nument. She had a pro-

: for when she saw

!) you did suspect

·r, and that your rage

·t you word she was

work, hath sent

am come,

Eros. Farewell, great chief.
Ant.
Eros. Why, there then.—[*f*
Thus do I escape the
Of Antony's death.
Ant. Thrice noble
Thou teachest me, O valiant Eros,
I should, and thou couldst not.
Eros
Have, by their brave instruction,
A nobleness in record: but I will
A bridegroom in my death, and run
As to a lover's bed. Come then;
Thy master dies thy scholar: to do
[*fallin*
I learn'd of thee. How! not dead?
The guard!—ho!—O, despatch me.

Enter DERCETAS *and* GUA

1 *Guard.* What
Ant. I have done my work ill, friend
an end
Of what I have begun.
2 *Guard.* The star is fallen.
1 *Guard.* And time is at his period.
All. Alas
Ant. Let him that loves me, strike me
1 *Guard.*
2 *Guard.* Nor I.
3 *Guard.* Nor any one. [*Exeu*

All strange and terrible events are welcome,
But comforts we despise: our size of sorrow,
Proportion'd to our cause, must be as great

Enter DIOMEDES.

As that which makes it.—How now? is he dead?
Dio. His death 's upon him, but not dead.
Look out o' the other side your monument,
His guard have brought him thither.

Enter ANTONY, *borne by the Guard.*

Cle. O sun,
Burn the great sphere thou movest in! darkling stand
The varying shore o' the world!—O Antony, Antony, Antony!
Help, Charmian, help; Iras, help; help, friends
Below; let 's draw him hither.
Ant. Peace:
Not Cæsar's valor hath o'erthrown Antony,
But Antony's hath triumph'd on itself.
Cle. So it should be, that none but Antony
Should conquer Antony: but woe 'tis so!
Ant. I am dying, Egypt, dying; only
I here importune death awhile, until
Of many thousand kisses the poor last
I lay upon thy lips.
Cle. I dare not, dear,
(Dear my lord, pardon) I dare not,
Lest I be taken. Not the imperious show

Ant. Too late, good Diomed
pr'ythee.

Dio. What, ho! the em
guard, what, ho!
Come, your lord calls.

Enter some of

Ant. Bear me, good
bides;
'Tis the last service that I

1 *Guard.* Woe, woe are
to wear
All your true followers out.

All. M

Ant. Nay, good my fellows
fate,
To grace it with your sorrows;
Which comes to punish us, and
Seeming to bear it lightly. Tal
I have led you oft; carry me now
And have my thanks for all.

[*Exeu*

SCENE XIII.

The same. A monum

Enter, above, CLEOPATRA, CHARM

Cle. O Charmian, I will never go

Char. Be comforted, dear madam.

Cle. N

Ant. One word, sweet queen:
Of Cæsar seek your honor, with your safety.—O!

Cle. They do not go together.

Ant. Gentle, hear me:
None about Cæsar trust but Proculeius.

Cle. My resolution and my hands I 'll trust:
None about Cæsar.

Ant. The miserable change now at my end
Lament nor sorrow at; but please your thoughts,
In feeding them with those my former fortunes
Wherein I lived, the greatest prince o' the world,
The noblest; and do now not basely die,
Nor cowardly; put off my helmet to
My countryman, a Roman, by a Roman
Valiantly vanquish'd. Now my spirit is going;
I can no more. [*dies.*

Cle. Noblest of men, woo't die?
Hast thou no care of me? Shall I abide
In this dull world, which in thy absence is
No better than a sty?—O, see, my women,
The crown o' the earth doth melt.—My lord!—
O, wither'd is the garland of the war;
The soldier's pole [1] is fallen; young boys and girls
Are level now with men: the odds is gone;
And there is nothing left remarkable
Beneath the visiting moon. [*she faints.*

Char. O, quietness, lady!

Iras. She is dead too, our sovereign.

---

[1] The soldier's object of admiration.

Char. Lady,——
Iras. Madam,——
Char. O madam, madam, madam!
Iras. Royal Egypt!
Empress!
Char. Peace, peace, Iras.
Cle. No more, but ev'n a woman; and commanded
By such poor passion as the maid that milks,
And does the meanest chares.[1] It were for me
To throw my sceptre at the injurious gods;
To tell them, that this world did equal theirs,
Till they had stolen our jewel. All 's but naught;
Patience is sottish, and impatience does
Become a dog that 's mad: then is it sin,
To rush into the secret house of death,
Ere death dare come to us?—How do you, women?
What, what? good cheer!—Why, how now, Charmian?
My noble girls!—Ah, women, women! look,
Our lamp is spent, it 's out.—Good sirs, take heart.
[*to the Guard below.*
We 'll bury him; and then, what 's brave, what 's noble,
Let 's do it after the high Roman fashion,
And make death proud to take us. Come, away:
This case of that huge spirit now is cold.

---

[1] Task-work.

Ah, women, women! come; we have no friend
But resolution, and the briefest end.
[*Exeunt; those above bearing off Antony's body.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.

Cæsar's camp before Alexandria.

Enter CÆSAR, AGRIPPA, DOLABELLA, MECÆNAS, GALLUS, PROCULEIUS, *and others.*

Cæ. Go to him, Dolabella; bid him yield:
Being so frustrate, tell him, he mocks us by
The pauses that he makes.

Dol. Cæsar, I shall. [*Exit Dolabella.*

Enter DERCETAS, *with the sword of Antony.*

Cæ. Wherefore is that? and what art thou, that darest
Appear thus to us?

Der. I am call'd Dercetas;
Mark Antony I served, who best was worthy
Best to be served: whilst he stood up, and spoke,
He was my master; and I wore my life,
To spend upon his haters. If thou please
To take me to thee, as I was to him
I 'll be to Cæsar; if thou pleasest not,
I yield thee up my life.

Cæ. What is 't thou say'st?

Der. I say, O Cæsar, Antony is dead.
Cæ. The breaking of so great a thing should make
A greater crack: the round world should have shook
Lions into civil streets,
And citizens to their dens. The death of Antony
Is not a single doom; in the name lay
A moiety of the world.
Der. He is dead, Cæsar;
Not by a public minister of justice,
Nor by a hired knife; but that self hand,
Which writ his honor in the acts it did,
Hath, with the courage which the heart did lend it,
Splitted the heart. This is his sword;
I robb'd his wound of it: behold it stain'd
With his most noble blood.
Cæ. Look you sad, friends?
The gods rebuke me, but it is tidings
To wash the eyes of kings.
Agr. And strange it is,
That nature must compel us to lament
Our most persisted deeds.
Mec. His taints and honors
Waged equal with him.[1]
Agr. A rarer spirit never
Did steer humanity: but you, gods, will give us
Some faults to make us men. Cæsar is touch'd.

---

[1] Were opposed to each other in just proportions.

SCENE II.

Alexandria. A room in the monument.

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, *and* IRAS.

Cle. My desolation does begin to make
A better life: 'tis paltry to be Cæsar;
Not being Fortune, he 's but Fortune's knave,[1]
A minister of her will; and it is great
To do that thing that ends all other deeds;
Which shackles accidents, and bolts up change;
Which sleeps, and never palates more the dung,
The beggar's nurse and Cæsar's.

Enter, to the gates of the monument, PROCULEIUS, GALLUS, *and Soldiers.*

Pro. Cæsar sends greeting to the queen of Egypt;
And bids thee study on what fair demands
Thou mean'st to have him grant thee.

Cle. [*within.*] What 's thy name?

Pro. My name is Proculeius.

Cle. [*within.*] Antony
Did tell me of you, bade me trust you; but
I do not greatly care to be deceived,
That have no use for trusting. If your master
Would have a queen his beggar, you must tell him,

---

[1] Servant.

That majesty, to keep decorum, must
No less beg than a kingdom: if he please
To give me conquer'd Egypt for my son,
He gives me so much of mine own, as I
Will kneel to him with thanks.

Pro. Be of good cheer;
You are fallen into a princely hand; fear nothing:
Make your full reference freely to my lord,
Who is so full of grace, that it flows over
On all that need. Let me report to him
Your sweet dependency; and you shall find
A conqueror, that will pray in aid for kindness,
Where he for grace is kneel'd to.

Cle. [*within.*] Pray you, tell him
I am his fortune's vassal, and I send him
The greatness he has got.[1] I hourly learn
A doctrine of obedience; and would gladly
Look him i' the face.

Pro. This I'll report, dear lady.
Have comfort; for, I know, your plight is pitied
Of him that caused it.

Gal. You see how easily she may be surprised.
[*Here Proculeius and two of the Guard ascend the monument by a ladder placed against a window, and having descended, come behind Cleopatra. Some of the Guard unbar and open the gates.*
Guard her till Cæsar come.
[*to Proculeius and the Guard. Exit Gallus.*

---

[1] i. e. the crown which he has won.

Iras. Royal queen!
Char. O Cleopatra! thou art taken, queen!
Cle. Quick, quick, good hands.
[*drawing a dagger.*
Pro. Hold, worthy lady, hold:
[*seises and disarms her.*
Do not yourself such wrong, who are in this
Relieved, but not betray'd.
Cle. What, of death too,
That rids our dogs of languish?
Pro. Cleopatra,
Do not abuse my master's bounty by
The undoing of yourself: let the world see
His nobleness well acted, which your death
Will never let come forth.
Cle. Where art thou, death?
Come hither, come! come, come, and take a queen,
Worth many babes and beggars!
Pro. O, temperance, lady!
Cle. Sir, I will eat no meat, I'll not drink, sir;
If idle talk will once be necessary,
I'll not sleep neither: this mortal house I'll ruin,
Do Cæsar what he can. Know, sir, that I
Will not wait pinion'd at your master's court;
Nor once be chastised with the sober eye
Of dull Octavia. Shall they hoist me up,
And show me to the shouting varletry [1]
Of censuring Rome? Rather a ditch in Egypt

---

[1] Rabble.

Be gentle grave to me! rather on Nilus' mud
Lay me stark naked, and let the water-flies
Blow me into abhorring! rather make
My country's high pyramides my gibbet,
And hang me up in chains!

Pro. You do extend
These thoughts of horror farther than you shall
Find cause in Cæsar.

Enter DOLABELLA.

Dol. Proculeius,
What thou hast done thy master Cæsar knows,
And he hath sent for thee: for the queen,
I'll take her to my guard.

Pro. So, Dolabella,
It shall content me best: be gentle to her.—
To Cæsar I will speak what you shall please,
[*to Cleopatra.*
If you'll employ me to him.

Cle. Say, I would die.
[*Exeunt Proculeius and Soldiers.*

Dol. Most noble empress, you have heard of me?

Cle. I cannot tell.

Dol. Assuredly you know me.

Cle. No matter, sir, what I have heard or known.
You laugh when boys or women tell their dreams;
Is't not your trick?

Dol. I understand not, madam.

Cle. I dream'd, there was an emperor Antony;—
O, such another sleep, that I might see

But such another man!

Dol. If it might please you,——

Cle. His face was as the heavens; and therein stuck
A sun and moon which kept their course, and lighted
The little O, the earth.

Dol. Most sovereign creature,——

Cle. His legs bestrid the ocean: his rear'd arm
Crested the world: his voice was propertied
As all the tuned spheres, and that to friends;
But when he meant to quail [1] and shake the orb,
He was as rattling thunder: for his bounty,
There was no winter in 't; an autumn 'twas,
That grew the more by reaping: his delights
Were dolphin-like; they show'd his back above
The element they lived in. In his livery
Walk'd crowns and crownets; realms and islands were
As plates [2] dropp'd from his pocket.

Dol. Cleopatra,——

Cle. Think you, there was or might be such a man
As this I dream'd of?

Dol. Gentle madam, no.

Cle. You lie, up to the hearing of the gods:
But, if there be, or ever were one such,
It 's past the size of dreaming: Nature wants stuff

[1] Crush, overpower. [2] Silver money.

To vie strange forms with Fancy; yet, to imagine
An Antony, were Nature's piece 'gainst Fancy,
Condemning shadows quite.[1]

Dol. Hear me, good madam:
Your loss is as yourself, great; and you bear it
As answering to the weight. Would I might never
O'ertake pursued success, but I do feel,
By the rebound of yours, a grief that shoots
My very heart at root.

Cle. I thank you, sir.
Know you, what Cæsar means to do with me?

Dol. I am loath to tell you what I would you knew.

Cle. Nay, pray you, sir,——

Dol. Though he be honorable,——

Cle. He 'll lead me then in triumph?

Dol. Madam, he will; I know 't.

[*within.*] Make way there: Cæsar.

Enter CÆSAR, GALLUS, PROCULEIUS, MECÆNAS, SELEUCUS, *and Attendants.*

Cæ. Which is the queen of Egypt?

Dol. 'Tis the emperor, madam.

[*Cleopatra kneels.*

Cæ. Arise; you shall not kneel:
I pray you, rise; rise, Egypt.

Cle. Sir, the gods

---

[1] 'i. e. Antony was more by nature than Fancy could present in sleep.'—Johnson.

Will have it thus; my master and my lord
I must obey.
Cæ. Take to you no hard thoughts:
The record of what injuries you did us,
Though written in our flesh, we shall remember
As things but done by chance.
Cle. Sole sir o' the world,
I cannot project[1] mine own cause so well,
To make it clear; but do confess, I have
Been laden with like frailties, which before
Have often shamed our sex.
Cæ. Cleopatra, know,
We will extenuate rather than enforce.
If you apply yourself to our intents,
(Which towards you are most gentle) you shall find
A benefit in this change; but if you seek
To lay on me a cruelty, by taking
Antony's course, you shall bereave yourself
Of my good purposes, and put your children
To that destruction which I 'll guard them from
If thereon you rely. I 'll take my leave.
Cle. And may, through all the world: 'tis yours; and we,
Your 'scutcheons, and your signs of conquest, shall
Hang in what place you please. Here, my good lord.
Cæ. You shall advise me in all for Cleopatra.
Cle. This is the brief of money, plate, and jewels,

---

[1] Shape or form.

I am possess'd of: 'tis exactly valued;
Not petty things admitted.—Where 's Seleucus?
Sel. Here, madam.
Cle. This is my treasurer: let him speak, my lord,
Upon his peril, that I have reserved
To myself nothing. Speak the truth, Seleucus.
Sel. Madam,
I had rather seel[1] my lips, than, to my peril,
Speak that which is not.
Cle. What have I kept back?
Sel. Enough to purchase what you have made known.
Cæ. Nay, blush not, Cleopatra; I approve
Your wisdom in the deed.
Cle. See, Cæsar! O, behold,
How pomp is follow'd! mine will now be yours;
And, should we shift estates, yours would be mine.
The ingratitude of this Seleucus does
Even make me wild.—O slave, of no more trust
Than love that 's hired!—What, goest thou back? thou shalt
Go back, I warrant thee; but I 'll catch thine eyes,
Though they had wings: slave, soul-less villain, dog!
O rarely base!
Cæ. Good queen, let us entreat you.
Cle. O Cæsar, what a wounding shame is this;

[1] Close.

That thou, vouchsafing here to visit me,
Doing the honor of thy lordliness
To one so meek,[1] that mine own servant should
Parcel[2] the sum of my disgraces by
Addition of his envy! Say, good Cæsar,
That I some lady trifles have reserved,
Immoment toys, things of such dignity
As we greet modern[3] friends withal; and say,
Some nobler token I have kept apart
For Livia and Octavia, to induce
Their mediation; must I be unfolded
With one that I have bred? The gods! It smites me
Beneath the fall I have. Pr'ythee, go hence; [*to Seleucus.*
Or I shall show the cinders of my spirits
Through the ashes of my chance. Wert thou a man,
Thou wouldst have mercy on me.

Cæ. Forbear, Seleucus. [*Exit Seleucus.*

Cle. Be it known, that we, the greatest, are misthought
For things that others do; and, when we fall,
We answer others' merits in our name,
Are therefore to be pitied.

Cæ. Cleopatra,

---

[1] i. e. subdued by adversity. [2] Add to.
[3] Common.

Not what you have reserved, nor what acknow
leged,
Put we i' the roll of conquest: still be it yours;
Bestow it at your pleasure; and believe.
Cæsar 's no merchant, to make prize with you
Of things that merchants sold: therefore be cheer'd;
Make not your thoughts your prisons.[1] No, dear
queen;
For we intend so to dispose you, as
Yourself shall give us counsel: feed, and sleep:
Our care and pity is so much upon you,
That we remain your friend; and so adieu.

Cle. My master, and my lord!

Cæ. Not so: adieu.

[*Exeunt Cæsar and his train.*

Cle. He words me, girls, he words me, that I should not
Be noble to myself: but hark thee, Charmian.

[*whispers Charmian.*

Iras. Finish, good lady; the bright day is done,
And we are for the dark.

Cle. Hie thee again:
I have spoke already, and it is provided:
Go, put it to the haste.

Char. Madam, I will.

---

[1] 'i. e. be not a prisoner in imagination when in reality are free.'—Johnson.

Re-enter DOLABELLA.

Dol. Where is the queen?
Char. Behold, sir. [*Exit Charmian*
Cle. Dolabella?
Dol. Madam, as thereto sworn by your command,
Which my love makes religion to obey,
I tell you this: Cæsar through Syria
Intends his journey; and, within three days,
You with your children will he send before.
Make your best use of this: I have perform'd
Your pleasure, and my promise.
Cle. Dolabella,
I shall remain your debtor.
Dol. I your servant.
Adieu, good queen: I must attend on Cæsar.
Cle. Farewell, and thanks. [*Exit Dolabella.*]
Now, Iras, what think'st thou?
Thou, an Egyptian puppet, shalt be shown
In Rome, as well as I: mechanic slaves,
With greasy aprons, rules, and hammers, shall
Uplift us to the view; in their thick breaths,
Rank of gross diet, shall we be enclouded,
And forced to drink their vapor.
Iras. The gods forbid!
Cle. Nay, 'tis most certain, Iras: saucy lictors
Will catch at us, like strumpets; and scald[1] rhymers

[1] Paltry, sorry.

Ballad us out o' tune: the quick[1] comedians
Extemporally will stage us, and present
Our Alexandrian revels: Antony
Shall be brought drunken forth, and I shall see
Some squeaking Cleopatra boy[2] my greatness
I' the posture of a whore.

Iras. O the good gods!

Cle. Nay, that is certain.

Iras. I 'll never see it; for, I am sure, my nails
Are stronger than mine eyes.

Cle. Why, that 's the way
To fool their preparation, and to conquer
Their most absurd intents.—Now, Charmian?—

Enter CHARMIAN.

Show me, my women, like a queen; go, fetch
My best attires; I am again for Cydnus,
To meet Mark Antony:—sirrah, Iras, go.
Now, noble Charmian, we 'll despatch indeed;
And, when thou hast done this chare,[3] I 'll give thee leave
To play till doomsday.—Bring our crown and all.
Wherefore 's this noise?

[*Exit Iras. A noise within.*

---

[1] Lively, inventive.
[2] Female characters were formerly played by boys.
[3] Task-work.

Re-enter IRAS, *with a robe, crown, &c.*

Cle. Give me my robe; put on my crown: I have
Immortal longings in me. Now no more
The juice of Egypt's grape shall moist this lip:—
Yare, yare,[1] good Iras; quick.—Methinks, I hear
Antony call; I see him rouse himself
To praise my noble act; I hear him mock
The luck of Cæsar, which the gods give men
To excuse their after wrath. Husband, I come:
Now to that name my courage prove my title!
I am fire and air; my other elements
I give to baser life.—So,—have you done?
Come then, and take the last warmth of my lips.
Farewell, kind Charmian;—Iras, long farewell.
[*kisses them. Iras falls and dies.*
Have I the aspic in my lips? Dost fall?
If thou and nature can so gently part,
The stroke of death is as a lover's pinch,
Which hurts, and is desired. Dost thou lie still?
If thus thou vanishest, thou tell'st the world
It is not worth leave-taking.

Char. Dissolve, thick cloud, and rain; that I may say,
The gods themselves do weep!

Cle. This proves me base:
If she first meet the curled Antony,
He 'll make demand of her; and spend that kiss

[1] Make haste.

Which is my heaven to have.—Come, thou m
wretch,
[*to the asp, which she applies to her bre*
With thy sharp teeth this knot intrinsicate
Of life at once untie: poor venomous fool,
Be angry, and despatch. O, couldst thou speak!
That I might hear thee call great Cæsar ass
Unpolicied![1]

Char. O eastern star!

Cle. Peace, peace!
Dost thou not see my baby at my breast,
That sucks the nurse asleep?

Char. O, break! O, break!

Cle. As sweet as balm, as soft as air, as gentle,—
O Antony!—Nay, I will take thee too:——
[*applying another asp to her arm*
What should I stay—— [*falls on a bed, and dies*

Char. In this wild world! So, fare thee well.
Now boast thee, Death! in thy possession lies
A lass unparallel'd.—Downy windows, close;
And golden Phœbus never be beheld
Of eyes again so royal! Your crown 's awry;
I 'll mend it, and then play.

Enter the GUARD, *rushing in.*

1 *Guard.* Where is the queen?

Char. Speak softly; wake he

---

[1] Impolitic, thus to leave the means of death wi
reach.



ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

[illegible]

[illegible]

1 *Guard.* Cæsar hath sent——

Char. Too slow a messenger.
[*applies the asp.*

O, come; apace, despatch: I partly feel thee.

1 *Guard.* Approach, ho! all 's not well: Cæsar 's beguiled.

2 *Guard.* There 's Dolabella sent from Cæsar:—call him.

1 *Guard.* What work is here?—Charmian, is this well done?

Char. It is well done, and fitting for a princess
Descended of so many royal kings.
Ah, soldier! [*dies.*

Enter DOLABELLA.

Dol. How goes it here?

2 *Guard.* All dead.

Dol. Cæsar, thy thoughts
Touch their effects in this: thyself art coming
To see perform'd the dreaded act, which thou
So sought'st to hinder.

[*within.*] A way there, a way for Cæsar!

Enter CÆSAR *and Attendants.*

Dol. O, sir, you are too sure an augurer:
That you did fear is done.

Cæ. Bravest at the last:
She levell'd at our purposes; and, being royal,
Took her own way.—The manner of their deaths?
I do not see them bleed

CYMBELINE.

CYMBELINE.

HISTORICAL NOTICE

OF

CYMBELINE.

This play is conjectured by Malone to have been written in the year 1609, although it was neither entered on the books of the Stationers' Company nor printed till 1623. The main incidents on which the plot rests occur in a novel of Boccace; but our author is supposed to have derived them from an old story-book popular in that age, intitled 'Westward for Smelts.' All he knew of Cymbeline he acquired from Holinshed, who is sometimes closely followed, and sometimes strangely perverted. This king, according to the old historian, succeeded his father in the 19th year of the reign of Augustus; and the play commences about the 24th year of Cymbeline's reign, which was the 42d of the reign of Augustus, and the 16th of the Christian era; notwithstanding which, Shakspeare has peopled Rome with modern Italians, Philario, Iachimo, &c. Cymbeline is said to have reigned 35 years, leaving at his death two sons, Guiderius and Arviragus.

This drama, if not in the construction of its fable one of the most perfect of our author's productions, is, in point of poetic beauty, of variety and truth of character, and in the display of sentiment and emotion, one of the most interesting; and ill deserves the

sweeping censure of Dr. Johnson, who d
merits in the following summary manner :—'
has many just sentiments, some natural dialc
some pleasing scenes; but they are obtained
pense of much incongruity. To remark th
the fiction, the absurdity of the conduct, the
of the names and manners of different time
impossibility of the events in any system of
to waste criticism on unresisting imbecility ;
too evident for detection, and too gross for
tion '

ARGUMENT.

The princess Imogen, only daughter to Cymbeline, king of Britain, secretly marries an accomplished courtier, named Posthumus, whose presumption is punished by a sentence of perpetual exile by the angry monarch. Deprived of the society of his amiable wife, the banished Posthumus repairs to Rome, where his confidence in the unshaken attachment of his princess is unhappily exchanged into a conviction of her infidelity by the false intelligence which he receives from Iachimo, a perfidious Italian; and the misguided husband immediately despatches orders to Pisanio, a faithful attendant residing in Britain, to put his mistress to death. Disregarding these cruel injunctions, Pisanio induces the unhappy lady to avoid the malice of her stepmother, and the importunities of her son Cloten, by flight. Disguised in male attire, Imogen arrives near Milford-haven, where she procures hospitable entertainment in the cottage of Belarius, a banished nobleman in the garb of a peasant, who had revenged the injuries which he had formerly sustained at the hands of Cymbeline, by stealing his two infant sons, and educating them as his own in this retreat. Cloten shortly after arrives in pursuit of Imogen, and is slain by the eldest of the princes in single combat. In the mean time Posthumus and Iachimo accompany a Roman army to Britain, where Imogen, under the assumed name of Fidele, becomes a page to the Roman general, who sustains a signal defeat, in which the intrepid valor of Belarius and the two princes, assisted by Posthumus in the disguise of a British soldier, is chiefly conspicuous. Iachimo is taken prisoner, and makes a confession of his guilt to Cymbeline; Imogen is restored to her husband, Belarius pardoned, and the two princes publicly recognised; while the queen dies in despair at the loss of her son, and the disappointment of her ambitious projects.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Cymbeline, king of Britain.
Cloten, son to the Queen by a former husband.
Leonatus Posthumus, a gentleman, husband to Imogen.
Belarius, a banished lord, disguised under the name of Morgan.
Guiderius, } sons to Cymbeline, disguised under the names of
Arviragus, } Polydore and Cadwal, supposed sons to Belarius.
Philario, friend to Posthumus, } Italians.
Iachimo, friend to Philario, }
A French Gentleman, friend to Philario.
Caius Lucius, general of the Roman forces.
A Roman Captain. Two British Captains.
Pisanio, servant to Posthumus.
Cornelius, a physician.
Two Gentlemen.
Two Gaolers.

Queen, wife to Cymbeline.
Imogen, daughter to Cymbeline by a former queen.
Helen, woman to Imogen.

Lords, Ladies, Roman Senators, Tribunes, Apparitions, a Soothsayer, a Dutch Gentleman, a Spanish Gentleman, Musicians, Officers, Captains, Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants.

Scene, sometimes in Britain, sometimes in Italy.

CYMBELINE.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

Britain. The garden behind Cymbeline's palace.

Enter TWO GENTLEMEN.

1 *Gen.* You do not meet a man, but frowns: our bloods[1]
No more obey the heavens, than our courtiers
Still seem, as does the king's.

2 *Gen.* But what 's the matter?

1 *Gen.* His daughter, and the heir of his kingdom, whom
He purposed to his wife's sole son, (a widow,
That late he married) hath referr'd herself
Unto a poor but worthy gentleman. She 's wedded;
Her husband banish'd; she imprison'd: all
Is outward sorrow; though, I think, the king
Be touch'd at very heart.

2 *Gen.* None but the king?

---

[1] Inclination, natural disposition.

1 *Gen.* He, that hath lost her too: so is the queen,
That most desired the match: but not a courtier,
Although they wear their faces to the bent
Of the king's looks, hath a heart that is not
Glad at the thing they scowl at.

2 *Gen.* And why so?

1 *Gen.* He that hath miss'd the princess, is a thing
Too bad for bad report; and he that hath her,
(I mean, that married her,—alack, good man!—
And therefore banish'd) is a creature such
As, to seek through the regions of the earth
For one his like, there would be something failing
In him that should compare. I do not think,
So fair an outward, and such stuff within,
Endows a man but he.

2 *Gen.* You speak him far.[1]

1 *Gen.* I do extend him, sir, within himself,[2]
Crush him together, rather than unfold
His measure duly.

2 *Gen.* What's his name and birth?

1 *Gen.* I cannot delve him to the root. His father
Was call'd Sicilius, who did join his honor,
Against the Romans, with Cassibelan;
But had his titles by Tenantius,[3] whom

---

[1] You are lavish in your encomiums.
[2] My praise, however extensive, is within his merit.
[3] The father of Cymbeline.

He served with glory and admired success;
So gain'd the sur-addition, Leonatus;
And had, besides this gentleman in question,
Two other sons, who, in the wars o' the time,
Died with their swords in hand; for which, their
father,
Then old and fond of issue, took such sorrow,
That he quit being; and his gentle lady,
Big of this gentleman, our theme, deceased
As he was born. The king, he takes the babe
To his protection; calls him Posthumus;
Breeds him, and makes him of his bed-chamber;
Puts him to all the learnings that his time
Could make him the receiver of; which he took,
As we do air, fast as 'twas minister'd; and
In his spring became a harvest: lived in court,
(Which rare it is to do) most praised, most loved;
A sample to the youngest; to the more mature
A glass that feated them; [1] and to the graver,
A child that guided dotards: to his mistress,
For whom he now is banish'd,—her own price
Proclaims how she esteem'd him and his virtue.
By her election may be truly read,
What kind of man he is.

2 *Gen.* I honor him
Even out of your report. But, pray you, tell me,
Is she sole child to the king?

1 *Gen.* His only child.

---

[1] Formed their manners.

He had two sons: (if this be worth your hearing
Mark it) the eldest of them at three years old,
I' the swathing-clothes the other, from their nursery
Were stolen; and to this hour, no guess in knowlege
Which way they went.

2 *Gen.* How long is this ago?

1 *Gen.* Some twenty years.

2 *Gen.* That a king's children should be so convey'd,
So slackly guarded, and the search so slow,
That could not trace them!

1 *Gen.* Howsoe'er 'tis strange,
Or that the negligence may well be laugh'd at,
Yet is it true, sir.

2 *Gen.* I do well believe you.

1 *Gen.* We must forbear. Here comes the queen and princess. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The same.

Enter QUEEN, POSTHUMUS, *and* IMOGEN.

Queen. No, be assured, you shall not find me, daughter,
After the slander of most stepmothers,
Evil-eyed unto you: you are my prisoner, but
Your jailer shall deliver you the keys
That lock up your restraint. For you, Posthumus,
So soon as I can win the offended king,
I will be known your advocate: marry, yet

The fire of rage is in him; and 'twere good
You lean'd unto his sentence, with what patience
Your wisdom may inform you.

Post. Please your highness,
I will from hence to-day.

Queen. You know the peril:—
I'll fetch a turn about the garden, pitying
The pangs of barr'd affections; though the king
Hath charged you should not speak together.
[*Exit Queen*.

Imo. O
Dissembling courtesy! How fine this tyrant
Can tickle where she wounds!—My dearest husband,
I something fear my father's wrath: but nothing,
(Always reserved my holy duty) what
His rage can do on me. You must be gone;
And I shall here abide the hourly shot
Of angry eyes; not comforted to live,
But that there is this jewel in the world,
That I may see again.

Post. My queen! my mistress!
O lady, weep no more, lest I give cause
To be suspected of more tenderness
Than doth become a man: I will remain
The loyal'st husband that did e'er plight troth.
My residence in Rome at one Philario's,
Who to my father was a friend, to me
Known but by letter: thither write, my queen,
And with mine eyes I'll drink the words you send,
Though ink be made of gall.

Re-enter QUEEN.

[illegible] Be brief, I pray you:
[illegible] me, I shall incur I know not
[illegible] displeasure.—Yet I 'll move him [*aside*
[illegible] way: I never do him wrong,
[illegible] my injuries to be friends;
[illegible] offences. [*Exit*
[illegible] Should we be taking leav[e]
[illegible] we have to live,
[illegible] would grow. Adieu!
[illegible]:
[illegible] to air yourself,
[illegible] Look here, love;
[illegible] take it, heart;
[illegible] another wife,
[illegible]
[illegible] another?—
[illegible] this I have,
An[illegible] from a next
With [illegible] —[illegible] remain thou here [*putting on the ring*
While [illegible] And, sweetest, fairest
[illegible] for you,
E[illegible] infinite [illegible] our trifles,
You[illegible] wear this;
That [illegible] it
So soo[n]
I will be [illegible]



CYMBELINE

Upon this fairest prisoner.

[*putting a bracelet on her arm.*

Imo. O, the gods!
When shall we see again?

Enter CYMBELINE *and Lords.*

Post. Alack, the king!

Cym. Thou basest thing, avoid! hence, from my sight!
If, after this command, thou fraught[1] the court
With thy unworthiness, thou diest. Away!
Thou art poison to my blood.

Post. The gods protect you,
And bless the good remainders of the court!
I am gone. [*Exit.*

Imo. There cannot be a pinch in death
More sharp than this is.

Cym. O disloyal thing,
That shouldst repair my youth; thou heapest
A year's age on me!

Imo. I beseech you, sir,
Harm not yourself with your vexation:
I am senseless of your wrath; a touch more rare[2]
Subdues all pangs, all fears.

Cym. Past grace? obedience?

Imo. Past hope, and in despair; that way past grace.

---

[1] Fill. [2] A more exquisite feeling

Cym That mightst have had the sole son of my queen!

Imo. O bless'd, that I might not! I chose an eagle,
And did avoid a puttock.[1]

Cym. Thou took'st a beggar; wouldst have made my throne
A seat for baseness.

Imo. No; I rather added
A lustre to it.

Cym. O thou vile one!

Imo. Sir,
It is your fault that I have loved Posthumus:
You bred him as my playfellow; and he is
A man, worth any woman; overbuys me
Almost the sum he pays.

Cym. What!—art thou mad?

Imo. Almost, sir: Heaven restore me!—Would I were
A neatherd's daughter, and my Leonatus
Our neighbor shepherd's son!

Re-enter QUEEN.

Cym. Thou foolish thing!—
They were again together: you have done [*to the Queen.*
Not after our command. Away with her,
And pen her up.

---

[1] A puttock is a degenerate species of hawk.

Queen. Beseech your patience.—Peace,
Dear lady daughter, peace.—Sweet sovereign,
Leave us to ourselves; and make yourself some comfort
Out of your best advice.[1]

Cym. Nay, let her languish
A drop of blood a day; and, being aged,
Die of this folly! [*Exit.*

Enter PISANIO.

Queen. Fie!—you must give way:
Here is your servant.——How now, sir? What news?

Pi. My lord your son drew on my master.

Queen. Ha!
No harm, I trust, is done?

Pi. There might have been.
But that my master rather play'd than fought,
And had no help of anger: they were parted
By gentlemen at hand.

Queen. I am very glad on 't.

Imo. Your son 's my father's friend; he takes his part.—
To draw upon an exile!—O brave sir!—
I would they were in Afric both together;
Myself by with a needle, that I might prick
The goer back.—Why came you from your master?

Pi. On his command: he would not suffer me

---

[1] Consideration.

To bring him to the haven: left these notes
Of what commands I should be subject to,
When it pleased you to employ me.

Queen. This hath been
Your faithful servant: I dare lay mine honor,
He will remain so.

Pi. I humbly thank your highness.

Queen. Pray, walk awhile.

Imo. About some half-hour hence,
I pray you, speak with me: you shall, at least,
Go see my lord aboard: for this time, leave me.
[*Exeunt*

SCENE III.

A public place.

Enter CLOTEN *and* TWO LORDS.

1 *Lord.* Sir, I would advise you to shift a shirt; the violence of action hath made you reek as a sacrifice. Where air comes out, air comes in: there 's none abroad so wholesome as that you vent.

Clo. If my shirt were bloody, then to shift it—Have I hurt him?

2 *Lord.* No, faith; not so much as his patience. [*aside.*

1 *Lord.* Hurt him? his body 's a passable carcass if he be not hurt: it is a thoroughfare for steel if it be not hurt.

2 *Lord.* His steel was in debt; it went o' the backside the town. [*aside.*

Clo. The villain would not stand me.

2 *Lord.* No; but he fled forward still, toward your face. [*aside.*

1 *Lord.* Stand you! You have land enough of your own; but he added to your having; gave you some ground.

2 *Lord.* As many inches as you have oceans. Puppies! [*aside.*

Clo. I would, they had not come between us.

2 *Lord.* So would I, till you had measured how long a fool you were upon the ground. [*aside.*

Clo. And that she should love this fellow, and refuse me!

2 *Lord.* If it be a sin to make a true election, she is damned. [*aside.*

1 *Lord.* Sir, as I told you always, her beauty and her brain go not together: she's a good sign,[1] but I have seen small reflection of her wit.

2 *Lord.* She shines not upon fools, lest the reflection should hurt her. [*aside.*

Clo. Come, I'll to my chamber. Would there had been some hurt done!

2 *Lord.* I wish not so; unless it had been the fall of an ass, which is no great hurt. [*aside*

Clo. You'll go with us?

1 *Lord.* I'll attend your lordship.

Clo. Nay, come, let's go together.

2 *Lord.* Well, my lord. [*Exeunt.*

---

[1] i. e. a fair outside.

SCENE IV.

A room in Cymbeline's palace.

Enter IMOGEN *and* PISANIO.

Imo. I would thou grew'st unto the shores o' the haven,
And question'dst every sail: if he should write,
And I not have it, 'twere a paper lost
As offer'd mercy is. What was the last
That he spake to thee?

Pi. 'Twas, 'His queen, his queen!

Imo. Then waved his handkerchief?

Pi. And kiss'd it, madam.

Imo. Senseless linen! happier therein than I!—
And that was all?

Pi. No, madam; for so long
As he could make me with this eye or ear
Distinguish him from others, he did keep
The deck, with glove, or hat, or handkerchief
Still waving, as the fits and stirs of his mind
Could best express how slow his soul sail'd on,
How swift his ship.

Imo. Thou shouldst have made him
As little as a crow, or less, ere left
To after-eye him.

Pi. Madam, so I did.

Imo. I would have broke mine eye-strings; crack'd them, but
To look upon him; till the diminution

Of space had pointed him sharp as my needle:
Nay, follow'd him, till he had melted from
The smallness of a gnat to air; and then
Have turn'd mine eye, and wept.—But, good Pisanio,
When shall we hear from him?

Pi. Be assured, madam,
With his next vantage.[1]

Imo. I did not take my leave of him, but had
Most pretty things to say: ere I could tell him,
How I would think on him, at certain hours,
Such thoughts, and such; or I could make him swear
The shes of Italy should not betray
Mine interest and his honor; or have charged him,
At the sixth hour of morn, at noon, at midnight,
To encounter me with orisons,[2] for then
I am in heaven for him; or ere I could
Give him that parting kiss, which I had set
Betwixt two charming words; comes in my father,
And, like the tyrannous breathing of the north,
Shakes all our buds from growing.

Enter a LADY.

Lady. The queen, madam,
Desires your highness' company.

Imo. Those things I bid you do, get them despatch'd.—

---

[1] Opportunity. [2] i. e. meet me with reciprocal prayer.

I will attend the queen.

Pi. Madam, I shall. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Rome. An apartment in Philario's house.

Enter PHILARIO, IACHIMO, *a* FRENCHMAN, *a* DUTCHMAN, *and a* SPANIARD.

Ia. Believe it, sir; I have seen him in Britain: he was then of a crescent note;[1] expected to prove so worthy, as since he hath been allowed the name of: but I could then have looked on him without the help of admiration, though the catalogue of his endowments had been tabled by his side, and I to peruse him by items.

Phi. You speak of him when he was less furnished, than now he is, with that which makes[2] him both without and within.

French. I have seen him in France: we had very many there could behold the sun with as firm eyes as he.

Ia. This matter of marrying his king's daughter (wherein he must be weighed rather by her valu than his own) words him, I doubt not, a great de from the matter.[3]

French. And then his banishment:——

---

[1] Increasing in fame. [2] Forms.

[3] Makes the description of him very distant from the t

Ia. Ay, and the approbation of those, that weep s lamentable divorce, under her colors, are nderfully to extend him; be it but to fortify her gment, which else an easy battery might lay flat, taking a beggar without less[1] quality. But how nes it, he is to sojourn with you? How creeps uaintance?

Phi. His father and I were soldiers together; to om I have been often bound for no less than my .

Enter POSTHUMUS.

re comes the Briton: let him be so entertained ongst you, as suits, with gentlemen of your owing, to a stranger of his quality. I beseech ı all, be better known to this gentleman, whom I nmend to you as a noble friend of mine: how rthy he is, I will leave to appear hereafter, her than story him in his own hearing.

French. Sir, we have known together in Orleans.

Post. Since when I have been debtor to you for ırtesies, which I will be ever to pay, and yet pay l.

French. Sir, you o'er-rate my poor kindness: I s glad I did atone my countryman and you: it l been pity, you should have been put together :h so mortal a purpose, as then each bore, upon portance[2] of so slight and trivial a nature.

Less for more; an error of frequent occurrence in our hor. [2] Importunity, instigation.

Post. By your pardon, sir, I was then a young traveller; rather shunned to go even with what I heard, than in my every action to be guided by others' experiences: but, upon my mended judgment, (if I offend not to say it is mended) my quarrel was not altogether slight.

French. Faith, yes, to be put to the arbitrement of swords; and by such two, that would, by all likelihood, have confounded[1] one the other, or have fallen both.

Ia. Can we, with manners, ask what was the difference?

French. Safely, I think: 'twas a contention in public, which may, without contradiction, suffer the report.[2] It was much like an argument that fell out last night, where each of us fell in praise of our country mistresses; this gentleman at that time vouching, (and upon warrant of bloody affirmation) his to be more fair, virtuous, wise, chaste, constant-qualified, and less attemptible, than any the rarest of our ladies in France.

Ia. That lady is not now living; or this gentleman's opinion, by this, worn out.

Post. She holds her virtue still, and I my mind.

Ia. You must not so far prefer her 'fore ours of Italy.

Post. Being so far provoked as I was in France, I

---

[1] Destroyed.
[2] i. e. which undoubtedly may be publicly told.

would abate her nothing; though I profess myself her adorer, not her friend.[1]

Ia. As fair and as good, (a kind of hand-in-hand comparison) had been something too fair and too good, for any lady in Britany. If she went before others I have seen, as that diamond of yours out-lustres many I have beheld, I could not but believe she excelled many: but I have not seen the most precious diamond that is, nor you the lady.

Post. I praised her as I rated her; so do I my stone.

Ia. What do you esteem it at?

Post. More than the world enjoys.

Ia. Either your unparagoned mistress is dead, or she 's outprized by a trifle.

Post. You are mistaken: the one may be sold or given, if there were wealth enough for the purchase, or merit for the gift: the other is not a thing for sale, and only the gift of the gods.

Ia. Which the gods have given you?

Post. Which, by their graces, I will keep.

Ia. You may wear her in title yours; but, you know, strange fowl light upon neighboring ponds. Your ring may be stolen too: so, of your brace of unprizable estimations, the one is but frail, and the other casual; a cunning thief, or a that-way-accomplished courtier, would hazard the winning both of first and last.

---

[1] Lover.

Post. Your Italy contains none so accomplished a courtier to convince[1] the honor of my mistress; if, in the holding or loss of that, you term her frail. I do nothing doubt, you have store of thieves; notwithstanding, I fear not my ring.

Phi. Let us leave here, gentlemen.

Post. Sir, with all my heart. This worthy signior, I thank him, makes no stranger of me; we are familiar at first.

Ia. With five times so much conversation, I should get ground of your fair mistress; make her go back, even to the yielding, had I admittance, and opportunity to friend.

Post. No, no.

Ia. I dare thereon pawn the moiety of my estate to your ring, which, in my opinion, o'ervalues it something: but I make my wager rather against your confidence than her reputation; and, to bar your offence herein too, I durst attempt it against any lady in the world.

Post. You are a great deal abused[2] in too bold a persuasion; and I doubt not you sustain what you 're worthy of, by your attempt.

Ia. What 's that?

Post. A repulse: though your attempt, as you call it, deserve more; a punishment too.

Phi. Gentlemen, enough of this: it came in too

---

[1] Overcome. [2] Deceived.

suddenly: let it die as it was born; and, I pray you, be better acquainted.

Ia. Would I had put my estate and my neighbor's on the approbation[1] of what I have spoke.

Post. What lady would you choose to assail?

Ia. Yours, whom in constancy, you think, stands so safe. I will lay you ten thousand ducats to your ring, that, commend me to the court where your lady is, with no more advantage than the opportunity of a second conference, and I will bring from thence that honor of hers, which you imagine so reserved.

Post. I will wage against your gold, gold to it: my ring I hold dear as my finger; 'tis part of it.

Ia. You are a friend,[2] and therein the wiser. If you buy ladies' flesh at a million a dram, you cannot preserve it from tainting: but, I see, you have some religion in you, that you fear.

Post. This is but a custom in your tongue: you bear a graver purpose, I hope.

Ia. I am the master of my speeches;[3] and would undergo what 's spoken, I swear.

Post. Will you?—I shall but lend my diamond till your return. Let there be covenants drawn between us. My mistress exceeds in goodness the hugeness of your unworthy thinking. I dare you to this match: here 's my ring.

---

[1] Proof. [2] Lover.
[3] I know what I have said.

Phi. I will have it no lay.

Ia. By the gods, it is one. If I bring you no sufficient testimony that I have enjoyed the dearest bodily part of your mistress, my ten thousand ducats are yours · so is your diamond too: if I come off, and leave her in such honor as you have trust in, she your jewel, this your jewel, and my gold are yours; provided I have your commendation for my more free entertainment.

Post. I embrace these conditions; let us have articles betwixt us: only, thus far you shall answer. If you make your voyage upon her, and give me directly to understand you have prevailed, I am no farther your enemy; she is not worth our debate: if she remain unseduced, (you not making it appear otherwise) for your ill opinion, and the assault you have made to her chastity, you shall answer me with your sword.

Ia. Your hand: a covenant. We will have these things set down by lawful counsel, and straight away for Britain, lest the bargain should catch cold and starve. I will fetch my gold, and have our two wagers recorded.

Post. Agreed. [*Exeunt Posthumus and Iachimo.*

French. Will this hold, think you?

Phi. Signior Iachimo will not from it. Pray, let us follow 'em. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Britain. A room in Cymbeline's palace.

Enter QUEEN, LADIES, *and* CORNELIUS.

Queen. Whiles yet the dew 's on ground, gather those flowers;
Make haste: who has the note of them?

1 Lady. I, madam.

Queen. Despatch.—— [*Exeunt Ladies.*
Now, master doctor, have you brought those drugs?

Cor. Pleaseth your highness, ay: here they are, madam: [*presenting a small box.*
But I beseech your grace, (without offence,
My conscience bids me ask) wherefore you have
Commanded of me these most poisonous compounds
Which are the movers of a languishing death;
But, though slow, deadly?

Queen. I do wonder, doctor,
Thou ask'st me such a question. Have I not been
Thy pupil long? Hast thou not learn'd me how
To make perfumes, distil, preserve; yea, so,
That our great king himself doth woo me oft
For my confections? Having thus far proceeded,
(Unless thou think'st me devilish) is 't not meet
That I did amplify my judgment in
Other conclusions?[1] I will try the forces
Of these thy compounds on such creatures as

[1] Experiments.

[illegible] hanging, (but none human)
[illegible]
[illegible] gather
[illegible] effects.

[illegible] Your highness
Shall [illegible] make hard your heart:
[illegible] these effects will be
[illegible]

[illegible] O, content thee.—

Enter [illegible]

[illegible] upon him [aside.
[illegible] master,
[illegible]—How now, Pisanio?—
[illegible] is ended:
[illegible]

[illegible] suspect you, madam;
[illegible] [aside.

[illegible] Hark thee, a word.—
[to Pisanio.

[illegible] She doth think
she has
[illegible] I do know her spirit,
[illegible] malice with
[illegible] those she has
[illegible] awhile;
[illegible] on cats and
dogs
[illegible] there is
[illegible] makes,

More than the locking up the spirits a time,
To be more fresh, reviving. She is fool'd
With a most false effect; and I the truer,
So to be false with her.

Queen. No farther service, doctor,
Until I send for thee.

Cor. I humbly take my leave.
[*Exit.*

Queen. Weeps she still, say'st thou? Dost thou think, in time
She will not quench, and let instructions enter
Where folly now possesses? Do thou work.
When thou shalt bring me word, she loves my son,
I 'll tell thee, on the instant, thou art then
As great as is thy master; greater; for
His fortunes all lie speechless, and his name
Is at last gasp. Return he cannot, nor
Continue where he is: to shift his being,[1]
Is to exchange one misery with another;
And every day, that comes, comes to decay
A day's work in him. What shalt thou expect,
To be depender on a thing that leans,
Who cannot be new built, nor has no friends
[*the Queen drops a box: Pisanio takes it up.*
So much as but to prop him? Thou takest up
Thou know'st not what; but take it for thy labor:
It is a thing I made, which hath the king
Five times redeem'd from death: I do not know

---

[1] To change his abode

What is more cordial :—nay, I pr'ythee, take it;
It is an earnest of a farther good
That I mean to thee. Tell thy mistress how
The case stands with her; do 't, as from thyself.
Think what a chance thou changest on;[1] but thi
Thou hast thy mistress still to boot, my son,
Who shall take notice of thee. I 'll move the kin
To any shape of thy preferment, such
As thou 'lt desire; and then myself, I chiefly,
That set thee on to this desert, am bound
To load thy merit richly. Call my women:
Think on my words. [*Exit Pisanio.*]—A sly a
constant knave,
Not to be shaked; the agent for his master;
And the remembrancer of her, to hold
The hand-fast to her lord. I have given him that
Which, if he take, shall quite unpeople her
Of leigers[2] for her sweet; and which she, after,
Except she bend her humor, shall be assured

Re-enter PISANIO *and Ladies.*

To taste of too:—so, so; well done, well done:
The violets, cowslips, and the primroses
Bear to my closet.—Fare thee well, Pisanio;
Think on my words. [*Exeunt Queen and Ladies.*
Pi. And shall do:
But when to my good lord I prove untrue,

---

[1] Think with what a fair prospect of mending your fortun you now change your present service.
[2] Ambassadors.

judg-

Imo. A
A foolish
That hath
My suprem
Vexation
As my tw
Is the des
How mea
Which seas

will,

h,

sir,

nio.

Pi. Mad
ues fro
n.
worthy
greets
r.
ne kin.
All

re

be a

u.

He did incline to sadness; and oft-times
Not knowing why.

Ia. I never saw him sad.
There is a Frenchman his companion, one
An eminent monsieur, that, it seems, much loves
A Gallian girl at home: he furnaces
The thick sighs from him; whiles the jolly Briton
(Your lord, I mean) laughs from 's free lungs, cries, 'O!
Can my sides hold, to think, that man,—who knows
By history, report, or his own proof,
What woman is, yea, what she cannot choose
But must be,—will his free hours languish for
Assured bondage?'

Imo. Will my lord say so?

Ia. Ay, madam; with his eyes in flood with laughter.
It is a recreation to be by,
And hear him mock the Frenchman: but, Heavens know,
Some men are much to blame.

Imo. Not he, I hope.

Ia. Not he: but yet Heaven's bounty towards him might
Be used more thankfully. In himself, 'tis much;
In you,—which I account his, beyond all talents,—
Whilst I am bound to wonder, I am bound
To pity too.

Imo. What do you pity, sir?

Ia. Two creatures heartily.

Imo. Am I one, sir?

discern you in me,

What!
and solace

you, sir,
r answers
pity me?

— But
ge it,

eem to know
rns me. 'Pray you,
n hurts more
ainties
ly knowing,
me

this cheek
ose touch,
eler's soul
ch
eye,
hen)
s
with hands
falsehood, as

thhold.

With labor) then lie peeping in an eye,
Base and unlustrous as the smoky light
That 's fed with stinking tallow; it were fit,
That all the plagues of hell should at one time
Encounter such revolt.

Imo. My lord, I fear,
Has forgot Britain.

Ia. And himself. Not I,
Inclined to this intelligence, pronounce
The beggary of his change; but 'tis your graces
That, from my mutest conscience, to my tongue,
Charms this report out.

Imo. Let me hear no more.

Ia. O dearest soul! your cause doth strike my heart
With pity, that doth make me sick. A lady
So fair, and fasten'd to an empery,[1]
Would make the greatest king double! to be partner'd
With tomboys, hired with that self-exhibition[2]
Which your own coffers yield! with diseased ventures,
That play with all infirmities for gold
Which rottenness can lend nature! such boil'd stuff,
As well might poison poison! Be revenged,
Or she that bore you was no queen, and you
Recoil from your great stock.

Imo. Revenged!

---

[1] Sovereign command. [2] Allowance, pension.

How should I be revenged? If this be true,
(As I have such a heart, that both mine ears
Must not in haste abuse) if it be true,
How should I be revenged?

Ia. Should he make me
Live like Diana's priest, betwixt cold sheets;
Whiles he is vaulting variable ramps,
In your despite, upon your purse? Revenge it.
I dedicate myself to your sweet pleasure,
More noble than that runagate to your bed;
And will continue fast to your affection,
Still close as sure.

Imo. What ho, Pisanio!

Ia. Let me my service tender on your lips.

Imo. Away!—I do condemn mine ears, that have
So long attended thee. If thou wert honorable,
Thou wouldst have told this tale for virtue, not
For such an end thou seek'st, as base as strange.
Thou wrong'st a gentleman, who is as far
From thy report as thou from honor; and
Solicit'st here a lady, that disdains
Thee and the devil alike.—What ho, Pisanio!
The king my father shall be made acquainted
Of thy assault: if he shall think it fit,
A saucy stranger, in his court, to mart
As in a Romish stew, and to expound
His beastly mind to us;—he hath a court
He little cares for, and a daughter whom
He not respects at all.—What ho, Pisanio!

Ia. O happy Leonatus! I may say:
The credit, that thy lady hath of thee,

Deserves thy trust, and thy most perfect goodness
Her assured credit!—Blessed live you long,
A lady to the worthiest sir, that ever
Country call'd his; and you his mistress, only
For the most worthiest fit! Give me your pardon.
I have spoke this, to know if your affiance
Were deeply rooted, and shall make your lord,
That which he is, new o'er: and he is one
The truest manner'd; such a holy witch,
That he enchants societies unto him:
Half all men's hearts are his.

Imo. You make amends.

Ia. He sits 'mongst men, like a descended god:
He hath a kind of honor sets him off,
More than a mortal seeming. Be not angry,
Most mighty princess, that I have adventured
To try your taking of a false report; which hath
Honor'd with confirmation your great judgment
In the election of a sir so rare,
Which you know, cannot err. The love I bear him
Made me to fan you thus; but the gods made you
Unlike all others, chaffless. Pray, your pardon.

Imo. All 's well, sir. Take my power i' the court for yours.

Ia. My humble thanks. I had almost forgot
To entreat your grace but in a small request,
And yet of moment too, for it concerns
Your lord: myself, and other noble friends,
Are partners in the business.

Imo. Pray, what is 't?

Ia. Some dozen Romans of us, and your lord,

(The best feather of our wing) have mingled sums,
To buy a present for the emperor;
Which I, the factor for the rest, have done
In France: 'tis plate, of rare device; and jewels,
Of rich and exquisite form; their values great:
And I am something curious, being strange,
To have them in safe stowage. May it please you
To take them in protection?

Imo. Willingly;
And pawn mine honor for their safety: since
My lord hath interest in them, I will keep them
In my bed-chamber.

Ia. They are in a trunk,
Attended by my men: I will make bold
To send them to you, only for this night;
I must aboard to-morrow.

Imo. O, no, no.

Ia. Yes, I beseech; or I shall short my word,
By lengthening my return. From Gallia
I cross'd the seas on purpose, and on promise
To see your grace.

Imo. I thank you for your pains;
But not away to-morrow?

Ia. O, I must, madam:
Therefore, I shall beseech you, if you please
To greet your lord with writing, do 't to-night.
I have outstood my time; which is material
To the tender of our present.

Imo. I will write.

Send your trunk to me; it shall safe be kept,
And truly yielded you. You are very welcome.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.

Court before Cymbeline's palace.

Enter CLOTEN *and* TWO LORDS.

Clo. Was there ever man had such luck! when I kissed the jack upon an upcast,[1] to be hit away! I had a hundred pound on 't: and then a whoreson jackanapes must take me up for swearing; as if I borrowed mine oaths of him, and might not spend them at my pleasure.

1 *Lord.* What got he by that? You have broke his pate with your bowl.

2 *Lord.* If his wit had been like him that broke it, it would have run all out. [*aside.*

Clo. When a gentleman is disposed to swear, it is not for any standers-by to curtail his oaths: ha?

2 *Lord.* No, my lord, nor [*aside.*] crop the ears of them.

Clo. Whoreson dog!—I give him satisfaction? Would, he had been one of my rank!

---

[1] He is describing his fate at bowls, where the jack is the small bowl at which the others are aimed. To 'kiss the jack,' is a state of great advantage.

2 *Lord.* To have smelt like a fool. [*aside.*

Clo. I am not more vexed at any thing in the earth,—a pox on 't! I had rather not be so noble as I am. They dare not fight with me, because of the queen my mother: every jack-slave hath his belly full of fighting, and I must go up and down like a cock that nobody can match.

2 *Lord.* You are a cock and capon too; and you crow, cock, with your comb on. [*aside.*

Clo. Sayest thou?

1 *Lord.* It is not fit, your lordship should undertake every companion[1] that you give offence to.

Clo. No, I know that; but it is fit, I should commit offence to my inferiors.

2 *Lord.* Ay, it is fit for your lordship only.

Clo. Why, so I say.

1 *Lord.* Did you hear of a stranger, that 's come to court to-night?

Clo. A stranger, and I not know on 't!

2 *Lord.* He 's a strange fellow himself, and knows it not. [*aside.*

1 *Lord.* There 's an Italian come; and, 'tis thought, one of Leonatus' friends.

Clo. Leonatus! a banished rascal; and he 's another, whatsoever he be. Who told you of this stranger?

1 *Lord.* One of your lordship's pages.

---

[1] Fellow.

Clo. Is it fit, I went to look upon him? Is there no derogation in 't?

1 *Lord.* You cannot derogate, my lord.

Clo. Not easily, I think.

2 *Lord.* You are a fool granted; therefore your issues being foolish, do not derogate. [*aside.*

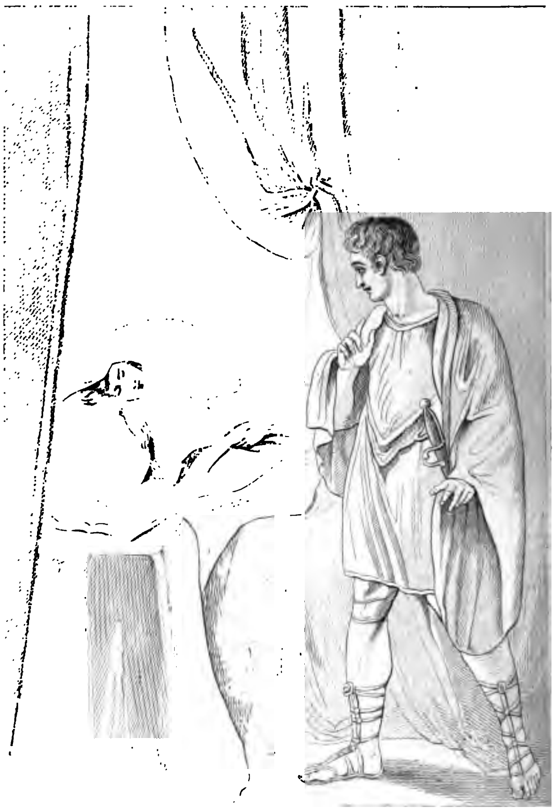
Clo. Come, I 'll go see this Italian. What I have lost to-day at bowls, I 'll win to-night of him. Come, go.

2 *Lord.* I 'll attend your lordship.

[*Exeunt Cloten and first Lord.*

That such a crafty devil as is his mother
Should yield the world this ass! a woman, that
Bears all down with her brain; and this her son
Cannot take two from twenty for his heart,
And leave eighteen. Alas, poor princess,
Thou divine Imogen, what thou endurest!
Betwixt a father by thy stepdame govern'd;
A mother hourly coining plots; a wooer,
More hateful than the foul expulsion is
Of thy dear husband, than that horrid act
Of the divorce he 'd make! The heavens hold firm
The walls of thy dear honor; keep unshaked
That temple, thy fair mind; that thou mayst stand
To enjoy thy banish'd lord and this great land!

[*Exit.*



SCENE II.

A bed-chamber; in one part of it a trunk.

IMOGEN *reading in her bed; a* LADY *attending.*

Imo. Who 's there? my woman Helen?
Lady. Please you, madam.
Imo. What hour is it?
Lady. Almost midnight, madam.
Imo. I have read three hours then: mine eyes are weak.
Fold down the leaf where I have left: to bed:
Take not away the taper; leave it burning;
And if thou canst awake by four o' the clock,
I pr'ythee, call me. Sleep hath seised me wholly.
[*Exit Lady.*
To your protection I commend me, gods!
From fairies, and the tempters of the night,
Guard me, beseech ye! [*sleeps.*

IACHIMO, *from the trunk.*

Ia. The crickets sing, and man's o'er-labor'd sense
Repairs itself by rest. Our Tarquin thus
Did softly press the rushes,[1] ere he waken'd
The chastity he wounded.—Cytherea,
How bravely thou becomest thy bed! fresh lily!

---

[1] It was anciently the custom to strew chambers with rushes.

And whiter than the sheets! That I might touch!
But kiss; one kiss!—Rubies unparagon'd,
How dearly they do 't!—'Tis her breathing that
Perfumes the chamber thus: the flame o' the taper
Bows toward her, and would underpeep her lids,
To see the enclosed lights, now canopied
Under these windows; white and azure, laced
With blue of heaven's own tinct.[1]—But my design!
To note the chamber; I will write all down:
Such and such pictures;—there the window;—such
The adornment of her bed;—the arras, figures,
Why, such, and such:—and the contents o' the story:—
Ah, but some natural notes about her body,
Above ten thousand meaner moveables,
Would testify, to enrich mine inventory.
O sleep, thou ape of death, lie dull upon her,
And be her sense but as a monument,
Thus in a chapel lying!—Come off, come off;—
[*taking off her bracelet.*
As slippery, as the Gordian knot was hard!—
'Tis mine; and this will witness outwardly,
As strongly as the conscience does within,
To the madding of her lord. On her left breast,
A mole cinque-spotted, like the crimson drops
I' the bottom of a cowslip. Here 's a voucher,
Stronger than ever law could make: this secret

---

[1] i. e. the white skin laced with blue veins.

Will force him think I have pick'd the lock, and ta'en
The treasure of her honor. No more.—To what end?
Why should I write this down, that 's riveted,
Screw'd to my memory? She hath been reading late
The tale of Tereus; here the leaf 's turn'd down,
Where Philomel gave up:—I have enough:
To the trunk again, and shut the spring of it.
Swift, swift, you dragons of the night! that dawning
May bare the raven's eye: I lodge in fear;
Though this a heavenly angel, hell is here.
[*clock strikes.*
One, two, three!—time, time!
[*goes into the trunk. The scene closes.*

SCENE III.

An antechamber adjoining Imogen's apartment.

Enter CLOTEN *and* LORDS.

1 *Lord.* Your lordship is the most patient man in loss; the most coldest that ever turned up ace.

Clo. It would make any man cold to lose.

1 *Lord.* But not every man patient after the noble temper of your lordship. You are most hot and furious when you win.

Clo. Winning would put any man into courage.

If I could get this foolish Imogen, I should have gold enough. It 's almost morning, is 't not?

1 *Lord.* Day, my lord.

Clo. I would this music would come: I am advised to give her music o' mornings; they say, it will penetrate.

Enter Musicians.

Come on; tune: if you can penetrate her with your fingering, so; we 'll try with tongue too: if none will do, let her remain; but I 'll never give o'er. First, a very excellent good-conceited thing; after, a wonderful sweet air, with admirable rich words to it; and then let her consider.

SONG.

Hark! hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
And Phœbus 'gins arise,
His steeds to water at those springs
On chaliced flowers that lies;
And winking mary-buds begin
To ope their golden eyes·
With every thing that pretty bin
My lady sweet, arise;
Arise, arise.

So, get you gone: if this penetrate, I will consider your music the better;[1] if it do not, it is a vice in

---

[1] I will pay you more for it.

her ears, which horse-hairs, and cats-guts, nor the voice of unpaved eunuch to boot, can never amend.

[*Exeunt Musicians.*

Enter CYMBELINE *and* QUEEN.

2 *Lord.* Here comes the king.

Clo. I am glad I was up so late; for that's the reason I was up so early: he cannot choose but take this service I have done fatherly.—Good morrow to your majesty and to my gracious mother.

Cym. Attend you here the door of our stern daughter?
Will she not forth?

Clo. I have assailed her with music, but she vouchsafes no notice.

Cym. The exile of her minion is too new;
She hath not yet forgot him: some more time
Must wear the print of his remembrance out,
And then she's yours.

Queen. You are most bound to the king,
Who lets go by no vantages, that may
Prefer you to his daughter. Frame yourself
To orderly solicits; and be friended
With aptness of the season:[1] make denials
Increase your services: so seem, as if
You were inspired to do those duties which
You tender to her; that you in all obey her,
Save when command to your dismission tends,

---

[1] With solicitations not only proper, but well-timed.

And therein you are senseless.

Clo. Senseless? not so.

Enter MESSENGER.

Mes. So like you, sir, ambassadors from Rome;
The one is Caius Lucius.

Cym. A worthy fellow,
Albeit he comes on angry purpose now;
But that 's no fault of his. We must receive him
According to the honor of his sender;
And towards himself his goodness forespent on us
We must extend our notice.—Our dear son,
When you have given good morning to your mistress,
Attend the queen and us: we shall have need
To employ you towards this Roman.—Come, our queen.

[*Exeunt Cym. Queen, Lords, and Mes.*

Clo. If she be up, I 'll speak with her; if not.
Let her lie still, and dream.—By your leave, ho!— [*knocks.*
I know her women are about her; what
If I do line one of their hands? 'Tis gold
Which buys admittance, oft it doth; yea, and makes
Diana's rangers false themselves, yield up
Their deer to the stand of the stealer: and 'tis gold
Which makes the true man kill'd, and saves the thief;
Nay, sometime, hangs both thief and true man: what

Can it not do, and undo? I will make
One of her women lawyer to me; for
I yet not understand the case myself.
By your leave. [*knocks.*

Enter a LADY.

Lady. Who's there, that knocks?
Clo. A gentleman.
Lady. No more!
Clo. Yes, and a gentlewoman's son.
Lady. That's more
Than some, whose tailors are as dear as yours,
Can justly boast of. What's your lordship's pleasure?
Clo. Your lady's person: is she ready?
Lady. Ay,
To keep her chamber.
Clo. There's gold for you: sell me your good report.
Lady. How! my good name? or to report of you
What I shall think is good?—The princess——

Enter IMOGEN.

Clo. Good morrow, fairest sister: your sweet hand.
Imo. Good morrow, sir: you lay out too much pains
For purchasing but trouble: the thanks I give,
Is telling you that I am poor of thanks,
And scarce can spare them.

Clo. Still, I swear, I love you.

Imo. If you but said so, 'twere as deep with me:
If you swear still, your recompense is still,
That I regard it not.

Clo. This is no answer.

Imo. But that you shall not say I yield. being silent,
I would not speak. I pray you, spare me: i' faith.
I shall unfold equal discourtesy
To your best kindness: one of your great knowing
Should learn, being taught, forbearance.

Clo. To leave you in your madness, 'twere my sin:
I will not.

Imo. Fools are not mad folks.

Clo. Do you call me fool?

Imo. As I am mad, I do:
If you'll be patient, I'll no more be mad:
That cures us both. I am much sorry, sir,
You put me to forget a lady's manners,
By being so verbal:[1] and learn now, for all,
That I, which know my heart, do here pronounce,
By the very truth of it, I care not for you;
And am so near the lack of charity,
(To accuse myself) I hate you; which I had rather
You felt, than make 't my boast.

Clo. You sin against
Obedience, which you owe your father. For

[1] Verbose.

The contract you pretend with that base wretch,
(One, bred of alms, and foster'd with cold dishes,
With scraps o' the court) it is no contract, none:
And though it be allow'd in meaner parties,
(Yet who than he more mean?) to knit their souls
(On whom there is no more dependency
But brats and beggary) in self-figured knot;[1]
Yet you are curb'd from that enlargement by
The consequence o' the crown; and must not soil
The precious note of it with a base slave,
A hilding for a livery,[2] a squire's cloth,
A pantler,[3] not so eminent.

Imo. Profane fellow!
Wert thou the son of Jupiter, and no more,
But what thou art besides, thou wert too base
To be his groom: thou wert dignified enough,
Even to the point of envy, if 'twere made
Comparative for your virtues, to be styled
The under-hangman of his kingdom; and hated
For being preferr'd so well.

Clo. The south fog rot him!

Imo. He never can meet more mischance, than come
To be but named of thee. His meanest garment,
That ever hath but clipp'd his body, is dearer,
In my respect, than all the hairs above thee

---

[1] In knots of their own tying.

[2] A low fellow only fit to wear a livery.

[3] A pantler was the servant, to whom was entrusted the care of the bread.

Were they all made such men.—How now, Pisanio?

Enter PISANIO.

Clo. His garment? Now, the devil——

Imo. To Dorothy my woman hie thee presently.

Clo. His garment?

Imo. I am sprighted[1] with a fool:
Frighted, and anger'd worse.—Go, bid my woman
Search for a jewel, that too casually
Hath left mine arm; it was thy master's: 'shrew me,
If I would lose it for a revenue
Of any king's in Europe. I do think,
I saw 't this morning: confident I am,
Last night 'twas on mine arm: I kiss'd it.
I hope, it be not gone, to tell my lord
That I kiss aught but he.

Pi. 'Twill not be lost.

Imo. I hope so: go, and search. [*Exit Pi.*

Clo. You have abused me.—
His meanest garment?

Imo. Ay; I said so, sir.
If you will make 't an action, call witness to 't.

Clo. I will inform your father.

Imo. Your mother too:
She 's my good lady; and will conceive, I hope,
But the worst of me: so I leave you, sir,
To the worst of discontent. [*Exit.*

---

[1] Haunted.

Clo. I 'll be revenged.—
His meanest garment?—Well. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Rome. An apartment in Philario's house.

Enter POSTHUMUS *and* PHILARIO.

Post. Fear it not, sir: I would, I were so sure
To win the king, as I am bold, her honor
Will remain hers.
Phi. What means do you make to him?
Post. Not any; but abide the change of time;
Quake in the present winter's state, and wish
That warmer days would come: in these fear'd hopes,
I barely gratify your love; they failing,
I must die much your debtor.
Phi. Your very goodness, and your company,
O'erpays all I can do. By this, your king
Hath heard of great Augustus: Caius Lucius
Will do his commission throughly; and I think,
He 'll grant the tribute, send the arrearages,
Or look upon our Romans, whose remembrance
Is yet fresh in their grief.
Post. I do believe,
(Statist[1] though I am none, nor like to be)
That this will prove a war; and you shall hear

[1] Statesman.

The legions, now in Gallia, sooner landed
In our not-fearing Britain, than have tidings
Of any penny tribute paid. Our countrymen
Are men more order'd, than when Julius Cæsar
Smiled at their lack of skill, but found their courage
Worthy his frowning at: their discipline
(Now mingled with their courages) will make known
To their approvers,[1] they are people, such
That mend upon the world.

Enter IACHIMO.

Phi. See! Iachimo!
Post. The swiftest harts have posted you by land;
And winds of all the corners kiss'd your sails,
To make your vessel nimble.
Phi. Welcome, sir.
Post. I hope, the briefness of your answer made
The speediness of your return.
Ia. Your lady
Is one of the fairest that I have look'd upon.
Post. And, therewithal, the best; or let her beauty
Look through a casement to allure false hearts,
And be false with them.
Ia. Here are letters for you.
Post. Their tenor good, I trust.
Ia. 'Tis very like.

---

[1] To those who try them.

Phi. Was Caius Lucius in the Britain court,
When you were there?
Ia. He was expected then,
But not approach'd.
Post. All is well yet.
Sparkles this stone as it was wont? or is 't not
Too dull for your good wearing?
Ia. If I have lost it,
I should have lost the worth of it in gold.
I 'll make a journey twice as far, to enjoy
A second night of such sweet shortness, which
Was mine in Britain; for the ring is won.
Post. The stone 's too hard to come by.
Ia. Not a whit,
Your lady being so easy.
Post. Make not, sir,
Your loss your sport: I hope, you know that we
Must not continue friends.
Ia. Good sir, we must,
If you keep covenant. Had I not brought
The knowlege of your mistress home, I grant
We were to question farther: but I now
Profess myself the winner of her honor,
Together with your ring; and not the wronger
Of her or you, having proceeded but
By both your wills.
Post. If you can make 't apparent
That you have tasted her in bed, my hand
And ring is yours: if not, the foul opinion
You had of her pure honor, gains or loses
Your sword or mine, or masterless leaves both.

To who shall find them.

Ia. Sir, my circumstances,
Being so near the truth, as I will make them,
Must first induce you to believe, whose strength
I will confirm with oath; which, I doubt not,
You 'll give me leave to spare, when you shall find
You need it not.

Post. Proceed.

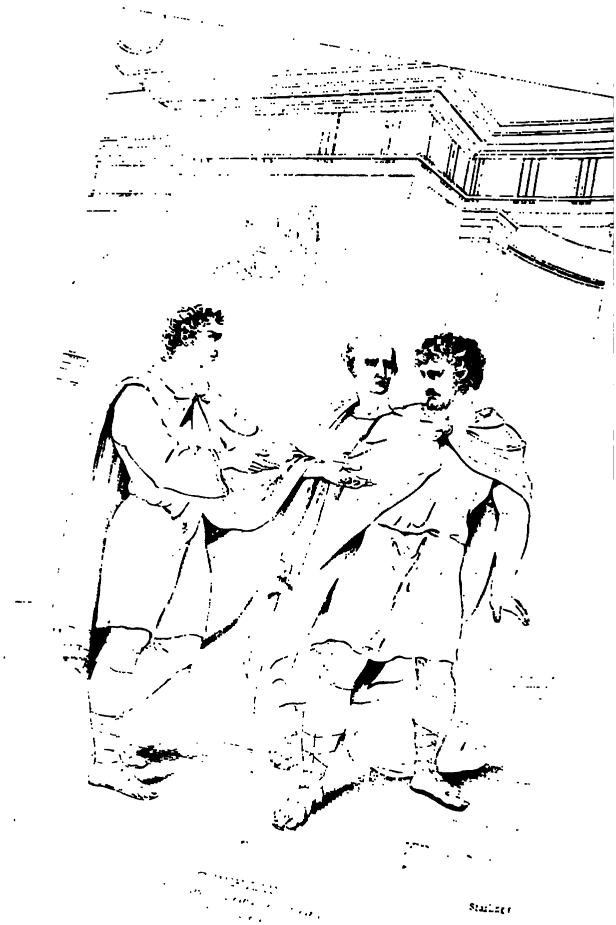
Ia. First, her bed-chamber,
(Where I confess I slept not, but profess
Had that was well worth watching) it was hang'd
With tapestry of silk and silver; the story,
Proud Cleopatra, when she met her Roman,
And Cydnus swell'd above the banks, or for
The press of boats, or pride;—a piece of work
So bravely done, so rich, that it did strive
In workmanship and value; which, I wonder'd,
Could be so rarely and exactly wrought,
Since the true life on 't was——

Post. This is true;
And this you might have heard of here by me,
Or by some other.

Ia. More particulars
Must justify my knowlege.

Post. So they must
Or do your honor injury.

Ia. The chimney
Is south the chamber; and the chimney-piece,
Chaste Dian bathing: never saw I figures
So likely to report themselves: the cutter
Was, as another Nature, dumb; outwent her,



ɔtion and breath left out.

Post This is a thing,
'hich you might from relation likewise reap;
eing, as it is, much spoke of.

Ia. The roof o' the chamber
'ith golden cherubins is fretted: her andirons[1]
had forgot them) were two winking Cupids
f silver, each on one foot standing, nicely
epending on their brands.

Post. This is her honor!—
ɛt it be granted, you have seen all this, (and praise
: given to your remembrance) the description
' what is in her chamber nothing saves
ɪe wager you have laid.

Ia. Then, if you can,
[*pulling out the bracelet.*
pale. I beg but leave to air this jewel: see!—
d now 'tis up again: it must be married
that your diamond; I'll keep them.

Post. Jove!—
ce more let me behold it: is it that
hich I left with her?

Ia. Sir, (I thank her) that:
e stripp'd it from her arm; I see her yet:
r pretty action did outsell her gift,
d yet enrich'd it too: she gave it me, and said,

---

[1] Ornamented iron bars to support the wood burnt in
imneys.

She prized it once.

Post. May be, she pluck'd it off,
To send it me.

Ia. She writes so to you, doth she?

Post. O, no, no, no; 'tis true. Here, take this too; [*gives the ring.*
It is a basilisk unto mine eye,
Kills me to look on 't. Let there be no honor,
Where there is beauty; truth, where semblance; love,
Where there 's another man: the vows of women
Of no more bondage be, to where they are made,
Than they are to their virtues; which is nothing:—
O, above measure false!

Phi. Have patience, sir,
And take your ring again; 'tis not yet won:
It may be probable, she lost it; or,
Who knows, if one of her women, being corrupted,
Hath stolen it from her?

Post. Very true;
And so, I hope, he came by 't:—back my ring!
Render to me some corporal sign about her,
More evident than this; for this was stolen.

Ia. By Jupiter, I had it from her arm.

Post. Hark you, he swears; by Jupiter he swears.
'Tis true;—nay, keep the ring;—'tis true: I am sure,
She would not lose it: her attendants are
All sworn and honorable:—they induced to steal
And by a stranger?—No; he hath enjoy'd her.

cognisance [1] of her incontinency
his;—she hath bought the name of whore thus
dearly.—
re, take thy hire; and all the fiends of hell
ide themselves between you!

Phi. Sir, be patient:
s is not strong enough to be believed
one persuaded well of——

Post. Never talk on 't:
hath been colted by him.

a. If you seek
farther satisfying, under her breast,
rthy the pressing, lies a mole, right proud
hat most delicate lodging. By my life,
ss'd it; and it gave me present hunger
feed again, though full. You do remember
s stain upon her?

Post. Ay, and it doth confirm
ther stain, as big as hell can hold,
e there no more but it.

i. Will you hear more?

Post. Spare your arithmetic: never count the
turns;
e, and a million!

. I 'll be sworn,——

Post. No swearing.
u will swear you have not done 't, you lie;
I will kill thee, if thou dost deny

---

[1] The token.

Thou hast made me cuckold.

Ia I will deny nothing.

Post. O, that I had her here, to tear her lin
meal!
I will go there, and do 't; i' the court; before
Her father.—I 'll do something—— [*E*

Phi. Quite besides
The government of patience! You have won.
Let 's follow him, and pervert the present wrath
He hath against himself.

Ia With all my heart.
[*Exeu*

SCENE V.

The same. Another room in the same.

Enter POSTHUMUS.

Post. Is there no way for men to be, but wom
Must be half-workers? We are all bastards;
And that most venerable man, which I
Did call my father, was I know not where
When I was stamp'd; some coiner with his tools
Made me a counterfeit: yet my mother seem'd
The Dian of that time; so doth my wife
The nonpareil of this.—O vengeance, vengeance!
Me of my lawful pleasure she restrain'd,
And pray'd me oft forbearance; did it with
A pudency[1] so rosy, the sweet view on 't

---

[1] Modesty.

Might well have warm'd old Saturn; that I thought
her
As chaste as unsunn'd snow.—O, all the devils!—
This yellow Iachimo, in an hour,—was 't not?—
Or less,—at first: perchance he spoke not; but,
Like a full-acorn'd boar, a German one,
Cried, O! and mounted: found no opposition
But what he look'd for should oppose, and she
Should from encounter guard. Could I find out
The woman's part in me! For there 's no motion
That tends to vice in man, but I affirm
It is the woman's part: be it lying, note it,
The woman's; flattering, hers; deceiving, hers;
Ambitions, covetings, change of prides, disdain,
Nice longings, slanders, mutability,
All faults that may be named, nay, that hell knows,
Why hers in part or all, but rather all;
For ev'n to vice
They are not constant, but are changing still
One vice, but of a minute old, for one
Not half so old as that. I 'll write against them,
Detest them, curse them:—yet 'tis greater skill,
In a true hate, to pray they have their will:
The very devils cannot plague them better. [*Exit.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.

Britain. A room of state in Cymbeline's palace.

Enter CYMBELINE, QUEEN, CLOTEN, *and Lords, at one door; and, at another,* CAIUS LUCIUS *and Attendants.*

Cym. Now say, what would Augustus Cæsar with us?

Lu. When Julius Cæsar (whose remembrance yet
Lives in men's eyes, and will to ears and tongues
Be theme and hearing ever) was in this Britain,
And conquer'd it, Cassibelan, thine uncle,
(Famous in Cæsar's praises, no whit less
Than in his feats deserving it) for him
And his succession, granted Rome a tribute,
Yearly three thousand pounds, which by thee lately
Is left untender'd.

Queen. And, to kill the marvel,
Shall be so ever.

Clo. There be many Cæsars,
Ere such another Julius. Britain is
A world by itself, and we will nothing pay
For wearing our own noses.

Queen. That opportunity,
Which then they had to take from us, to resume
We have again.—Remember, sir, my liege,
The kings your ancestors, together with

The natural bravery of your isle, which stands
As Neptune's park, ribbed and paled in
With rocks unscaleable, and roaring waters;
With sands, that will not bear your enemies' boats,
But suck them up to the topmast. A kind of conquest
Cæsar made here, but made not here his brag
Of, 'came,' and 'saw,' and 'overcame:' with shame
(The first that ever touch'd him) he was carried
From off our coast, twice beaten; and his shipping,
(Poor ignorant baubles! [1]) on our terrible seas,
Like egg-shells moved upon their surges, crack'd
As easily 'gainst our rocks; for joy whereof,
The famed Cassibelan, who was once at point
(O giglot [2] fortune!) to master Cæsar's sword,
Made Lud's town with rejoicing fires bright,
And Britons strut with courage.

Clo. Come, there's no more tribute to be paid: our kingdom is stronger than it was at that time; and, as I said, there is no more such Cæsars: other of them may have crooked noses; but, to owe [3] such straight arms, none.

Cym. Son, let your mother end.

Clo. We have yet many among us can gripe as hard as Cassibelan: I do not say, I am one; but I have a hand.—Why tribute? why should we pay tribute? If Cæsar can hide the sun from us with a

---

[1] i.e. unacquainted with the nature of our boisterous seas.
[2] A giglot was a wanton wench. [3] Own.

What monster 's her accuser ?—Leonatus !
O master ! what a strange infection
Is fallen into thy ear ! What false Italian
(As poisonous tongued as handed) hath prevail'd
On thy too ready hearing ?—Disloyal ? No :
She 's punish'd for her truth ; and undergoes,
More goddess-like than wife-like, such assaults
As would take in [1] some virtue.—O, my master !
Thy mind to her is now as low as were
Thy fortunes.—How ! that I should murder her ?
Upon the love, and truth, and vows, which I
Have made to thy command ?—I her ?—her blood ?
If it be so to do good service, never
Let me be counted serviceable. How look I,
That I should seem to lack humanity,
So much as this fact comes to ? 'Do 't : the letter [*reading*.
That I have sent her, by her own command
Shall give thee opportunity.'—O damn'd paper,
Black as the ink that 's on thee ! Senseless bauble,
Art thou a feodary [2] for this act, and look'st
So virgin-like without ? Lo, here she comes.

Enter IMOGEN.

I am ignorant in what I am commanded.[3]

Imo. How now, Pisanio ?

Pi. Madam, here is a letter from my lord.

---

[1] Overcome. [2] Confederate.
[3] i. e. I am unpractised in the commission of murder.

Imo. Who? thy lord? that is my lord? Leonatus?
O, learn'd indeed were that astronomer,
That knew the stars, as I his characters;
He'd lay the future open.—You good gods,
Let what is here contain'd relish of love,
Of my lord's health, of his content,—yet not,
That we two are asunder.— let that grieve him,—
(Some griefs are medicinable, that is one of them,
For it doth physic love) of his content,
All but in that!—Good wax, thy leave: bless'd be,
You bees, that make these locks of counsel! Lovers,
And men in dangerous bonds, pray not alike;
Though forfeiters you cast in prison, yet
You clasp young Cupid's tables.—Good news, gods!
[*reads.*

'Justice, and your father's wrath, should he take me in his dominion, could not be so cruel to me, as you, O the dearest of creatures! would not even renew me with your eyes. Take notice, that I am in Cambria, at Milford-haven. What your own love will, out of this, advise you, follow. So, he wishes you all happiness, that remains loyal to his vow, and your, increasing in love,

'LEONATUS POSTHUMUS.'

O, for a horse with wings!—Hear'st thou, Pisanio?
He is at Milford-haven: read, and tell me
How far 'tis thither. If one of mean affairs
May plod it in a week, why may not I
Glide thither in a day? Then, true Pisanio,

(Who long'st, like me, to see thy lord; who long'st,—
O, let me 'bate,—but not like me;—yet long'st,—
But in a fainter kind:—O, not like me;
For mine's beyond beyond) say, and speak thick,[1]
(Love's counsellor should fill the bores of hearing
To the smothering of the sense) how far it is
To this same blessed Milford: and, by the way,
Tell me how Wales was made so happy, as
To inherit such a haven: but, first of all,
How we may steal from hence; and, for the gap
That we shall make in time, from our hence-going
And our return, to excuse:—but first, how get hence:
Why should excuse be born or e'er begot?
We'll talk of that hereafter. Pr'ythee, speak,
How many score of miles may we well ride
'Twixt hour and hour?

Pi. One score, 'twixt sun and sun,
Madam, 's enough for you; and too much too.

Imo. Why, one that rode to his execution, man,
Could never go so slow. I have heard of riding wagers,
Where horses have been nimbler than the sands
That run i' the clock's behalf. But this is foolery:—
Go, bid my woman feign a sickness; say
She'll home to her father: and provide me, presently,

---

[1] Crowd one word on another, as fast as possible.

A riding suit, no costlier than would fit
A franklin's[1] housewife.

Pi. Madam, you're best consider.

Imo. I see before me, man, nor here, nor here,
Nor what ensues; but have a fog in them,
That I cannot look through. Away, I pr'ythee;
Do as I bid thee: there's no more to say;
Accessible is none but Milford way. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Wales. A mountainous country, with a cave.

Enter BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, *and* ARVIRAGUS.

Bel. A goodly day not to keep house, with such
Whose roof's as low as ours! Stoop, boys. This gate
Instructs you how to adore the heavens; and bows you
To morning's holy office: the gates of monarchs
Are arch'd so high, that giants may jet[2] through,
And keep their impious turbands on, without
Good morrow to the sun. Hail, thou fair heaven!
We house i' the rock, yet use thee not so hardly
As prouder livers do.

Gui. Hail, heaven!

Arv. Hail, heaven!

---

[1] A freeholder with a small estate was denominated a franklin.

[2] Strut, walk proudly.

Bel. Now for our mountain sport: up to yon hill;
Your legs are young; I'll tread these flats. Consider,
When you above perceive me like a crow,
That it is place which lessens and sets off;
And you may then revolve what tales I have told you,
Of courts, of princes, of the tricks in war.
This service is not service, so being done.
But being so allow'd: to apprehend thus,
Draws us a profit from all things we see:
And often, to our comfort, shall we find
The sharded[1] beetle in a safer hold
Than is the full-wing'd eagle. O, this life
Is nobler, than attending for a check;
Richer, than doing nothing for a babe;
Prouder, than rustling in unpaid-for silk:
Such gain the cap of him, that makes him fine,
Yet keeps his book uncross'd: no life to ours.[2]

Gui. Out of your proof you speak: we, poor unfledged,
Have never wing'd from view o' the nest; nor know not
What air's from home. Haply, this life is best,
If quiet life be best; sweeter to you,
That have a sharper known; well corresponding
With your stiff age: but, unto us, it is

[1] Scaly-winged. [2] i. e. compared with ours.

A cell of ignorance, travelling abed,
A prison for a debtor that not dares
To stride a limit.[1]

Arv. What should we speak of,
When we are old as you? when we shall hear
The rain and wind beat dark December, how,
In this our pinching cave, shall we discourse
The freezing hours away? We have seen nothing;
We are beastly; subtle as the fox for prey;
Like warlike as the wolf for what we eat:
Our valor is, to chase what flies; our cage
We make a quire, as doth the prison bird,
And sing our bondage freely.

Bel. How you speak!
Did you but know the city's usuries,
And felt them knowingly; the art o' the court,
As hard to leave as keep; whose top to climb
Is certain falling, or so slippery, that
The fear 's as bad as falling: the toil of the war,
A pain that only seems to seek out danger
I' the name of fame and honor; which dies i' the search;
And hath as oft a slanderous epitaph,
As record of fair act; nay, many times,
Doth ill deserve by doing well; what 's worse,
Must courtesy at the censure.—O boys, this story
The world may read in me: my body 's mark'd
With Roman swords; and my report was once

---

[1] To overpass his bounds.

First with the best of note. Cymbeline loved me;
And when a soldier was the theme, my name
Was not far off: then was I as a tree,
Whose boughs did bend with fruit; but, in one night,
A storm, or robbery, call it what you will,
Shook down my mellow hangings, nay, my leaves,
And left me bare to weather.

Gui. Uncertain favor!

Bel. My fault being nothing, (as I have told you oft)
But that two villains, whose false oaths prevail'd
Before my perfect honor, swore to Cymbeline,
I was confederate with the Romans: so,
Follow'd my banishment; and, this twenty years,
This rock and these demesnes have been my world;
Where I have lived at honest freedom; paid
More pious debts to heaven than in all
The fore-end of my time.—But, up to the mountains!
This is not hunters' language: he, that strikes
The venison first, shall be the lord o' the feast;
To him the other two shall minister;
And we will fear no poison, which attends
In place of greater state. I'll meet you in the valleys. [*Exeunt Gui. and Arv.*
How hard it is to hide the sparks of nature!
These boys know little they are sons to the king,
Nor Cymbeline dreams that they are alive.
They think they are mine; and, though train'd up thus meanly

I' the cave, wherein they bow, their thoughts do hit
The roofs of palaces; and Nature prompts them,
In simple and low things, to prince it, much
Beyond the trick of others. This Polydore,
The heir of Cymbeline and Britain, whom
The king his father call'd Guiderius,—Jove!
When on my three-foot stool I sit, and tell
The warlike feats I have done, his spirits fly out
Into my story: say,—'Thus mine enemy fell;
And thus I set my foot on his neck;' even then
The princely blood flows in his cheek, he sweats,
Strains his young nerves, and puts himself in posture
That acts my words. The younger brother, Cadwal,
(Once Arviragus) in as like a figure
Strikes life into my speech, and shows much more
His own conceiving. Hark! the game is roused!
O Cymbeline! Heaven and my conscience knows
Thou didst unjustly banish me; whereon,
At three, and two years old, I stole these babes;
Thinking to bar thee of succession, as
Thou reft'st me of my lands. Euriphile,
Thou wast their nurse; they took thee for their mother,
And every day do honor to her grave:
Myself, Belarius, that am Morgan call'd.
They take for natural father. The game is up.

[*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Near Milford-haven.

Enter PISANIO *and* IMOGEN.

Imo. Thou told'st me, when we came from horse, the place
Was near at hand. Ne'er long'd my mother so
To see me first, as I have now:—Pisanio! man!
Where is Posthumus? What is in thy mind,
That makes thee stare thus? Wherefore breaks that sigh
From the inward of thee? One, but painted thus,
Would be interpreted a thing perplex'd
Beyond self-explication: put thyself
Into a havior [1] of less fear, ere wildness
Vanquish my staider senses. What 's the matter?
Why tender'st thou that paper to me, with
A look untender? If it be summer news,
Smile to't before; if winterly, thou need'st
But keep that countenance still.—My husband's hand!
That drug-damn'd Italy hath out-craftied him,
And he 's at some hard point.—Speak, man; thy tongue
May take off some extremity, which to read
Would be even mortal to me.

Pi. Please you, read.

---

[1] For behavior.

And you shall find me, wretched man, a thing
The most disdain'd of fortune.

Imo. [*reads.*] 'Thy mistress, Pisanio, hath played the strumpet in my bed, the testimonies whereof lie bleeding in me: I speak not out of weak surmises; but from proof as strong as my grief, and as certain as I expect my revenge. That part, thou, Pisanio, must act for me, if thy faith be not tainted with the breach of hers. Let thine own hands take away her life: I shall give thee opportunities at Milford-haven: she hath my letter for the purpose: where if thou fear to strike, and to make me certain it is done, thou art the pander to her dishonor, and equally to me disloyal.'

Pi. What shall I need to draw my sword? the paper
Hath cut her throat already.—No, 'tis slander;
Whose edge is sharper than the sword; whose tongue
Outvenoms all the worms of Nile; whose breath
Rides on the posting winds, and doth belie
All corners of the world: kings, queens, and states,[1]
Maids, matrons, nay, the secrets of the grave
This viperous slander enters.—What cheer, madam?

Imo. False to his bed! What is it, to be false?
To lie in watch there, and to think on him?
To weep 'twixt clock and clock? if sleep charge nature,

---

[1] Persons of highest rank.

To break it with a fearful dream of him,
And cry myself awake? that 's false to his bed;
Is it?

Pi. Alas, good lady!

Imo. I false? Thy conscience witness.—Iachimo,
Thou didst accuse him of incontinency:
Thou then look'dst like a villain; now, methinks,
Thy favor 's good enough.—Some jay of Italy,
Whose mother was her painting,[1] hath betray'd him:
Poor I am stale, a garment out of fashion;
And, for I am richer than to hang by the walls,
I must be ripp'd:—to pieces with me!—O,
Men's vows are women's traitors! All good seeming,
By thy revolt, O husband, shall be thought
Put on for villany; not born where 't grows;
But worn, a bait for ladies.

Pi. Good madam, hear me.

Imo. True honest men being heard, like false Æneas,
Were, in his time, thought false; and Sinon's weeping
Did scandal many a holy tear; took pity
From most true wretchedness: so, thou, Posthumus,
Wilt lay the leaven on all proper men;
Goodly and gallant shall be false and perjured,
From thy great fail.—Come, fellow, be thou honest:

---

[1] 'i. e. the creature, not of nature, but of painting.'—Johnson.



Starling sc

Do thou thy master's bidding: when thou seest him,
A little witness my obedience. Look!
I draw the sword myself: take it, and hit
The innocent mansion of my love, my heart:
Fear not; 'tis empty of all things but grief:
Thy master is not there, who was, indeed,
The riches of it: do his bidding; strike.
Thou mayst be valiant in a better cause,
But now thou seem'st a coward.

Pi. Hence, vile instrument!
Thou shalt not damn my hand.

Imo. Why, I must die;
And if I do not by thy hand, thou art
No servant of thy master's: against self-slaughter
There is a prohibition so divine,
That cravens[1] my weak hand. Come, here's my heart;
Something's afore't:—soft, soft; we'll no defence;
Obedient as the scabbard.—What is here?
The scriptures of the loyal Leonatus
All turn'd to heresy? Away, away,
Corrupters of my faith! you shall no more
Be stomachers to my heart! Thus may poor fools
Believe false teachers: though those that are betray'd
Do feel the treason sharply, yet the traitor
Stands in worse case of woe.

---

[1] Makes cowardly.

And thou, Posthumus, thou that didst set up
My disobedience 'gainst the king my father,
And make me put into contempt the suits
Of princely fellows, shalt hereafter find
It is no act of common passage, but
A strain of rareness: and I grieve myself,
To think, when thou shalt be disedged by her
That now thou tirest on,[1] how thy memory
Will then be pang'd by me. Pr'ythee, despatch:
The lamb entreats the butcher. Where's thy
knife?
Thou art too slow to do thy master's bidding,
When I desire it too.

Pi. O gracious lady,
Since I received command to do this business,
I have not slept one wink.

Imo. Do't, and to bed then.

Pi. I'll wake mine eyeballs blind first.

Imo. Wherefore then
Didst undertake it? Why hast thou abused
So many miles with a pretence? this place?
Mine action and thine own? our horses' labor?
The time inviting thee? the perturb'd court
For my being absent, whereunto I never
Purpose return? Why hast thou gone so far,
To be unbent, when thou hast ta'en thy stand,
The elected deer before thee?

Pi. But to win time

---

[1] Feedest or preyest on.

To lose so bad employment; in the which
I have consider'd of a course. Good lady,
Hear me with patience.

Imo. Talk thy tongue weary; speak:
I have heard, I am a strumpet; and mine ear,
Therein false struck, can take no greater wound,
Nor tent to bottom that. But speak.

Pi. Then, madam,
I thought you would not back again.

Imo. Most like,
Bringing me here to kill me.

Pi. Not so neither:
But if I were as wise as honest, then
My purpose would prove well. It cannot be,
But that my master is abused:
Some villain, ay, and singular in his art,
Hath done you both this cursed injury.

Imo. Some Roman courtezan.

Pi. No, on my life.
I'll give but notice you are dead, and send him
Some bloody sign of it; for 'tis commanded
I should do so. You shall be miss'd at court,
And that will well confirm it.

Imo. Why, good fellow,
What shall I do the while? Where bide? How live?
Or in my life what comfort, when I am
Dead to my husband?

Pi. If you'll back to the court,——

Imo. No court, no father, nor no more ado
With that harsh, noble, simple, nothing;

That Cloten, whose love-suit hath been to me
As fearful as a siege.

Pi. If not at court,
Then not in Britain must you bide.

Imo. Where then?
Hath Britain all the sun that shines? Day, night,
Are they not but in Britain? I' the world's volume
Our Britain seems as of it, but not in it;
In a great pool, a swan's nest. Pr'ythee, think
There 's livers out of Britain.

Pi. I am most glad
You think of other place. The ambassador,
Lucius the Roman, comes to Milford-haven
To-morrow: now, if you could wear a mind
Dark as your fortune is; and but disguise
That, which, to appear itself, must not yet be,
But by self-danger; you should tread a course
Pretty, and full of view; yea, haply, near
The residence of Posthumus; so nigh, at least,
That though his actions were not visible, yet
Report should render him hourly to your ear,
As truly as he moves.

Imo. O, for such means!
Though peril to my modesty, not death on 't,
I would adventure.

Pi. Well then, here 's the point:
You must forget to be a woman; change
Command into obedience; fear and niceness,
(The handmaids of all women, or, more truly,
Woman its pretty self) into a waggish courage;
Ready in gibes, quick-answer'd, saucy, and

As quarrellous as the weasel: nay, you must
Forget that rarest treasure of your cheek,
Exposing it (but, O, the harder heart!
Alack, no remedy!) to the greedy touch
Of common-kissing Titan;[1] and forget
Your laborsome and dainty trims, wherein
You made great Juno angry.

Imo. Nay, be brief:
I see into thy end, and am almost
A man already.

Pi. First, make yourself but like one.
Forethinking this, I have already fit,
('Tis in my cloak-bag) doublet, hat, hose, all
That answer to them. Would you, in their serving,
And with what imitation you can borrow
From youth of such a season, 'fore noble Lucius
Present yourself, desire his service, tell him
Wherein you are happy,[2] (which you'll make him know,
If that his head have ear in music) doubtless,
With joy he will embrace you; for he's honorable,
And, doubling that, most holy. Your means abroad
You have me, rich:[3] and I will never fail
Beginning nor supplyment.

Imo. Thou art all the comfort
The gods will diet me with. Pr'ythee, away:
There's more to be consider'd; but we'll even

---

[1] The sun. [2] Accomplished.
[3] As for your subsistence abroad, you may rely on me.

All that good time will give us.[1] This attempt
 m soldier to, and will abide it with
 prince's courage. Away, I pr'ythee.

Pi. Well, madam, we must take a short farewell;
Lest, being miss'd, I be suspected of
Your carriage from the court. My noble mistress,
Here is a box; I had it from the queen;
What 's in 't is precious: if you are sick at sea,
Or stomach-qualm'd at land, a dram of this
Will drive away distemper. To some shade,
And fit you to your manhood. May the gods
Direct you to the best!

Imo. Amen: I thank thee.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

A room in Cymbeline's palace.

Enter CYMBELINE, QUEEN, CLOTEN, LUCIUS, *and Lords.*

Cym. Thus far; and so farewell.

Lu. Thanks, royal sir.
My emperor hath wrote; I must from hence;
And am right sorry, that I must report ye
My master's enemy.

Cym. Our subjects, sir,
Will not endure his yoke; and for ourself

[1] i. e. we will do what time will allow.

To show less sovereignty than they, must needs
Appear unkinglike.

Lu. So, sir, I desire of you
A conduct over land, to Milford-haven.—
Madam, all joy befal your grace and you!

Cym. My lords, you are appointed for that office;
The due of honor in no point omit.
So, farewell, noble Lucius.

Lu. Your hand, my lord.

Clo. Receive it friendly; but from this time forth
I wear it as your enemy.

Lu. Sir, the event
Is yet to name the winner: fare you well.

Cym. Leave not the worthy Lucius, good my lords,
Till he have cross'd the Severn.—Happiness!
[*Exeunt Lucius and Lords.*

Queen. He goes hence frowning; but it honors us,
That we have given him cause.

Clo. 'Tis all the better:
Your valiant Britons have their wishes in it.

Cym. Lucius hath wrote already to the emperor
How it goes here. It fits us therefore, ripely,
Our chariots and our horsemen be in readiness:
The powers that he already hath in Gallia
Will soon be drawn to head, from whence he moves
His war for Britain.

Queen. 'Tis not sleepy business;
But must be look'd to speedily and strongly.

Cym. Our expectation that it would be thus,
Hath made us forward. But, my gentle queen,
Where is our daughter? She hath not appear'd
Before the Roman, nor to us hath tender'd
The duty of the day: she looks us like
A thing more made of malice than of duty:
We have noted it.—Call her before us; for
We have been too slight in sufferance.
[*Exit an Attendant.*

Queen. Royal sir,
Since the exile of Posthumus, most retired
Hath her life been; the cure whereof, my lord,
'Tis time must do. Beseech your majesty,
Forbear sharp speeches to her: she 's a lady
So tender of rebukes, that words are strokes,
And strokes death to her.

Re-enter ATTENDANT.

Cym. Where is she, sir? How
Can her contempt be answer'd?

Att. Please you, sir,
Her chambers are all lock'd; and there 's no answer
That will be given to the loudest of noise we make.

Queen. My lord, when last I went to visit her,
She pray'd me to excuse her keeping close;
Whereto constrain'd by her infirmity,
She should that duty leave unpaid to you,
Which daily she was bound to proffer: this
She wish'd me to make known; but our great court
Made me to blame in memory.

Cym. Her doors lock'd?
Not seen of late? Grant, Heavens, that, which I fear,
Prove false! [*Exit.*
Queen. Son, I say, follow the king.
Clo. That man of hers, Pisanio, her old servant
I have not seen these two days.
Queen. Go, look after.
[*Exit Cloten.*
Pisanio, thou that stand'st so for Posthumus!—
He hath a drug of mine: I pray, his absence
Proceed by swallowing that; for he believes
It is a thing most precious. But for her,
Where is she gone? Haply, despair hath seised her;
Or, wing'd with fervor of her love, she's flown
To her desired Posthumus. Gone she is
To death or to dishonor; and my end
Can make good use of either: she being down,
I have the placing of the British crown.

Re-enter CLOTEN.

How now, my son?
Clo. 'Tis certain, she is fled:
Go in, and cheer the king: he rages; none
Dare come about him.
Queen. All the better: may
This night forestall him of the coming day!
[*Exit Queen.*
Clo. I love and hate her, for she's fair and royal;

And that she hath all courtly parts more exquisite
Than lady, ladies, woman;[1] from every one
The best she hath; and she, of all compounded,
Outsells them all: I love her therefore; but,
Disdaining me, and throwing favors on
The low Posthumus, slanders so her judgment,
That what's else rare is choked; and, in that point,
I will conclude to hate her, nay, indeed,
To be revenged upon her: for when fools

Enter PISANIO.

Shall—Who is here? What! are you packing, sirrah?
Come hither. Ah, you precious pander! Villain,
Where is thy lady? In a word; or else
Thou art straightway with the fiends.

Pi. O, good my lord!

Clo. Where is thy lady? or, by Jupiter,
I will not ask again. Close villain,
I 'll have this secret from thy heart, or rip
Thy heart to find it. Is she with Posthumus?
From whose so many weights of baseness cannot
A dram of worth be drawn.

Pi. Alas, my lord,
How can she be with him? When was she miss'd?
He is in Rome.

Clo. Where is she, sir? Come nearer;

---

[1] i. e. than any lady, than all ladies, than all womankind.

No farther halting: satisfy me home,
What is become of her.

Pi. O, my all-worthy lord!

Clo. All-worthy villain!
Discover where thy mistress is, at once,
At the next word,——No more of worthy lord.
Speak, or thy silence on the instant is
Thy condemnation and thy death.

Pi. Then, sir,
This paper is the history of my knowlege
Touching her flight. [*presenting a letter.*

Clo. Let 's see 't:—I will pursue her
Even to Augustus' throne.

Pi. Or this, or perish.
She 's far enough; and what he learns by this,
May prove his travel, not her danger. [*aside.*

Clo. Humph!

Pi. I 'll write to my lord, she 's dead. O Imogen!
Safe mayst thou wander, safe return again! [*aside.*

Clo. Sirrah, is this letter true?

Pi. Sir, as I think.

Clo. It is Posthumus' hand; I know 't.—Sirrah, if thou wouldst not be a villain, but do me true service; undergo those employments, wherein I should have cause to use thee, with a serious industry;—that is, what villany soe'er I bid thee do, to perform it directly and truly;—I would think thee an honest man; thou shouldst neither want my means for thy relief, nor my voice for thy preferment.

Pi. Well, my good lord.

Clo. Wilt thou serve me? For since patiently and constantly thou hast stuck to the bare fortune of that beggar Posthumus, thou canst not in the course of gratitude but be a diligent follower of mine. Wilt thou serve me?

Pi. Sir, I will.

Clo. Give me thy hand; here 's my purse. Hast any of thy late master's garments in thy possession?

Pi. I have, my lord, at my lodging, the same suit he wore when he took leave of my lady and mistress.

Clo. The first service thou dost me, fetch that suit hither: let it be thy first service; go.

Pi. I shall, my lord. [*Exit.*

Clo. Meet thee at Milford-haven!—I forgot to ask him one thing: I 'll remember 't anon.—Even there, thou villain Posthumus, will I kill thee. I would, these garments were come. She said upon a time, (the bitterness of it I now belch from my heart) that she held the very garment of Posthumus in more respect than my noble and natural person, together with the adornment of my qualities. With that suit upon my back, will I ravish her; first kill him, and in her eyes: there shall she see my valor, which will then be a torment to her contempt. He on the ground, my speech of insultment ended on his dead body; and when my lust hath dined, (which, as I say, to vex her, I will execute in the clothes that she so praised) to the court I 'll knock her back, foot her home again. She hath despised me rejoicingly, and I 'll be merry in my revenge.

Re-enter PISANIO, *with the clothes.*

Be those the garments?

Pi. Ay, my noble lord.

Clo. How long is't since she went to Milford-haven?

Pi. She can scarce be there yet.

Clo. Bring this apparel to my chamber, that is the second thing that I have commanded thee: the third is, that thou wilt be a voluntary mute to my design. Be but duteous, and true preferment shall tender itself to thee.—My revenge is now at Milford; would I had wings to follow it! Come, and be true. [*Exit.*

Pi. Thou bidd'st me to my loss: for, true to thee,
Were to prove false, which I will never be,
To him that is most true. To Milford go,
And find not her whom thou pursuest. Flow, flow
You heavenly blessings, on her! This fool's speed
Be cross'd with slowness; labor be his meed!
[*Exit.*

SCENE VI.

Before the cave of Belarius.

Enter IMOGEN, *in boy's clothes.*

Imo. I see, a man's life is a tedious one:
I have tired myself, and for two nights together
Have made the ground my bed. I should be sick,

Arv. I am w

Gui. Ther

Whilst what w

Bel.

But that it ea

Here were a fa

Gui.

Bel. By Jupit

An earthly paragon

No elder than a

efore I enter'd here I call'd, and
o have begg'd or bought what
troth,
I have stolen naught; nor wou
found
Gold strew'd o' the floor. H
meat:
I would have left it on the bo
As I had made m eal; and p
With prayers for provider.

Gui. Mo

Arv. All gold a silver rathe
As 'tis no better re kon'd but of
Who worship dirty gods.

Imo. I see, you
Know, if you kill me for my fault
Have died, had I not made it.

Bel. Whither bound?

Imo. To Milford-haven.

Bel. What 's your name?

Imo. Fidele, sir: I have a kins
Is bound for Italy; he embark'd at
To whom being going, almost spent
I am fallen in [1] this offence.

Bel. Pr'ythee
Think us no churls, nor measure ou
By this rude place we live in. Well
'Tis almost night: you shall have be

---

[1] In for into

..a. With those legions
I have spoke of, whereunto your levy
: supplyant: the words of your commission
' you to the numbers, and the time
'r despatch.

We will discharge our duty.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

The forest, near the cave.

Enter CLOTEN.

near to the place where they should
..o have mapped it truly. How fit his
me! Why should his mistress, who
'n that made the tailor, not be fit
.ving reverence of the word) for
fitness comes by fits: therein I
1. I dare speak it to myself,
'r a man and his glass to
. I mean) the lines of my
'<; no less young, more
rtunes, beyond him in
ve him in birth, alike
and more remarkable
s imperseverant thing

Since Leonatus false.

Bel. It shall be so:
Boys, we'll go dress our hunt.—Fair youth, come in:
Discourse is heavy, fasting; when we have supp'd,
We'll mannerly demand thee of thy story,
So far as thou wilt speak it.

Gui. Pray, draw near.

Arv. The night to the owl, and morn to the lark, less welcome.

Imo. Thanks, sir.

Arv. I pray, draw near.

SCENE VII.

Rome.

Enter TWO SENATORS *and* TRIBUNES.

1 *Sen.* This is the tenor of the emperor's writ;
That since the common men are now in action
'Gainst the Pannonians and Dalmatians;
And that the legions now in Gallia are
Full weak to undertake our wars against
The fallen-off Britons; that we do incite
The gentry to this business: he creates
Lucius proconsul; and to you the tribunes,
For this immediate levy, he commands
His absolute commission. Long live Cæsar!

Tri. Is Lucius general of the forces?

2 *Sen.* Ay.

Tri. Remaining now in Gallia?

n, leave me;
ach of custom
being by me
ufort
sick,
, trust me here:
me die,

have spoke it:
ight as much,

how? how?
ir, I yoke me
know not why
eard you say,
the bier at door,
, I 'd say,

le strain! [aside.
reatness!
hings sire base
pt and grace.
should be,

her, farewell.

So please you, sir.

---

urse.

a

loves him in my despite. What mortality is! Posthumus, thy head, which now is growing upon thy shoulders, shall within this hour be off; thy mistress enforced; thy garments cut to pieces before thy face; and all this done, spurn her home to her father; who may, haply, be a little angry for my so rough usage; but my mother, having power of his testiness, shall turn all into my commendations. My horse is tied up safe: out, sword, and to a sore purpose! Fortune, put them into my hand! This is the very description of their meeting-place; and the fellow dares not deceive me. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Before the cave.

Enter, from the cave, BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, ARVIRAGUS, *and* IMOGEN.

Bel. You are not well: [*to Imogen.*] remain here
in the cave;
We'll come to you after hunting.
Arv. Brother, stay here:
[*to Imogen.*
Are we not brothers?
Imo. So man and man should be:
But clay and chaff differs in dignity,
Whose dust is both alike. I am very sick.
Gui. Go you to hunting; I'll abide with him.
Imo. So sick I am not;—yet I am not well:
But not so citizen a wanton, as

To seem to die, ere sick. So please you, leave me;
Stick to your journal course:[1] the breach of custom
Is breach of all. I am ill; but your being by me
Cannot amend me: society is no comfort
To one not sociable. I am not very sick,
Since I can reason of it. Pray you, trust me here:
I'll rob none but myself: and let me die,
Stealing so poorly.

Gui. I love thee: I have spoke it:
How much the quantity, the weight as much,
As I do love my father.

Bel. What? how? how?

Arv. If it be sin to say so, sir, I yoke me
In my good brother's fault. I know not why
I love this youth; and I have heard you say
Love's reason's without reason: the bier at door,
And a demand who is't shall die, I'd say
'My father, not this youth.'

Bel. O noble strain! *Aside.*
O worthiness of nature! breed of greatness!
Cowards father cowards and base things sire base:
Nature hath meal and bran, contempt and grace.
I am not their father; yet who this should be,
Doth miracle itself, loved before me.
'Tis the ninth hour o' the morn.

Arv. Brother, farewell.

Imo. I wish ye sport.

Arv. You health.—So please you, sir.

---

[1] [illegible] daily [illegible]

Imo. [*aside.*] These are kind creatures. Gods, what lies I have heard!
Our courtiers say, all 's savage but at court.
Experience, O, thou disprovest report!
The imperious [1] seas breed monsters; for the dish,
Poor tributary rivers as sweet fish.
I am sick still; heart-sick:—Pisanio,
I 'll now taste of thy drug.

Gui. I could not stir him:
He said, he was gentle,[2] but unfortunate;
Dishonestly afflicted, but yet honest.

Arv. Thus did he answer me: yet said, hereafter
I might know more.

Bel. To the field, to the field.—
We 'll leave you for this time; go in, and rest.

Arv. We 'll not be long away.

Bel. Pray, be not sick;
For you must be our housewife.

Imo. Well or ill,
I am bound to you.

Bel. And shalt be ever.
[*Exit Imogen.*
This youth, howe'er distress'd, appears, he hath had
Good ancestors.

Arv. How angel-like he sings!

Gui. But his neat cookery! He cut our roots in characters:
And sauced our broths, as Juno had been sick,

---

[1] Imperial. [2] Well-born

And he her dieter.

Arv. Nobly he yokes
A smiling with a sigh: as if the sigh
Was that it was, for not being such a smile;
The smile mocking the sigh, that it would fly
From so divine a temple, to commix
With winds that sailors rail at.

Gui. I do note,
That grief and patience, rooted in him both,
Mingle their spurs[1] together.

Arv. Grow, patience,
And let the stinking elder, grief, untwine
His perishing root, with the increasing vine!

Bel. It is great morning. Come; away.—Who's there?

Enter CLOTEN.

Clo. I cannot find those runagates; that villain
Hath mock'd me: I am faint.

Bel. Those runagates!
Means he not us? I partly know him; 'tis
Cloten, the son o' the queen. I fear some ambush.
I saw him not these many years, and yet
I know 'tis he. We are held as outlaws: hence.

Gui. He is but one: you and my brother search
What companies are near: pray you, away;
Let me alone with him.

[*Exeunt Belarius and Arviragus.*

---

[1] Spurs are the longest roots of trees.

Clo. Soft! What are you,
That fly me thus? some villain mountaineers?
I have heard of such.—What slave art thou?
Gui. A thing
More slavish did I ne'er, than answering
'A slave' without a knock.
Clo. Thou art a robber,
A law-breaker, a villain: yield thee, thief.
Gui. To who? to thee? What art thou? Have not I
An arm as big as thine? a heart as big?
Thy words, I grant, are bigger; for I wear not
My dagger in my mouth. Say, what thou art,
Why I should yield to thee.
Clo. Thou villain base,
Know'st me not by my clothes?
Gui. No, nor thy tailor, rascal,
Who is thy grandfather: he made those clothes,
Which, as it seems, make thee.
Clo. Thou precious varlet,
My tailor made them not.
Gui. Hence then, and thank
The man that gave them thee. Thou art some fool;
I am loath to beat thee.
Clo. Thou injurious thief,
Hear but my name, and tremble.
Gui. What 's thy name?
Clo. Cloten, thou villain.
Gui. Cloten, thou double villain, be thy name,
I cannot tremble at it: were it toad, or adder, spider,

'T would move me sooner.

Clo. To thy farther fear,
Nay, to thy mere confusion, thou shalt know
I 'm son to the queen.

Gui. I 'm sorry for 't, not seeming
So worthy as thy birth.

Clo. Art not afeard?

Gui. Those that I reverence, those I fear; the wise:
At fools I laugh, not fear them.

Clo. Die the death:
When I have slain thee with my proper hand,
I 'll follow those that even now fled hence,
And on the gates of Lud's town set your heads.
Yield, rustic mountaineer. [*Exeunt, fighting.*

Enter BELARIUS *and* ARVIRAGUS.

Bel. No company 's abroad.

Arv. None in the world: you did mistake him, sure.

Bel. I cannot tell. Long is it since I saw him,
But time hath nothing blurr'd those lines of favor [1]
Which then he wore; the snatches in his voice,
And burst of speaking, were as his: I am absolute,
'Twas very Cloten.

Arv. In this place we left them.
I wish my brother make good time with him,
You say he is so fell.

---

[1] Countenance.

Bel. Being scarce made up,
I mean, to man, he had not apprehension
Of roaring terrors: for defect of judgment
Is oft the cure of fear: but see, thy brother.

Re-enter GUIDERIUS, *with Cloten's head.*

Gui. This Cloten was a fool; an empty purse;
There was no money in 't: not Hercules
Could have knock'd out his brains, for he had none:
Yet I not doing this, the fool had borne
My head, as I do his.

Bel. What hast thou done?

Gui. I am perfect, what: cut off one Cloten's head,
Son to the queen, after his own report;
Who call'd me traitor, mountaineer; and swore,
With his own single hand he 'd take us in,[1]
Displace our heads, where (thank the gods!) they grow,
And set them on Lud's town.

Bel. We are all undone.

Gui. Why, worthy father, what have we to lose,
But, that he swore to take, our lives? The law
Protects not us: then why should we be tender,
To let an arrogant piece of flesh threat us,
Play judge and executioner all himself,
For[2] we do fear the law? What company

---

[1] Conquer us. [2] Because.

you abroad?
No single soul
set eye on; but, in all safe reason,
have some attendants. Though his humor
hing but mutation, ay, and that
e bad thing to worse; not frenzy, not
madness, could so far have raved,
him here alone: although, perhaps,
e heard at court, that such as we
re, hunt here, are outlaws, and in time
ke some stronger head; the which he
hearing,
like him) might break out, and swear
ch us in; yet is 't not probable
alone, either he so undertaking,
so suffering: then on good ground we fear,
fear this body hath a tail
rilous than the head.
Let ordinance
the gods foresay it: howsoe'er,
her hath done well.
I had no mind
this day: the boy Fidele's sickness
e my way long forth.[1]
With his own sword,
e did wave against my throat, I have ta'en
from him: I 'll throw 't into the creek
ur rock; and let it to the sea,

---

[1] Did make my walk seem tedious.

And tell the fishes, he 's the queen's son, Cloten:
That 's all I reck. [*Exit*

Bel. I fear, 'twill be revenged:
Would, Polydore, thou hadst not done 't! though valor
Becomes thee well enough.

Arv. Would I had done 't,
So the revenge alone pursued me!—Polydore,
I love thee brotherly; but envy much,
Thou hast robb'd me of this deed: I would, revenges,
That possible strength might meet, would seek us through,
And put us to our answer.

Bel. Well, 'tis done:
We 'll hunt no more to-day, nor seek for danger
Where there 's no profit. I pr'ythee, to our rock
You and Fidele play the cooks: I 'll stay
Till hasty Polydore return, and bring him
To dinner presently.

Arv. Poor sick Fidele!
I 'll willingly to him: to gain his color,
I 'd let a parish of such Clotens blood,
And praise myself for charity. [*Exit.*

Bel. O thou goddess,
Thou divine Nature, how thyself thou blazon'st
In these two princely boys! They are as gentle
As zephyrs, blowing below the violet,
Not wagging his sweet head; and yet as rough,
Their royal blood enchafed, as the rudest wind,
That by the top doth take the mountain pine.

l make him stoop to the vale. 'Tis wonderful,
t an invisible instinct should frame them
royalty unlearn'd; honor untaught;
ility not seen from other; valor,
at wildly grows in them, but yields a crop
if it had been sow'd! Yet still it 's strange
at Cloten's being here to us portends,
what his death will bring us.

Re-enter GUIDERIUS.

ui. Where 's my brother?
've sent Cloten's clotpoll down the stream,
nbassy to his mother; his body 's hostage
is return. [*solemn music.*
l. My ingenious instrument!
Polydore, it sounds: but what occasion
Cadwal now to give it motion? Hark!
i. Is he at home?
l. He went hence even now.
i. What does he mean? since death of my dearest mother
d not speak before. All solemn things
ld answer solemn accidents. The matter?
mphs for nothing, and lamenting toys,
llity for apes, and grief for boys.
adwal mad?

enter ARVIRAGUS, *bearing* IMOGEN *as dead, in his arms.*

el. Look, here he comes,

And brings the dire occasion in his arms,
Of what we blame him for!

Arv. The bird is dead,
That we have made so much on. I had rather
Have skipp'd from sixteen years of age to sixty,
To have turn'd my leaping time into a crutch,
Than have seen this.

Gui. O sweetest, fairest lily!
My brother wears thee not the one half so well,
As when thou grew'st thyself.

Bel. O melancholy!
Who ever yet could sound thy bottom? find
The ooze to show what coast thy sluggish crare[1]
Might easiliest harbor in?—Thou blessed thing!
Jove knows what man thou mightst have made; but I,
Thou diedst, a most rare boy, of melancholy!—
How found you him?

Arv. Stark,[2] as you see;
Thus smiling, as some fly had tickled slumber,
Not as death's dart, being laugh'd at; his right cheek
Reposing on a cushion.

Gui. Where?

Arv. O' the floor;
His arms thus leagued: I thought, he slept; and put

---

[1] A crare is a slow-sailing, unwieldy vessel.
[2] Stiff.

clouted brogues [1] from off my feet, whose rude-
ness
swer'd my steps too loud.

Gui. Why, he but sleeps:
e be gone, he 'll make his grave a bed;
th female fairies will his tomb be haunted,
d worms will not come to thee.

Arv. With fairest flowers,
ilst summer lasts, and I live here, Fidele,
sweeten thy sad grave. Thou shalt not lack
flower, that 's like thy face, pale primrose; nor
azured hare-bell, like thy veins; no, nor
leaf of eglantine, whom not to slander,
sweeten'd not thy breath: the ruddock [2] would,
th charitable bill, (O bill, sore-shaming
se rich-left heirs, that let their fathers lie
thout a monument!) bring thee all this;
, and furr'd moss besides, when flowers are
none,
winter-ground thy corse.

Gui. Pr'ythee, have done;
do not play in wench-like words with that
ich is so serious. Let us bury him,
not protract with admiration what
ow due debt.—To the grave.

Arv. Say, where shall 's lay him?

Gui. By good Euriphile, our mother.

---

[1] Shoes strengthened with hobnails.
[2] The redbreast.

Arv. Be 't so:
And let us, Polydore, though now our voices
Have got the mannish crack, sing him to the ground,
As once our mother; use like note and words,
Save that Euriphile must be Fidele.

Gui. Cadwal,
I cannot sing: I 'll weep, and word it with thee:
For notes of sorrow, out of tune, are worse
Than priests and fanes that lie.

Arv. We 'll speak it then.

Bel. Great griefs, I see, medicine the less; for Cloten
Is quite forgot. He was a queen's son, boys;
And, though he came our enemy, remember,
He was paid for that. Though mean and mighty, rotting
Together, have one dust; yet reverence,
That angel of the world, doth make distinction
Of place 'tween high and low. Our foe was princely;
And though you took his life, as being our foe,
Yet bury him as a prince.

Gui. Pray you, fetch him hither.
Thersites' body is as good as Ajax,
When neither are alive.

Arv. If you 'll go fetch him,
We 'll say our song the whilst.—Brother, begin.
[*Exit Belarius.*

Gui. Nay, Cadwal, we must lay his head to the east;

father hath a reason for 't.

Arv. 'Tis true.

Gui. Come on then, and remove him.

Arv. So,—begin.

SONG.

Gui. Fear no more the heat o' the sun,
Nor the furious winter's rages;
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages:
Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

Arv. Fear no more the frown o' the great:
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke:
Care no more to clothe and eat;
To thee the reed is as the oak:
The sceptre, learning, physic, must
All follow this, and come to dust.

Gui. Fear no more the lightning-flash,
Arv. Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone;
Gui. Fear not slander, censure rash:
Arv. Thou hast finish'd joy and moan.
Both. All lovers young, all lovers must
Consign to thee,[1] and come to dust.

Gui. No exorciser harm thee!
Arv. Nor no witchcraft charm thee!
Gui. Ghost unlaid forbear thee.
Arv. Nothing ill come near thee!
Both. Quiet consummation have;
And renowned be thy grave!

---

[1] Seal the same contract with thee.

Re-enter BELARIUS, *with the body of Cloten.*

Gui. We have done our obsequies: come, lay him down.

Bel. Here 's a few flowers; but about midnight, more:
The herbs, that have on them cold dew o' the night,
Are strewings fitt'st for graves.—Upon their faces.
You were as flowers, now wither'd: even so
These herblets shall, which we upon you strow.—
Come on, away: apart upon our knees.
The ground, that gave them first, has them again:
Their pleasures here are past, so is their pain.
[*Exeunt Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.*

Imo. [*awaking.*] Yes, sir, to Milford-haven: which is the way?—
I thank you.—By yon bush?—Pray, how far thither?
'Ods pittikins! can it be six miles yet?—
I have gone all night.—Faith, I 'll lie down and sleep.
But, soft! no bedfellow:—O, gods and goddesses!
[*seeing the body.*
These flowers are like the pleasures of the world;
This bloody man, the care on 't.—I hope, I dream;
For, so, I thought I was a cave-keeper,
And cook to honest creatures: but 'tis not so;
'Twas but a bolt[1] of nothing, shot at nothing,

---

[1] An arrow.

Which the brain makes of fumes. Our very eyes
Are sometimes, like our judgments, blind. Good
faith,
I tremble still with fear: but if there be
Yet left in heaven as small a drop of pity
As a wren's eye, fear'd gods, a part of it!
The dream 's here still: even when I wake, it is
Without me, as within me; not imagined, felt.
A headless man!—The garment of Posthumus!
I know the shape of his leg: this is his hand;
His foot Mercurial; his Martial thigh;
The brawns of Hercules: but his Jovial face[1]—
Murder in heaven?—How?—'Tis gone.—Pisanio,
All curses madded Hecuba gave the Greeks,
And mine to boot, be darted on thee! Thou,
Conspired with that irregulous[2] devil, Cloten,
Hast here cut off my lord: to write and read
Be henceforth treacherous!—Damn'd Pisanio
Hath with his forged letters,—damn'd Pisanio—
From this most bravest vessel of the world
Struck the main-top!—O, Posthumus! alas,
Where is thy head? where 's that? Ah me!
where 's that?
Pisanio might have kill'd thee at the heart,
And left this head on.—How should this be? Pi-
sanio?
'Tis he and Cloten: malice and lucre in them

[1] His face like Jove's. [2] Lawless, licentious.

Have laid this woe here. O, 'tis pregnant, pregnant![1]
The drug he gave me, which, he said, was precious
And cordial to me, have I not found it
Murderous to the senses? That confirms it home.
This is Pisanio's deed, and Cloten's: O!—
Give colour to my pale cheek with thy blood,
That we the horrider may seem to those
Which chance to find us: O, my lord, my lord!

Enter LUCIUS, *a* CAPTAIN, *and other Officers, and a* SOOTHSAYER.

Cap. To them the legions garrison'd in Gallia,
After your will, have cross'd the sea; attending
You here at Milford-haven, with your ships:
They are here in readiness.
Luc. But what from Rome?
Cap. The senate hath stirr'd up the confiners,
And gentlemen of Italy; most willing spirits,
That promise noble service: and they come
Under the conduct of bold Iachimo,
Sienna's brother.
Luc. When expect you them?
Cap. With the next benefit o' the wind.
Luc. This forwardness
Makes our hopes fair. Command, our present numbers
Be muster'd;

---

[1] i. e. ready, apposite to conclusion.

Be muster'd; bid the captains look to 't.—Now, sir,
What have you dream'd, of late, of this war's purpose?

Sooth. Last night the very gods show'd me a vision,
(I fast[1] and pray'd for their intelligence) thus:—
I saw Jove's bird, the Roman eagle, wing'd
From the spongy south to this part of the west,
There vanish'd in the sunbeams; which portends
(Unless my sins abuse my divination)
Success to the Roman host.

Lu. Dream often so,
And never false.—Soft, ho! what trunk is here,
Without his top? The ruin speaks, that sometime
It was a worthy building.—How! a page!—
Or dead, or sleeping on him? But dead, rather;
For Nature doth abhor to make his bed
With the defunct, or sleep upon the dead.—
Let's see the boy's face.

Cap. He is alive, my lord.

Lu. He'll then instruct us of this body.—Young one,
Inform us of thy fortunes; for, it seems,
They crave to be demanded. Who is this,
Thou makest thy bloody pillow? Or who was he,
That, otherwise than noble Nature did,

---

[1] For fasted.

Hath alter'd that good picture? What's thy interest
In this sad wreck? How came it? Who is it?
What art thou?

Imo. I am nothing; or if not,
Nothing to be were better. This was my master,
A very valiant Briton, and a good,
That here by mountaineers lies slain.—Alas!
There are no more such masters: I may wander
From east to occident, cry out for service,
Try many, all good, serve truly, never
Find such another master.

Lu. 'Lack, good youth!
Thou movest no less with thy complaining, than
Thy master in bleeding. Say his name, good friend.

Imo. Richard du Champ. If I do lie, and do
No harm by it, though the gods hear, I hope [*aside.*
They 'll pardon it. Say you, sir?

Lu. Thy name?

Imo. Fidele.

Lu. Thou dost approve thyself the very same:
Thy name well fits thy faith, thy faith thy name.
Wilt take thy chance with me? I will not say,
Thou shalt be so well master'd; but, be sure,
No less beloved. The Roman emperor's letters,
Sent by a consul to me, should not sooner
Than thine own worth prefer thee: go with me.

Imo. I 'll follow, sir: but, first, an 't please the gods,
I 'll hide my master from the flies as deep

As these poor pickaxes[1] can dig; and when
With wild wood-leaves and weeds I have strew'd his grave,
And on it said a century of prayers,
Such as I can, twice o'er; I 'll weep and sigh;
And, leaving so his service, follow you,
So please you entertain me.

Lu. Ay, good youth;
And rather father thee than master thee.—
My friends,
The boy hath taught us manly duties: let us
Find out the prettiest daisied plot we can,
And make him with our pikes and partisans
A grave: come, arm him.[2]—Boy, he is preferr'd
By thee to us, and he shall be interr'd
As soldiers can. Be cheerful; wipe thine eyes:
Some falls are means the happier to arise. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A room in Cymbeline's palace.

Enter CYMBELINE, LORDS, *and* PISANIO.

Cym. Again; and bring me word, how 'tis with her.
A fever with the absence of her son;
A madness, of which her life 's in danger:—Heavens,

---

[1] Fingers. [2] i e bear him in your arms.

How deeply you at once do touch me! Imogen,
The great part of my comfort, gone; my queen
Upon a desperate bed, and in a time
When fearful wars point at me; her son gone,
So needful for this present: it strikes me, past
The hope of comfort.—But for thee, fellow,
Who needs must know of her departure, and
Dost seem so ignorant, we 'll enforce it from thee
By a sharp torture.

Pi. Sir, my life is yours;
I humbly set it at your will: but, for my mistress,
I nothing know where she remains, why gone,
Nor when she purposes return. 'Beseech your highness,
Hold me your loyal servant.

1 *Lord.* Good my liege,
The day that she was missing, he was here.
I dare be bound he 's true, and shall perform
All parts of his subjection loyally: for Cloten,—
There wants no diligence in seeking him,
And will, no doubt, be found.

Cym. The time is troublesome;
We 'll slip you for a season; but our jealousy [*to Pisanio.*
Does yet depend.

1 *Lord.* So please your majesty,
The Roman legions, all from Gallia drawn,
Are landed on your coast; with a supply
Of Roman gentlemen, by the senate sent.

Cym. Now for the counsel of my son and queen!—

I am amazed with matter.[1]

1 *Lord.* Good my liege,
Your preparation can affront[2] no less
Than what you hear of: come more, for more you 're ready:
The want is, but to put those powers in motion,
That long to move.

Cym. I thank you: let's withdraw,
And meet the time as it seeks us. We fear not
What can from Italy annoy us; but
We grieve at chances here.—Away. [*Exeunt.*

Pi. I heard no letter from my master, since
I wrote him, Imogen was slain: 'tis strange:
Nor hear I from my mistress, who did promise
To yield me often tidings: neither know I
What is betid to Cloten; but remain
Perplex'd in all. The Heavens still must work:
Wherein I am false, I am honest; not true, to be true.
These present wars shall find I love my country,
Even to the note[3] o' the king, or I 'll fall in them.
All other doubts, by time let them be clear'd:
Fortune brings in some boats, that are not steer'd.
[*Exit*

---

[1] Confounded by a variety of business.
[2] Encounter.
[3] Notice.

SCENE IV.

Before the cave.

Enter BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, *and* ARVIRAGUS.

Gui. The noise is round about us.
Bel. Let us from i
Arv. What pleasure, sir, find we in life, to locl
From action and adventure?
Gui. Nay, what hope
Have we in hiding us? this way, the Romans
Must or for Britons slay us, or receive us
For barbarous and unnatural revolts [1]
During their use, and slay us after.
Bel. Sons,
We 'll higher to the mountains; there secure us.
To the king's party there 's no going; newness
Of Cloten's death (we being not known, muster'd
Among the bands) may drive us to a render [2]
Where we have lived, and so extort from us
That which we 've done, whose answer wou death
Drawn on with torture.
Gui. This is, sir, a doubt,
In such a time, nothing becoming you,
Nor satisfying us.
Arv. It is not likely,

---

[1] Revolters. [2] An account.

at when they hear the Roman horses neigh,
hold their quarter'd fires,[1] have both their eyes
d ears so cloy'd importantly as now,
at they will waste their time upon our note,
know from whence we are.

Bel. O, I am known
many in the army: many years,
ugh Cloten then but young, you see, not wore him
n my remembrance: and, besides, the king
h not deserved my service nor your loves;
o find in my exile the want of breeding,
certainty of this hard life; aye hopeless
have the courtesy your cradle promised,
to be still hot summer's tanlings, and
shrinking slaves of winter.

ui. Than be so,
er to cease to be. Pray, sir, to the army:
d my brother are not known; yourself,
ut of thought, and thereto so o'ergrown,
not be question'd.

rv. By this sun that shines,
thither. What thing is it, that I never
see man die? scarce ever look'd on blood,
that of coward hares, hot goats, and venison?
er bestrid a horse, save one that had
der like myself, who ne'er wore rowel
iron on his heel? I am ashamed

---

[1] i. e. their fires regularly disposed.

To look upon the holy sun, to have
The benefit of his bless'd beams, remaining
So long a poor unknown.

Gui. By heavens, I 'll go:
If you will bless me, sir, and give me leave,
I 'll take the better care; but if you will not,
The hazard therefore due fall on me, by
The hands of Romans!

Arv. So say I. Amen.

Bel. No reason I, since on your lives you set
So slight a valuation, should reserve
My crack'd one to more care. Have with you, boys:
If in your country wars you chance to die,
That is my bed too, lads, and there I 'll lie.
Lead, lead.—The time seems long; their blood thinks scorn, [*aside.*
Till it fly out, and show them princes born.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.

A field between the British and Roman camps.

Enter POSTHUMUS, *with a bloody handkerchief.*

Post. Yea, bloody cloth, I 'll keep thee; for I wish'd
Thou shouldst be color'd thus. You married ones,
If each of you would take this course, how many

[illegible]

Every good servant [illegible]
No bond, but [illegible]
Should have ta'en [illegible]
Had lived to [illegible]
The noble Imogen [illegible]
Me, wretch, [illegible]
alack.
You snatch some [illegible]
To have them [illegible]
To second ills [illegible]
And make them [illegible]
But Imogen is your own [illegible]
And make me [illegible]
hither
Among the Italian [illegible]
Against my [illegible]
That, Britain, I have [illegible]
I'll give [illegible]
Heavens.
Hear patiently my purpose [illegible]
Of these Italian weeds [illegible]
As does a Briton [illegible]

But that the heavens fought: the king himself,
Of his wings destitute, the army broken,
And but the backs of Britons seen, all flying
Through a strait lane; the enemy full-hearted,
Lolling the tongue with slaughtering, having work
More plentiful than tools to do 't, struck down
Some mortally, some slightly touch'd, some falling
Merely through fear: that the strait pass was damm'd
With dead men, hurt behind, and cowards living
To die with lengthen'd shame.

LORD. Where was this lane?

POST. Close by the battle, ditch'd, and wall'd with turf;
Which gave advantage to an ancient soldier,—
An honest one, I warrant; who deserved
So long a breeding, as his white beard came to,
In doing this for his country;—athwart the lane,
He, with two striplings, (lads more like to run
The country base,[1] than to commit such slaughter;
With faces fit for masks, or rather fairer
Than those for preservation cased, or shame)
Made good the passage: cried to those that fled,—
'Our Britain's harts die flying, not our men:
To darkness fleet, souls that fly backwards! Stand;
Or we are Romans, and will give you that
Like beasts, which you shun beastly; and may save,

[1] A rustic game, vulgarly called prison-base.

Lord. This was strange chance:
A narrow lane! an old man, and two boys!

Post. Nay, do not wonder at it: you are made
Rather to wonder at the things you hear,
Than to work any. Will you rhyme upon't,
And vent it for a mockery? Here is one:—
'Two boys, an old man twice a boy, a lane,
Preserved the Britons, was the Romans' bane.'

Lord. Nay, be not angry, sir.

Post. 'Lack, to what end?
Who dares not stand his foe, I'll be his friend:
For if he'll do, as he is made to do,
I know, he'll quickly fly my friendship too.
You have put me into rhyme.

Lord. Farewell; you are angry.
[*Exit.*

Post. Still going?——This is a lord! O noble misery!
To be i' the field, and ask what news of me!
To-day, how many would have given their honors
To have saved their carcasses! took heel to do't,
And yet died too! I, in mine own woe charm'd,
Could not find death, where I did hear him groan;
Nor feel him where he struck: being an ugly monster,
'Tis strange, he hides him in fresh cups, soft beds,
Sweet words; or hath more ministers than we
That draw his knives i' the war.—Well, I will find him:
For being now a favorer to the Roman,
No more a Briton, I have resumed again

art I came in: fight I will no more,
ield me to the veriest hind that shall
touch my shoulder. Great the slaughter is
made by the Roman; great the answer be
s must take: for me, my ransom 's death;
ther side I come to spend my breath;
h neither here I 'll keep, nor bear again;
nd it by some means for Imogen.

Enter TWO BRITISH CAPTAINS, *and Soldiers.*

Cap. Great Jupiter be praised! Lucius is taken:
ought, the old man and his sons were angels.
ap. There was a fourth man, in a silly[1] habit,
gave the affront[2] with them.
ap. So 'tis reported:
one of them can be found.—Stand! Who is there?
t. A Roman,
had not now been drooping here if seconds
nswer'd him.
ap. Lay hands on him; a dog!
of Rome shall not return to tell
crows have peck'd them here. He brags his service,
e were of note: bring him to the king.

---

[1] Simple, rustic. [2] Attack.

Enter CYMBELINE, *attended;* BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, ARVIRAGUS, PISANIO, *and Roman captives. The Captains present Posthumus to Cymbeline, who delivers him over to a Jailer: after which, all go out.*

SCENE IV.

A prison.

Enter POSTHUMUS *and* TWO JAILERS.

1 *Jail.* You shall not now be stolen; you have locks upon you:
So graze, as you find pasture.
2 *Jail.* Ay, or a stomach.
[*Exeunt Jailers.*

Post. Most welcome, bondage! for thou art a way,
I think, to liberty: yet am I better
Than one that's sick o' the gout; since he had rather
Groan so in perpetuity, than be cured
By the sure physician death, who is the key
To unbar these locks. My conscience! thou art fetter'd
More than my shanks and wrists. You good gods, give me
The penitent instrument to pick that bolt,
Then, free for ever! Is 't enough, I am sorry?
So children temporal fathers do appease;
Gods are more full of mercy. Must I repent?

No stricter render of me than my all.
I know, you are more clement than vile men,
Who of their broken debtors take a third,
A sixth, a tenth, letting them thrive again
On their abatement; that's not my desire:
For Imogen's dear life, take mine; and though
'Tis not so dear, yet 'tis a life; you coin'd it:
'Tween man and man, they weigh not every stamp;
Though light, take pieces for the figure's sake:
You rather mine, being yours: and so, great
powers,
If you will take this audit, take this life,
And cancel these cold bonds. O Imogen!
I'll speak to thee in silence.

Solemn music. Enter, as in an apparition, Sicilius Leonatus, father to Posthumus, an old man, attired like a warrior; leading in his hand an ancient matron, his wife, and mother to Posthumus, with music before them: then, after other music, follow the two young Leonati, brothers to Posthumus, with wounds as they died in the wars.

With Mars fall out, with Juno chide,
That thy adulteries
Rates and revenges.
Hath my poor boy done aught but well,
Whose face I never saw?
I died, whilst in the womb he stay'd,
Attending Nature's law:
Whose father then (as men report,
Thou orphans' father art)
Thou shouldst have been, and shielded him
From this earth-vexing smart.

Mother. Lucina lent not me her aid
But took me in my throes;
That from me was Posthumus ripp'd
Came crying 'mongst his foes,
A thing of pity!

Sic. Great nature, like his ancestry,
Moulded the stuff so fair,
That he deserved the praise o' the world,
As great Sicilius' heir.

1 *Bro.* When once he was mature for man,
In Britain where was he
That could stand up his parallel;
Or fruitful object be
In eye of Imogen, that best
Could deem his dignity?

Mother. With marriage wherefore was
To be exiled and thrown
From Leonati' seat, and cast
From her his dearest one,
Sweet Imogen?

Sic. Why did you suffer Iachimo.
Slight thing of Italy,
To taint his nobler heart and brain
With needless jealousy;
And to become the geck [1] and scorn
O' the other's villany?
2 *Bro.* For this, from stiller seats we came.
Our parents, and us twain,
That, striking in our country's cause,
Fell bravely, and were slain;
Our fealty, and Tenantius' right,
With honor to maintain.
1 *Bro.* Like hardiment Posthumus hath
To Cymbeline perform'd:
Then, Jupiter, thou king of gods,
Why hast thou thus adjourn'd
The graces for his merits due;
Being all to dolors turn'd?
Sic. Thy crystal window ope; look out:
No longer exercise
Upon a valiant race thy harsh
And potent injuries.
Mother. Since, Jupiter, our son is good,
Take off his miseries.
Sic. Peep through thy marble mansion; help
Or we poor ghosts will cry
To the shining synod of the rest,
Against thy deity.

---

[1] Bubble.

2 *Bro.* Help, Jupiter; or we appeal.
And from thy justice fly.

JUPITER *descends in thunder and lightning, sitting upon an eagle: he throws a thunderbolt. The Ghosts fall on their knees.*

Ju. No more, you petty spirits of region low,
Offend our hearing; hush!—How dare you, ghosts,
Accuse the thunderer, whose bolt you know,
Sky-planted, batters all rebelling coasts?
Poor shadows of Elysium, hence; and rest
Upon your never-withering banks of flowers.
Be not with mortal accidents oppress'd;
No care of yours it is; you know, 'tis ours.
Whom best I love I cross, to make my gift,
The more delay'd, delighted. Be content;
Your low-laid son our godhead will uplift;
His comforts thrive, his trials well are spent.
Our Jovial star reign'd at his birth, and in
Our temple was he married.—Rise, and fade!
He shall be lord of lady Imogen,
And happier much by his affliction made.
This tablet lay upon his breast, wherein
Our pleasure his full fortune doth confine:
And so, away: no farther with your din
Express impatience, lest you stir up mine.—
Mount, eagle, to my palace crystalline. [*ascends.*
Sic. He came in thunder; his celestial breath
Was sulphurous to smell: the holy eagle

Stoop'd, as to foot us: his ascension is
More sweet than our bless'd fields: his royal bird
Prunes the immortal wing, and cloys his beak,
As when his god is pleased.

All. Thanks, Jupiter!

Sic. The marble pavement closes; he is enter'd
His radiant roof.—Away! and, to be bless'd,
Let us with care perform his great behest.

[*Ghosts vanish.*

Post. [*waking.*] Sleep, thou hast been a grandsire, and begot
A father to me; and thou hast created
A mother and two brothers: but (O scorn!)
Gone! they went hence so soon as they were born,
And so I am awake. Poor wretches, that depend
On greatness' favor, dream as I have done;
Wake, and find nothing.—But, alas! I swerve:
Many dream not to find, neither deserve,
And yet are steep'd in favors; so am I,
That have this golden chance, and know not why.
What fairies haunt this ground? A book? O, rare one!
Be not, as is our fangled world, a garment
Nobler than that it covers: let thy effects
So follow, to be most unlike our courtiers,
As good as promise.

[*reads.*] 'When as a lion's whelp shall, to [illegible] unknown, without seeking find, and be embrac[illegible] a piece of tender air; and when from a state[illegible] shall be lopped branches, which, being [illegible]

years, shall after revive, be jointed to the old stock, and freshly grow; then shall Posthumus end his miseries, Britain be fortunate, and florish in peace and plenty.'

'Tis still a dream; or else such stuff as madmen
Tongue, and brain not; either both, or nothing:
Or senseless speaking, or a speaking such
As sense cannot untie. Be what it is,
The action of my life is like it, which
I 'll keep, if but for sympathy.

Re-enter JAILERS.

Jail. Come, sir, are you ready for death?

Post. Over-roasted rather: ready long ago.

Jail. Hanging is the word, sir; if you be ready for that, you are well cooked.

Post. So, if I prove a good repast to the spectators, the dish pays the shot.

Jail. A heavy reckoning for you, sir: but the comfort is, you shall be called to no more payments, fear no more tavern bills; which are often the sadness of parting, as the procuring of mirth: you come in faint for want of meat, depart reeling with too much drink; sorry that you have paid too much, and sorry that you are paid too much; purse and brain both empty; the brain the heavier for being too light, the purse too light being drawn of heaviness.—O! of this contradiction you shall now be quit.—O, the charity of a penny cord! it sums up thousands in a trice: you have no true debitor

and creditor but it; of what 's past, is, and to come, the discharge. Your neck, sir, is pen, book, and counters; so the acquittance follows.

Post. I am merrier to die than thou art to live.

Jail. Indeed, sir, he that sleeps feels not the tooth-ache: but a man that were to sleep your sleep, and a hangman to help him to bed, I think, he would change places with his officer; for, look you, sir, you know not which way you shall go.

Post. Yes, indeed, do I, fellow.

Jail. Your death has eyes in 's head then; I have not seen him so pictured: you must either be directed by some that take upon them to know, or take upon yourself that which I am sure you do not know, or jump[1] the after-inquiry on your own peril: and how you shall speed in your journey's end, I think you 'll never return to tell one.

Post. I tell thee, fellow, there are none want eyes, to direct them the way I am going, but such as wink, and will not use them.

Jail. What an infinite mock is this, that a man should have the best use of eyes to see the way of blindness! I am sure, hanging 's the way of winking.

Enter MESSENGER.

Mes. Knock off his manacles; bring your prisoner to the king.

---

[1] Hazard.

Cym. Whom worse than a physician
Would this report become? But I consider,
By medicine life may be prolong'd, yet death
Will seise the doctor too. How ended she?
Cor. With horror, madly dying, like her life;
Which, being cruel to the world, concluded
Most cruel to herself. What she confess'd,
I will report, so please you: these her women
Can trip me, if I err; who, with wet cheeks,
Were present when she finish'd.
Cym. Pr'ythee, say.
Cor. First, she confess'd she never loved you; only
Affected greatness got by you, not you:
Married your royalty; was wife to your place;
Abhorr'd your person.
Cym. She alone knew this:
And, but she spoke it dying, I would not
Believe her lips in opening it. Proceed.
Cor. Your daughter, whom she bore in hand to love[1]
With such integrity, she did confess
Was as a scorpion to her sight; whose life,
But that her flight prevented it, she had
Ta'en off by poison.
Cym. O most delicate fiend!
Who is 't can read a woman?—Is there more?
Cor. More, sir, and worse. She did confess, she had

---

[1] i. e. insidiously taught to depend on her love.

For you a mortal mineral, which, being took,
Should by the minute feed on life, and, lingering,
By inches waste you: in which time she purposed,
By watching, weeping, tendance, kissing, to
O'ercome you with her show; yes, and in time,
When she had fitted you with her craft, to work
Her son into the adoption of the crown:
But failing of her end by his strange absence,
Grew shameless-desperate; open'd, in despite
Of heaven and men, her purposes; repented
The evils she hatch'd were not effected; so,
Despairing, died.

Cym. Heard you all this, her women?

Lady. We did so, please your highness.

Cym. Mine eyes
Were not in fault, for she was beautiful;
Mine ears, that heard her flattery; nor my heart,
That thought her like her seeming; it had been vicious
To have mistrusted her: yet, O my daughter!
That it was folly in me, thou mayst say,
And prove it in thy feeling. Heaven mend all!

Enter LUCIUS, IACHIMO, *the* SOOTHSAYER, *and other Roman prisoners, guarded;* POSTHUMUS *behind, and* IMOGEN.

Thou comest not, Caius, now for tribute; that
The Britons have rased out, though with the loss
Of many a bold one, whose kinsmen have made suit,

That their good souls may be appeased with slaughter
Of you their captives, which ourself have granted:
So think of your estate.

Lu. Consider, sir, the chance of war: the day
Was yours by accident; had it gone with us,
We should not, when the blood was cool, have threaten'd
Our prisoners with the sword: but since the gods
Will have it thus, that nothing but our lives
May be call'd ransom, let it come: sufficeth,
A Roman with a Roman's heart can suffer:
Augustus lives to think on 't: and so much
For my peculiar care. This one thing only
I will entreat: my boy, a Briton born;—
Let him be ransom'd: never master had
A page so kind, so duteous, diligent,
So tender over his occasions, true,
So feat,[1] so nurse-like: let his virtue join
With my request, which, I 'll make bold, your highness
Cannot deny: he hath done no Briton harm,
Though he have served a Roman: save him, sir,
And spare no blood beside.

Cym. I have surely seen him;
His favor[2] is familiar to me.—Boy,
Thou hast look'd thyself into my grace,

---

[1] Ready, dexterous. [2] Countenance.

And art mine own.—I know not why nor wherefore
To say,—Live boy: ne'er thank thy master; live:
And ask of Cymbeline what boon thou wilt,
Fitting my bounty and thy state, I 'll give it;
Yea, though thou do demand a prisoner,
The noblest ta'en.

Imo. I humbly thank your highness.

Lu. I do not bid thee beg my life, good lad;
And yet, I know, thou wilt.

Imo. No, no; alack,
There 's other work in hand; I see a thing
Bitter to me as death: your life, good master,
Must shuffle for itself.

Lu. The boy disdains me;
He leaves me, scorns me: briefly die their joys,
That place them on the truth of girls and boys.—
Why stands he so perplex'd?

Cym. What wouldst thou, boy?
I love thee more and more; think more and more
What 's best to ask. Know'st him thou look'st on? speak:
Wilt have him live? Is he thy kin? thy friend?

Imo. He is a Roman; no more kin to me,
Than I to your highness; who, being born your vassal,
Am something nearer.

Cym. Wherefore eyest him so?

Imo. I 'll tell you, sir, in private, if you please
To give me hearing.

Cym. Ay, with all my heart,

And lend my best attention. What 's thy name?

Imo. Fidele, sir.

Cym. Thou art my good youth, my page,
I 'll be thy master: walk with me; speak freely.

[*Cymbeline and Imogen converse apart.*

Bel. Is not this boy revived from death?

Arv. One sand another
Not more resembles: that sweet rosy lad,
Who died, and was Fidele——What think you?

Gui. The same dead thing alive.

Bel. Peace, peace! see farther; he eyes us not; forbear:
Creatures may be alike: were 't he, I am sure
He would have spoke to us.

Gui. But we saw him dead.

Bel. Be silent; let 's see farther.

Pi. It is my mistress: [*aside.*
Since she is living, let the time run on
To good or bad.

[*Cymbeline and Imogen come forward.*

Cym. Come, stand thou by our side;
Make thy demand aloud.—Sir, [*to Iachimo.*] step you forth;
Give answer to this boy, and do it freely;
Or, by cur greatness, and the grace of it,
Which is our honor, bitter torture shall
Winnow the truth from falsehood. On; speak to him.

Imo. My boon is, that this gentleman may render
Of whom he had this ring.

t. What 's that to him? [*aside.*

ı. That diamond upon your finger, say,
ıame it yours?

Thou 'lt torture me to leave unspoken that,
ı, to be spoke, would torture thee.

ı. How! me?

I am glad to be constrain'd to utter that which
ınts me to conceal. By villany
this ring; 'twas Leonatus' jewel;
ı thou didst banish; and (which more may grieve thee
doth me) a nobler sir ne'er lived
t sky and ground. Wilt thou hear more, my lord?

ı. All that belongs to this.

That paragon, thy daughter,
vhom my heart drops blood, and my false spirits
[1] to remember;——give me leave; I faint.

ı. My daughter! what of her? Renew thy strength:
rather thou shouldst live while nature will,
die ere I hear more: strive, man, and speak.

Upon a time, (unhappy was the clock
ıtruck the hour!) it was in Rome, (accursed
ıansion where!) 'twas at a feast, (O, would

---

[1] Sink into dejection.

Our viands had been poison'd, or, at least,
Those which I heaved to head!) the
humus,
(What should I say? he was too good,
Where ill men were; and was the best
Amongst the rarest of good ones) sitting
Hearing us praise our loves of Italy,
For beauty that made barren the swell'd
Of him that best could speak; for feature
The shrine of Venus, or straight-pight[1]
Postures beyond brief nature; for condi
A shop of all the qualities that man
Loves woman for; besides, that hook
Fairness, which strikes the eye;——

Cym.
Come to the matter.

Ia. All too soon I sha
Unless thou wouldst grieve quickly.—
humus
Most like a noble lord in love, and one
That had a royal lover) took his hint;
And, not dispraising whom we praised, (the
He was as calm as virtue) he began
His mistress' picture; which, by his tong
made,
And then a mind put in 't, either our brag
Were crack'd of kitchen trulls, or his des
Proved us unspeaking sots.

---

[1] Pight, for pitched, fixed.

Of no esteem: I, dreading that her purpose
Was of more danger, did compound for her
A certain stuff, which, being ta'en, would cease
The present power of life; but, in short time,
All offices of nature should again
Do their due functions.—Have you ta'en of it?

Imo. Most like I did, for I was dead.

Bel. My boys,
There was our error.

Gui. This is sure, Fidele.

Imo. Why did you throw your wedded lady from you?
Think, that you are upon a rock; and now
Throw me again. [*embracing him.*

Post. Hang there like fruit, my soul,
Till the tree die!

Cym. How now, my flesh, my child?
What, makest thou me a dullard in this act?
Wilt thou not speak to me?

Imo. Your blessing, sir. [*kneeling.*

Bel. Though you did love this youth, I blame ye not;
You had a motive for 't. [*to Gui. and Arv.*

Cym. My tears, that fall,
Prove holy water on thee! Imogen,
Thy mother 's dead.

Imo. I am sorry for 't, my lord.

Cym. O, she was naught; and 'long of her it was,
That we meet here so strangely: but her son
Is gone, we know not how, nor where.

Pi. My lord,
Now fear is from me, I 'll speak troth. Lord Cloten,
Upon my lady's missing, came to me
With his sword drawn; foam'd at the mouth, and swore,
If I discover'd not which way she was gone,
It was my instant death: by accident,
I had a feigned letter of my master's
Then in my pocket, which directed him
To seek her on the mountains near to Milford,
Where, in a frenzy, in my master's garments,
Which he enforced from me, away he posts
With unchaste purpose, and with oath to violate
My lady's honor: what became of him,
I farther know not.

Gui. Let me end the story:
I slew him there.

Cym. Marry, the gods forfend![1]
I would not thy good deeds should from my lips
Pluck a hard sentence: pr'ythee, valiant youth,
Deny 't again.

Gui. I have spoke it, and I did it.

Cym. He was a prince.

Gui. A most uncivil one: the wrongs he did me
Were nothing princelike; for he did provoke me
With language that would make me spurn the sea,
If it could so roar to me: I cut off 's head;

---

[1] Forbid.

And am right glad, he is not standing here
To tell this tale of mine.

Cym. I am sorry for thee:
By thine own tongue thou art condemn'd, and must
Endure our law: thou art dead.

Imo. That headless man
I thought had been my lord.

Cym. Bind the offender,
And take him from our presence.

Bel. Stay, sir king:
This man is better than the man he slew;
As well descended as thyself; and hath
More of thee merited, than a band of Clotens
Had ever scar for.—Let his arms alone;
[*to the Guard.*
They were not born for bondage.

Cym. Why, old soldier,
Wilt thou undo the worth thou art unpaid for,
By tasting of our wrath? How of descent
As good as we?

Arv. In that he spake too far.

Cym. And thou shalt die for 't.

Bel. We will die all three
But I will prove, that two of us are as good
As I have given out him.—My sons, I must,
For mine own part, unfold a dangerous speech,
Though, haply, well for you.

Arv. Your danger 's ours.

Gui. And our good his.

Bel. Have at it then.—By leave;—
Thou hadst, great king, a subject, who was call'd

Belarius.

Cym. What of him? he is
A banish'd traitor.

Bel. He it is, that hath
Assumed this age; indeed, a banish'd man;
I know not how a traitor.

Cym. Take him hence;
The whole world shall not save him.

Bel. Not too hot:
First pay me for the nursing of thy sons;
And let it be confiscate all, so soon
As I have received it.

Cym. Nursing of my sons?

Bel. I am too blunt and saucy: here 's my knee.
Ere I arise, I will prefer my sons;
Then spare not the old father. Mighty sir,
These two young gentlemen, that call me father,
And think they are my sons, are none of mine;
They are the issue of your loins, my liege,
And blood of your begetting.

Cym. How! my issue?

Bel. So sure as you your father's. I, old Morgan,
Am that Belarius whom you sometime banish'd:
Your pleasure was my mere offence, my punishment
Itself, and all my treason; that I suffer'd,
Was all the harm I did. These gentle princes
(For such, and so they are) these twenty years
Have I train'd up: those arts they have, as I
Could put into them; my breeding was, sir, as
Your highness knows. Their nurse, Euriphile,

Whom for the theft I wedded, stole these children
Upon my banishment: I moved her to 't;
Having received the punishment before,
For that which I did then: beaten for loyalty
Excited me to treason: their dear loss,
The more of you 'twas felt, the more it shaped
Unto my end of stealing them: but, gracious sir,
Here are your sons again: and I must lose
Two of the sweetest companions in the world.
The benediction of these covering heavens
Fall on their heads like dew! for they are worthy
To inlay heaven with stars.

Cym. Thou weep'st, and speak'st.
The service that you three have done is more
Unlike than this thou tell'st. I lost my children:
If these be they, I know not how to wish
A pair of worthier sons.

Bel. Be pleased awhile.—
This gentleman, whom I call Polydore,
Most worthy prince, as yours, is true Guiderius:
This gentleman, my Cadwal, Arviragus,
Your younger princely son; he, sir, was lapp'd
In a most curious mantle, wrought by the hand
Of his queen mother, which for more probation
I can with ease produce.

Cym. Guiderius had
Upon his neck a mole, a sanguine star;
It was a mark of wonder.

Bel. This is he;
Who hath upon him still that natural stamp:
It was wise nature's end in the donation,

To be his evidence now.

Cym. O, what am I
A mother to the birth of three? Ne'er mother
Rejoiced deliverance more.—Bless'd may you be,
That, after this strange starting from your orbs,
You may reign in them now!—O Imogen,
Thou hast lost by this a kingdom.

Imo. No, my lord;
I have got two worlds by 't.—O my gentle brothers,
Have we thus met? O, never say hereafter,
But I am truest speaker: you call'd me brother,
When I was but your sister; I you brothers,
When you were so indeed.

Cym. Did you e'er meet?

Arv. Ay, my good lord.

Gui. And at first meeting loved;
Continued so, until we thought he died.

Cor. By the queen's dram she swallow'd.

Cym. O rare instinct!
When shall I hear all through? This fierce[1] abridgment
Hath to it circumstantial branches, which
Distinction should be rich in.[2]—Where? how lived you?
And when came you to serve our Roman captive?
How parted with your brothers? how first met them?

---

[1] Vehement, rapid.

[2] i. e. which ought to be rendered distinct in an ample narrative

Why fled you from the court, and whither? These,
And your three motives to the battle, with
I know not how much more, should be demanded;
And all the other by-dependencies,
From chance to chance; but nor the time, nor
place,
Will serve our long intergatories. See,
Posthumus anchors upon Imogen;
And she, like harmless lightning, throws her eye
On him, her brothers, me, her master; hitting
Each object with a joy: the counterchange
Is severally in all. Let 's quit this ground,
And smoke the temple with our sacrifices.—
Thou art my brother; so we 'll hold thee ever.
[*to Belarius.*

Imo. You are my father too; and did relieve me,
To see this gracious season.

Cym. All o'erjoy'd,
Save these in bonds: let them be joyful too,
For they shall taste our comfort.

Imo. My good master,
I will yet do you service.

Lu. Happy be you!

Cym. The forlorn soldier, that so nobly fought,
He would have well becomed this place, and graced
The thankings of a king.

Post. I am, sir,
The soldier that did company these three
In poor beseeming; 'twas a fitment for
The purpose I then follow'd: that I was he,
Speak, Iachimo; I had you down, and might

Have made you finish.

Ia. I am down again: [*kneeling.*
But now my heavy conscience sinks my knee.
As then your force did. Take that life, 'beseech you,
Which I so often owe: but, your ring first;
And here the bracelet of the truest princess
That ever swore her faith.

Post. Kneel not to me:
The power that I have on you, is to spare you;
The malice towards you, to forgive you: live,
And deal with others better.

Cym. Nobly doom'd:
We'll learn our freeness of a son-in-law.
Pardon's the word to all.

Arv. You holp us, sir,
As you did mean indeed to be our brother;
Joy'd are we that you are.

Post. Your servant, princes.—Good my lord of Rome,
Call forth your soothsayer. As I slept, methought,
Great Jupiter, upon his eagle back,
Appear'd to me, with other spritely shows[1]
Of mine own kindred: when I waked, I found
This label on my bosom, whose containing
Is so from sense in hardness, that I can
Make no collection of it: let him show

---

[1] Ghostly appearances.

His skill n the construction.

Lu. Philarmonus,——

Sooth. Here, my good lord.

Lu. Read, and declare the meaning.

Sooth. [*reads.*] 'When as a lion's whelp shall, to himself unknown, without seeking find, and be embraced by a piece of tender air; and when from a stately cedar shall be lopped branches, which, being dead many years, shall after revive, be jointed to the old stock, and freshly grow; then shall Posthumus end his miseries, Britain be fortunate, and florish in peace and plenty.'

Thou, Leonatus, art the lion's whelp;
The fit and apt construction of thy name,
Being Leo-natus, doth import so much:
The piece of tender air, thy virtuous daughter,
[*to Cymbeline.*
Which we call *mollis aer;* and *mollis aer*
We term it *mulier;* which *mulier*, I divine,
Is this most constant wife; who, even now,
Answering the letter of the oracle,
Unknown to you, unsought, were clipp'd[1] about
With this most tender air.

Cym. This hath some seeming.

Sooth. The lofty cedar, royal Cymbeline,

---

[1] Embraced.

Personates thee; and thy lopp'd branches point
Thy two sons forth, who, by Belarius stolen,
For many years thought dead, are now reviveḋ,
To the majestic cedar join'd; whose issue
Promises Britain peace and plenty.

Cym. Well,
My peace we will begin:—and, Caius Lucius,
Although the victor, we submit to Cæsar,
And to the Roman empire; promising
To pay our wonted tribute, from the which
We were dissuaded by our wicked queen;
Whom Heavens, in justice, both on her and hers,
Have laid most heavy hand.

Sooth. The fingers of the powers above do tune
The harmony of this peace. The vision
Which I made known to Lucius, ere the stroke
Of this yet scarce-cold battle, at this instant
Is full accomplish'd: for the Roman eagle,
From south to west on wing soaring aloft,
Lessen'd herself, and in the beams o' the sun
So vanish'd; which foreshow'd our princely eagle,
The imperial Cæsar, should again unite
His favor with the radiant Cymbeline,
Which shines here in the west.

Cym. Laud we the gods:
And let our crooked smokes climb to their nostrils
From our bless'd altars! Publish we this peace
To all our subjects. Set we forward: let
A Roman and a British ensign wave

Friendly together: so through Lud's town march:
And in the temple of great Jupiter
Our peace we'll ratify; seal it with feasts.
Set on there.—Never was a war did cease,
Ere bloody hands were wash'd, with such a peace.
[*Exeunt.*

SONG,

Sung by Guiderius and Arviragus over Fidele, supposed to be dead.

BY MR. WILLIAM COLLINS.

To fair Fidele's grassy tomb
  Soft maids and village hinds shall bring
Each opening sweet, of earliest bloom,
  And rifle all the breathing spring.

No wailing ghost shall dare appear
  To vex with shrieks this quiet grove;
But shepherd lads assemble here,
  And melting virgins own their love.

No wither'd witch shall here be seen,
  No goblins lead their nightly crew:
The female fays shall haunt the green,
  And dress thy grave with pearly dew.

The redbreast oft at evening hours
  Shall kindly lend his little aid,
With hoary moss, and gather'd flowers,
  To deck the ground where thou art laid.

When howling winds and beating rain
  In tempests shake the sylvan cell;
Or midst the chase on every plain;
  The tender thought on thee shall dwell.

Each lonely scene shall thee restore;
  For thee the tear be duly shed:
Beloved till life could charm no more;
  And mourn'd till pity's self be dead.



KING LEAR.

Lear Edgar Kent, and Fool

Act III Scene IV

[illegible] AND POEMS

Far from the sun and summer gale,
In thy green lap was Nature's darling laid,
What time, where lucid Avon stray'd
To him the mighty mother did unveil
Her awful face: the dauntless child
Stretch'd forth its little arms, and smiled.
'This pencil take,' she said, 'whose colors clear
Richly paint the vernal year:
Thine too these golden keys, immortal boy!
This can unlock the gates of joy;
Of horror that and thrilling fears,
Or ope the sacred source of sympathetic tears.'

GRAY.

CONTENTS

OF THE

THIRTEENTH VOLUME.

	PAGE
KING LEAR	1
ROMEO AND JULIET	161

ILLUSTRATIONS

TO THE

THIRTEENTH VOLUME.

ENGRAVINGS ON STEEL.

PAGE

1. **Lear, Edgar, King, and Fool, (King Lear) from a Painting by *Smirke*. Frontispiece.**

KING LEAR.

2. **Lear, Goneril, Regan, Cordelia, &c.—*Fuseli*.** . 14
3. **Cordelia, France, Goneril, Regan, &c.—*Smirke*.** . 21
4. **Lear, Kent, Gloster, &c.—*West*.** 91
5. **Cordelia, Lear, and Kent.—*Smirke*.** 136
6. **Lear, with Cordelia dead in his arms.—*Barry*.** . 155

ROMEO AND JULIET.

7. **Romeo, Juliet, Mercutio, Guests, &c.—*Miller*.** . 197
8. **Juliet and Nurse.—*Smirke*.** 225
9. **Romeo, Juliet, and Nurse. *Rigaud*.** 254
10. **Juliet, Capulet, Lady Capulet, Friar, &c.—*Opie*.** . 278
11. **Juliet awaking.—*Northcote*.** 292

KING LEAR.

HISTORICAL NOTICE

OF

KING LEAR.

This noble tragedy, the composition of which is assigned by Malone to the date of 1605, was entered on the books of the Stationers' Company Nov. 26, 1607, and is there mentioned to have been played the preceding Christmas before his majesty at Whitehall. The story was originally related by Geoffrey of Monmouth, and thence transcribed in Holinshed's Chronicle, which Shakspeare certainly consulted, though he appears to have been more indebted to an old drama on the same subject by an anonymous writer, which made its appearance in 1594. The episode of Gloster and his sons, which is blended by our author with such consummate skill in the development of his main design, was derived from the narrative of the blind king of Paphlagonia, in the Arcadia of Sir Philip Sidney.

Geoffrey of Monmouth informs us that Lear, who was the eldest son of Bladud, 'nobly governed his country for sixty years.' According to that historian, he died about eight hundred years before the Christian era.

'The tragedy of Lear,' says Dr. Johnson, 'is deservedly celebrated among the dramas of Shakspeare. There is perhaps no play which keeps the attention so

indeed, sir, a son for her cradle ere she had a husband for her bed. Do you smell a fault?

Kent. I cannot wish the fault undone, the issue of it being so proper.[1]

Glos. But I have, sir, a son by order of law, some year elder than this, who yet is no dearer in my account: though this knave came somewhat saucily into the world before he was sent for, yet was his mother fair; there was good sport at his making, and the whoreson must be acknowleged.— Do you know this noble gentleman, Edmund?

Edm. No, my lord.

Glos. My lord of Kent: remember him hereafter as my honourable friend.

Edm. My services to your lordship.

Kent. I must love you, and sue to know you better.

Edm. Sir, I shall study deserving.

Glos. He hath been out nine years, and away he shall again. The king is coming.

[*Trumpets sound within.*

Enter LEAR, CORNWALL, ALBANY, GONERIL, REGAN, CORDELIA, *and Attendants.*

Lear. Attend the lords of France and Burgundy, Gloster.

Glos. I shall, my liege.

[*Exeunt Gloster and Edmund.*

---

[1] Handsome.

ing, and that the intervention of Edmund destroys the simplicity of the story. These objections may, I think, be answered, by repeating, that the cruelty of the daughters is an historical fact, to which the poet has added little, having only drawn it into a series by dialogue and action: but I am not able to apologise with equal plausibility for the extrusion of Gloster's eyes, which seems an act too horrid to be endured in dramatic exhibition, and such as must always compel the mind to relieve its distress by incredulity. Yet let it be remembered that our author well knew what would please the audience for which he wrote.

'The injury done by Edmund to the simplicity of the action is abundantly recompensed by the addition of variety, by the art with which he is made to co-operate with the chief design, and the opportunity which he gives the poet of combining perfidy with perfidy, and connecting the wicked son with the wicked daughters, to impress this important moral, that villany is never at a stop, that crimes lead to crimes, and at last terminate in ruin.

'But though this moral be incidentally enforced, Shakspeare has suffered the virtue of Cordelia to perish in a just cause, contrary to the natural ideas of justice, to the hope of the reader, and, what is yet more strange, to the faith of chronicles. Yet this conduct is justified by the Spectator, who blames Tate for giving Cordelia success and happiness in his alteration, and declares, that, in his opinion, 'the tragedy has lost half its beauty.' Dennis has remarked, whether justly or not, that, to secure the favorable reception of Cato, 'the town was poisoned with much false and abominable

Beyond all manner of so much I love you.

Cor. What shall Cordelia do? Love, and be silent. [*aside.*

Lear. Of all these bounds, even from this line to this,
With shadowy forests and with champains[1] rich'd,
With plenteous rivers and wide-skirted meads,
We make thee lady: to thine and Albany's issue
Be this perpetual.—What says our second daughter,
Our dearest Regan, wife to Cornwall? Speak.

Re. I am made of that self metal as my sister,
And prize me at her worth. In my true heart
I find, she names my very deed of love;
Only she comes too short;—that I profess
Myself an enemy to all other joys,
Which the most precious square[2] of sense possesses;
And find, I am alone felicitate
In your dear highness' love.

Cor. Then poor Cordelia! [*aside.*
And yet not so; since, I am sure, my love 's
More richer than my tongue.

Lear. To thee and thine, hereditary ever,
Remain this ample third of our fair kingdom;
No less in space, validity,[3] and pleasure,
Than that confirm'd on Goneril.—Now, our joy,
Although the last, not least; to whose young love
The vines of France, and milk of Burgundy

---

[1] Open plains. [2] Comprehension.
[3] Value.

Strive to be interess'd;[1]—what can you say, to draw
A third more opulent than your sisters? Speak.

Cor. Nothing, my lord.

Lear. Nothing?

Cor. Nothing.

Lear. Nothing will come of nothing; speak again.

Cor. Unhappy that I am, I cannot heave
My heart into my mouth: I love your majesty
According to my bond; nor more, nor less.

Lear. How, how, Cordelia? mend your speech a little,
Lest it may mar your fortunes.

Cor. Good my lord,
You have begot me, bred me, loved me: I
Return those duties back as are right fit;
Obey you, love you, and most honor you.
Why have my sisters husbands, if they say,
They love you, all? Haply, when I shall wed,
That lord, whose hand must take my plight, shall carry
Half my love with him, half my care, and duty.
Sure, I shall never marry like my sisters,
To love my father all.

Lear. But goes this with thy heart?

Cor. Ay, good my lord.

Lear. So young, and so untender?

---

[1] United.

Cor. So young, my lord, and true.

Lear. Let it be so,—thy truth then be thy dower:
For, by the sacred radiance of the sun;
The mysteries of Hecate, and the night:
By all the operations of the orbs,
From whom we do exist, and cease to be:
Here I disclaim all my paternal care,
Propinquity and property of blood,
And as a stranger to my heart and me
Hold thee, from this, for ever. The barbarous
Scythian,
Or he that makes his generation[1] messes
To gorge his appetite, shall to my bosom
Be as well neighbour'd, pitied, and relieved,
As thou my sometime daughter.

Kent. Good my liege,—

Lear. Peace, Kent!
Come not between the dragon and his wrath.
I lov'd her most, and thought to set my rest
On her kind nursery.——Hence, and avoid my
sight! [*To Cordelia.*
So be my grave my peace, as here I give
Her father's heart from her!—Call France!—Who
stirs?
Call Burgundy.—Cornwall, and Albany,
With my two daughters' dowers digest the third:
Let pride, which she calls plainness, marry her.
I do invest you jointly with my power,

---

[1] His children.



Fuseli del. Starling sc.

KING LEAR.

Lear, Goneril, Regan, Cordelia, &c.

Act I. Scene I.

Cor. So young, my lord, and true.

Lear. Let it be so: thy truth then be thy dower:
For, by the sacred radiance of the sun;
The mysteries of Hecate, and the night:
By all the operations of the orbs,
From whom we do exist, and cease to be:
Here I disclaim all my paternal care,
Propinquity and property of blood,
And as a stranger to my heart and me
Hold thee, from this, for ever. The barbarous
Scythian,
Or he that makes his generation [1] messes
To gorge his appetite, shall to my bosom
Be as well neighbor'd, pitied, and relieved,
As thou my sometime daughter.

Kent. Good my liege,—

Lear. Peace, Kent!
Come not between the dragon and his wrath.
I loved her most, and thought to set my rest
On her kind nursery.——Hence, and avoid
sight! [*to Cord*
So be my grave my peace, as here I give
Her father's heart from h[illegible] all France!—
stirs?
Call Burgundy.—C[illegible] bany,
Wi[illegible] two da[illegible] digest th[illegible]
I[illegible] whi[illegible] ness [illegible]
[illegible] my [illegible]



Fuseli del. Starling sc.

KING LEAR.

Lear, Goneril, Regan, Cordelia, &c.

Act I. Scene I.

Cor. So young, my lord, and true.

Lear. Let it be so: thy truth then be thy dow
For, by the sacred radiance of the sun;
The mysteries of Hecate, and the night:
By all the operations of the orbs,
From whom we do exist, and cease to be:
Here I disclaim all my paternal care,
Propinquity and property of blood,
And as a stranger to my heart and me
Hold thee, from this, for ever. The barbaro
Scythian,
Or he that makes his generation[1] messes
To gorge his appetite, shall to my bosom
Be as well neighbor'd, pitied, and relieved,
As thou my sometime daughter.

Kent. Good my liege,—

Lear. Peace, Kent!
Come not between the dragon and his wrath.
I loved her most, and thought to set my rest
On her kind nursery.——Hence, and avoid
sight! [*to Cor*
So be my grave my peace, as here I give
Her father's heart from he [illegible] all France!—
stirs?
Call Burgundy.—C[illegible] bany.
With [illegible] two da[illegible] igest th
L[illegible] whi[illegible] ness,
[illegible] by



Fuseli, del. Starling, sc.

KING LEAR.

Lear, Goneril, Regan, Cordelia, &c.

Act I. Scene I.

Cor. So young, my lord, and true.

Lear. Let it be so: thy truth then be thy dower:
For, by the sacred radiance of the sun;
The mysteries of Hecate, and the night:
By all the operations of the orbs,
From whom we do exist, and cease to be;
Here I disclaim all my paternal care,
Propinquity and property of blood,
And as a stranger to my heart and me
Hold thee, from this, for ever. The barbarous
Scythian,
Or he that makes his generation[1] messes
To gorge his appetite, shall to my bosom
Be as well neighbor'd, pitied, and relieved,
As thou my sometime daughter.

Kent. Good my liege,—

Lear. Peace, Kent!
Come not between the dragon and his wrath.
I loved her most, and thought to set my rest
On her kind nursery.——Hence, and avoid
sight! [*to Cord*
So be my grave my peace, as here I give
Her father's heart from he[illegible] [illegible]all France!—[illegible]
stirs?
Call Burgundy.—C[illegible] [illegible]bany.
With my two da[illegible] [illegible]gest t[illegible]
Le[illegible] whi[illegible] [illegible]ess[illegible]



Fuseli del. Starling sc.

KING LEAR.

Lear, Goneril, Regan, Cordelia, &c.
Act I: Scene I.

Cor. So young, my lord, and true.

Lear. Let it be so: thy truth then be thy dower
For, by the sacred radiance of the sun;
The mysteries of Hecate, and the night:
By all the operations of the orbs,
From whom we do exist, and cease to be:
Here I disclaim all my paternal care,
Propinquity and property of blood,
And as a stranger to my heart and me
Hold thee, from this, for ever. The barbarous
Scythian,
Or he that makes his generation [1] messes
To gorge his appetite, shall to my bosom
Be as well neighbor'd, pitied, and relieved,
As thou my sometime daughter.

Kent. Good my liege,—

Lear. Peace, Kent!
Come not between the dragon and his wrath.
I loved her most, and thought to set my rest
On her kind nursery.——Hence, and avoid
sight! [*to Cord*
So be my grave my peace, as here I give
Her father's heart from her. Call France!—
stirs?
Call Burgundy.—Co any,
With my two dau gest th
Let whic ess, m



Fuseli del. Starling sc.

KING LEAR.

Lear, Goneril, Regan, Cordelia, &c.

Act I. Scene I.

Cor. So young, my lord, and true.
Lear. Let it be so: thy truth then be thy dower:
For, by the sacred radiance of the sun;
The mysteries of Hecate, and the night:
By all the operations of the orbs,
From whom we do exist, and cease to be;
Here I disclaim all my paternal care,
Propinquity and property of blood,
And as a stranger to my heart and me
Hold thee, from this, for ever. The barbarou[s]
Scythian,
Or he that makes his generation [1] messes
To gorge his appetite, shall to my bosom
Be as well neighbor'd, pitied, and relieved,
As thou my sometime daughter.
Kent. Good my liege,—
Lear. Peace, Kent!
Come not between the dragon and his wrath.
I loved her most, and thought to set my rest
On her kind nursery.——Hence, and avoid [my]
sight! [*to Cord*[*elia*]
So be my grave my peace, as here I give
Her father's heart from her!—Call France!—[Who]
stirs?
Call Burgundy.—Co[rnwall and Alb]any,
With my two dau[ghters' dowers di]gest th[e third]
Let [it be] whic[h ...]ess, [...]



Fuseli, del. Starling, sc.

KING LEAR.

Lear, Goneril, Regan, Cordelia, &c.

Act I. Scene I.

Cor. So young, my lord, and true.

Lear. Let it be so: thy truth then be thy dower:
For, by the sacred radiance of the sun;
The mysteries of Hecate, and the night:
By all the operations of the orbs,
From whom we do exist, and cease to be;
Here I disclaim all my paternal care,
Propinquity and property of blood,
And as a stranger to my heart and me
Hold thee, from this, for ever. The barbarous Scythian,
Or he that makes his generation[1] messes
To gorge his appetite, shall to my bosom
Be as well neighbor'd, pitied, and relieved,
As thou my sometime daughter.

Kent. Good my liege,——

Lear. Peace, Kent!
Come not between the dragon and his wrath.
I loved her most, and thought to set my rest
On her kind nursery.——Hence, and avoid my sight! [*to Cordelia.*
So be my grave my peace, as here I give
Her father's heart from her!—Call France!—Who stirs?
Call Burgundy.—Cornwall, and Albany,
With my two daughters' dowers digest the third:
Let pride, which she calls plainness, marry her.
I do invest you jointly with my power,

---

[1] His children.



Starling sc.

KING LEAR.

Pre-eminence, and all the large effects
That troop with majesty: ourself, by monthly course,
With reservation of a hundred knights
By you to be sustain'd, shall our abode
Make with you by due turns: only we still retain
The name, and all the additions[1] to a king;
The sway,
Revenue, execution of the rest,
Beloved sons, be yours; which to confirm,
This coronet part between you. [*giving the crown.*

Kent. Royal Lear,
Whom I have ever honor'd as my king,
Loved as my father, as my master follow'd,
As my great patron thought on in my prayers;——

Lear. The bow is bent and drawn; make from the shaft.

Kent. Let it fall rather, though the fork invade
The region of my heart: be Kent unmannerly,
When Lear is mad. What wouldst thou do, old man?
Think'st thou, that duty shall have dread to speak,
When power to flattery bows? To plainness honor's bound,
When majesty stoops to folly. Reverse thy doom;
And, in thy best consideration, check
This hideous rashness: answer my life my judgment,

---

[1] Titles.

Thy youngest daughter does not love thee least;
Nor are those empty-hearted, whose low sound
Reverbs [1] no hollowness.

Lear. Kent, on thy life, no more.

Kent. My life I never held but as a pawn
To wage against thine enemies; nor fear to lose it,
Thy safety being the motive.

Lear. Out of my sight!

Kent. See better, Lear; and let me still remain
The true blank [2] of thine eye.

Lear. Now, by Apollo,——

Kent. Now, by Apollo, king,
Thou swear'st thy gods in vain.

Lear. O, vassal! miscreant!

[*laying his hand on his sword.*

Alb. Corn. Dear sir, forbear.

Kent. Do;
Kill thy physician, and the fee bestow
Upon the foul disease. Revoke thy gift;
Or, whilst I can vent clamor from my throat,
I'll tell thee thou dost evil.

Lear. Hear me, recreant!
On thine allegiance, hear me!
Since thou hast sought to make us break our vow,
(Which we durst never yet) and, with strain'd pride,
To come betwixt our sentence and our power;

---

[1] For reverberates.

[2] The blank is the white or exact mark at which the arrow is shot.

(Which nor our nature nor our place can bear)
Our potency make good, take thy reward.
Five days we do allot thee, for provision
To shield thee from diseases of the world;
And, on the sixth, to turn thy hated back
Upon our kingdom: if, on the tenth day following,
Thy banish'd trunk be found in our dominions,
The moment is thy death. Away! By Jupiter,
This shall not be revoked.

Kent. Fare thee well, king: since thus thou wilt appear,
Freedom lives hence, and banishment is here.
The gods to their dear shelter take thee, maid,
[*to Cordelia.*
That justly think'st, and hast most rightly said!
And your large speeches may your deeds approve,
[*to Regan and Goneril.*
That good effects may spring from words of love.
Thus Kent, O princes, bids you all adieu:
He'll shape his old course in a country new.
[*Exit.*

Re-enter GLOSTER, *with* FRANCE, BURGUNDY, *and Attendants.*

Glos. Here's France and Burgundy, my noble lord.

Lear. My lord of Burgundy,
We first address towards you, who with this king
Hath rival'd for our daughter. What, in the least,
Will you require in present dower with her,

Or cease your quest of love?

Bur. Most royal majesty,
I crave no more than hath your highness offer'd,
Nor will you tender less.

Lear. Right noble Burgundy,
When she was dear to us, we did hold her so;
But now her price is fallen. Sir, there she stands:
If aught within that little, seeming[1] substance,
Or all of it, with our displeasure pieced,
And nothing more, may fitly like your grace,
She 's there, and she is yours.

Bur. I know no answer.

Lear. Sir,
Will you, with those infirmities she owes,[2]
Unfriended, new-adopted to our hate,
Dower'd with our curse, and stranger'd with our oath,
Take her, or leave her?

Bur. Pardon me, royal sir;
Election makes not up[3] on such conditions.

Lear. Then leave her, sir; for, by the power that made me,
I tell you all her wealth.—For you, great king. [*to France.*
I would not from your love make such a stray,
To match you where I hate; therefore beseech you

---

[1] Beautiful. [2] Owns, is possessed of.
[3] Comes not to a decision.

To avert your liking a more worthier way,
Than on a wretch whom Nature is ashamed
Almost to acknowlege hers.

France. This is most strange!
That she, that even but now was your best object,
The argument of your praise, balm of your age,
Most best, most dearest, should, in this trice of time,
Commit a thing so monstrous, to dismantle
So many folds of favor! Sure, her offence
Must be of such unnatural degree,
That monsters it, or your fore-vouch'd affection
Fallen into taint;[1] which to believe of her,
Must be a faith, that reason without miracle
Could never plant in me.

Cor. I yet beseech your majesty,
(If for[2] I want that glib and oily art,
To speak and purpose not; since what I well intend,
I'll do 't before I speak) that you make known,
It is no vicious blot, murder, or foulness,
No unchaste action, or dishonor'd step,
That hath deprived me of your grace and favor:
But even for want of that, for which I am richer;
A still-soliciting eye, and such a tongue
That I am glad I have not, though, not to have it,
Hath lost me in your liking.

Lear. Better thou

---

[1] Reproach. [2] Because.

Hadst not been born, than not to have pleased me better.

France. Is it no more but this? a tardiness in nature,
Which often leaves the history unspoke,
That it intends to do?—My lord of Burgundy,
What say you to the lady? Love is not love,
When it is mingled with respects, that stand
Aloof from the intire point. Will you have her?
She is herself a dowry.

Bur. Royal Lear,
Give but that portion which yourself proposed,
And here I take Cordelia by the hand,
Duchess of Burgundy.

Lear. Nothing: I have sworn; I am firm.

Bur. I am sorry then, you have so lost a father,
That you must lose a husband.

Cor. Peace be with Burgundy
Since that respects of fortune are his love,
I shall not be his wife.

France. Fairest Cordelia, that art most rich, being poor;
Most choice, forsaken; and most loved, despised;
Thee and thy virtues here I seise upon:
Be it lawful, I take up what 's cast away.
Gods, gods! 'tis strange, that from their cold'st neglect
My love should kindle to inflamed respect.
Thy dowerless daughter, king, thrown to my chance,
Is queen of us, of ours, and our fair France.

Hadst not been born, than not to have pleased me better.

France. Is it no more but this? a tardiness in nature,
Which often leaves the history unspoke,
That it intends to do?—My lord of Burgundy,
What say you to the lady? Love is not love,
When it is mingled with respects, that stand
Aloof from the intire point. Will you have her?
She is herself a dowry.

Bur. Royal Lear,
Give but that portion which yourself proposed,
And here I take Cordelia by the hand,
Duchess of Burgundy.

Lear. Nothing: I have sworn; I am firm.

Bur. I am sorry then, you have so lost a father,
That you must lose a husband.

Cor. Peace be with Burgundy
Since that respects of fortune are his love,
I shall not be his wife.

France. Fairest Cordelia, that art most rich, being poor;
Most choice, forsaken; and most loved, despised;
Thee and thy virtues here I seise upon:
Be it lawful, I take up what 's cast away.
Gods, gods! 'tis strange, that from their cold'st neglect
My love should kindle to inflamed respect.
Thy dowerless daughter, king, thrown to my chance,
Is queen of us, of ours, and our fair France.

Hadst not been born, than not to have pleased me better.

France. Is it no more but this? a tardiness in nature,
Which often leaves the history unspoke,
That it intends to do?—My lord of Burgundy,
What say you to the lady? Love is not love,
When it is mingled with respects, that stand
Aloof from the intire point. Will you have her?
She is herself a dowry.

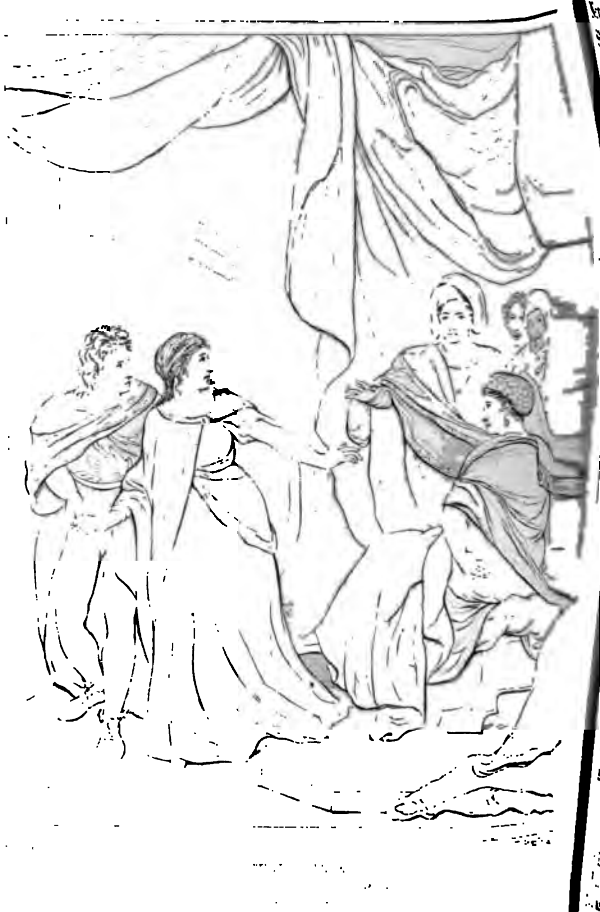
Bur. Royal Lear,
Give but that portion which yourself proposed,
And here I take Cordelia by the hand,
Duchess of Burgundy.

Lear. Nothing: I have sworn; I am firm.

Bur. I am sorry then, you have so lost a father,
That you must lose a husband.

Cor. Peace be with Burgundy
Since that respects of fortune are his love,
I shall not be his wife.

France. Fairest Cordelia, that art most rich, being poor;
Most choice, forsaken; and most loved, despised;
Thee and thy virtues here I seise upon:
Be it lawful, I take up what 's cast away.
Gods, gods! 'tis strange, that from their cold'st neglect
My love should kindle to inflamed respect.
Thy dowerless daughter, king, thrown to my chance,
Is queen of us, of ours, and our fair France.



Not all the dukes of waterish Burgundy
Shall buy this unprized precious maid of me.—
Bid them farewell, Cordelia, though unkind:
Thou losest here, a better where to find.

Lear. Thou hast her, France: let her be thine; for we
Have no such daughter, nor shall ever see
That face of hers again: therefore be gone,
Without our grace, our love, our benizon.[1]—
Come, noble Burgundy.

[*flourish. Exeunt Lear, Burgundy, Cornwall, Albany, Gloster, and Attendants.*

France. Bid farewell to your sisters.

Cor. The jewels of our father, with wash'd eyes
Cordelia leaves you: I know you what you are;
And, like a sister, am most loath to call
Your faults as they are named. Use well our father:
To your professed bosoms I commit him:
But yet, alas! stood I within his grace,
I would prefer him to a better place:
So farewell to you both.

Gon. Prescribe not us our duties.

Re. Let your study
Be, to content your lord, who hath received you
At fortune's alms. You have obedience scanted,
And well are worth the want that you have wanted.[2]

---

[1] Blessing.

[2] i. e. you are well deserving of the want of dower which you are without.

Cor. Time shall unfold what plaited cunning hides:
Who cover faults, at last shame them derides.
Well may you prosper!

France. Come, my fair Cordelia.
[*Exeunt France and Cordelia.*

Gon. Sister, it is not a little I have to say of what most nearly appertains to us both. I think our father will hence to-night.

Re. That's most certain, and with you; next month with us.

Gon. You see how full of changes his age is; the observation we have made of it hath not been little: he always loved our sister most; and with what poor judgment he hath now cast her off, appears too grossly.

Re. 'Tis the infirmity of his age: yet he hath ever but slenderly known himself.

Gon. The best and soundest of his time hath been but rash; then must we look to receive from his age, not alone the imperfections of long-ingrafted condition,[1] but, therewithal, the unruly waywardness that infirm and choleric years bring with them.

Re. Such unconstant starts are we like to have from him, as this of Kent's banishment.

Gon. There is farther compliment of leave-taking between France and him. Pray you, let us hit together: if our father carry authority with such

---

[1] Qualities of mind.

dispositions as he bears, this last surrender of his will but offend us.

Re. We shall farther think of it.

Gon. We must do something, and i' the heat.

[*Exeunt*

SCENE II.

A hall in the Earl of Gloster's castle.

Enter EDMUND, *with a letter.*

Edm. Thou, Nature, art my goddess; to thy law
My services are bound. Wherefore should I
Stand in the plague of custom; and permit
The curiosity of nations [1] to deprive me,
For that I am some twelve or fourteen moonshines
Lag of a brother? Why bastard? wherefore base?
When my dimensions are as well compact,
My mind as generous, and my shape as true,
As honest madam's issue? Why brand they us
With base? with baseness? bastardy? base, base?
Who, in the lusty stealth of nature, take
More composition and fierce quality,
Than doth, within a dull, stale, tired bed,
Go to the creating a whole tribe of fops,
Got 'tween asleep and wake?—Well then,
Legitimate Edgar, I must have your land.
Our father's love is to the bastard Edmund

[1] The scrupulous nicety of civil institutions.

As to the legitimate: fine word,—legitimate!
Well, my legitimate, if this letter speed,
And my invention thrive, Edmund the base
Shall top the legitimate. I grow; I prosper.—
Now, gods, stand up for bastards!

Enter GLOSTER.

Glos. Kent banish'd thus, and France in choler parted,
And the king gone to-night! subscribed[1] his power!
Confined to exhibition![2] All this done
Upon the gad![3]—Edmund! How now? what news?

Edm. So please your lordship, none. [*putting up the letter.*

Glos. Why so earnestly seek you to put up that letter?

Edm. I know no news, my lord.

Glos. What paper were you reading?

Edm. Nothing, my lord.

Glos. No? What needed then that terrible despatch of it into your pocket? the quality of nothing hath not such need to hide itself. Let 's see: come; if it be nothing, I shall not need spectacles.

Edm. I beseech you, sir, pardon me: it is a letter from my brother, that I have not all o'er-

---

[1] Yielded, surrendered. [2] Allowance.
[3] Suddenly.

read; for so much as I have perused, I find it not fit for your overlooking.

Glos. Give me the letter, sir.

Edm. I shall offend, either to detain or give it. The contents, as in part I understand them, are to blame.

Glos. Let 's see, let 's see.

Edm. I hope, for my brother's justification, he wrote this but as an essay[1] or taste of my virtue.

Glos. [*reads.*] 'This policy, and reverence of age, makes the world bitter to the best of our times; keeps our fortunes from us, till our oldness cannot relish them. I begin to find an idle and fond[2] bondage in the oppression of aged tyranny; who sways, not as it hath power, but as it is suffered. Come to me, that of this I may speak more. If our father would sleep till I waked him, you should enjoy half his revenue for ever, and live the beloved of your brother, EDGAR.'—Humph!—conspiracy!—'Sleep till I waked him,—you should enjoy half his revenue.'—My son Edgar! Had he a hand to write this? a heart and brain to breed it in?—When came this to you? Who brought it?

Edm. It was not brought me, my lord; there 's the cunning of it: I found it thrown in at the casement of my closet.

Glos. You know the character to be your brother's?

---

[1] Trial. [2] Weak and foolish.

Edm. If the matter were good, my lord, I durst swear it were his; but, in respect of that, I would fain think it were not.

Glos. It is his.

Edm. It is his hand, my lord; but, I hope, his heart is not in the contents.

Glos. Hath he never heretofore sounded you in this business?

Edm. Never, my lord: but I have often heard him maintain it to be fit, that sons at perfect age, and fathers declining, the father should be as ward to the son, and the son manage his revenue.

Glos. O villain, villain!—his very opinion in the letter! — Abhorred villain! Unnatural, detested, brutish villain! worse than brutish!—Go, sirrah, seek him; I 'll apprehend him;—abominable villain! —Where is he?

Edm. I do not well know, my lord. If it shall please you to suspend your indignation against my brother till you can derive from him better testimony of his intent, you shall run a certain course; where,[1] if you violently proceed against him, mistaking his purpose, it would make a great gap in your own honor, and shake in pieces the heart of his obedience. I dare pawn down my life for him, that he hath writ this to feel my affection to your honor, and to no other pretence[2] of danger.

Glos. Think you so?

---

[1] Whereas. [2] Design.

Edm. If your honor judge it meet, I will place you where you shall hear us confer of this, and by an auricular assurance have your satisfaction; and that without any farther delay than this very evening.

Glos. He cannot be such a monster.

Edm. Nor is not, sure.

Glos. To his father, that so tenderly and intirely loves him.—Heaven and earth!—Edmund, seek him out; wind me into him, I pray you: frame the business after your own wisdom: I would unstate myself, to be in a due resolution.[1]

Edm. I will seek him, sir, presently; convey[2] the business as I shall find means; and acquaint you withal.

Glos. These late eclipses in the sun and moon portend no good to us. Though the wisdom of nature can reason it thus and thus, yet nature finds itself scourged by the sequent effects:[3] love cools, friendship falls off, brothers divide; in cities mutinies, in countries discord, in palaces treason; and the bond cracked between son and father. This villain of mine comes under the prediction; there's son against father: the king falls from bias of nature; there's father against child. We have seen the best of our time: machinations, hollow

---

[1] I would give my estate to be certain of the truth.

[2] Manage.

[3] i.e. though natural philosophy can give account of eclipses, yet we feel their consequences.

ness, treachery, and all ruinous disorders follow us disquietly to our graves!—Find out this villain, Edmund! it shall lose thee nothing: do it carefully.—And the noble and true-hearted Kent banished! his offence, honesty!—Strange! strange! [*Exit.*

Edm. This is the excellent foppery of the world! that, when we are sick in fortune, (often the surfeit of our own behavior) we make guilty of our disasters, the sun, the moon, and the stars; as if we were villains by necessity; fools by heavenly compulsion; knaves, thieves, and treachers[1] by spherical predominance; drunkards, liars, and adulterers by an enforced obedience of planetary influence; and all that we are evil in by a divine thrusting on. An admirable evasion of whoremaster man, to lay his goatish disposition to the charge of a star! My father compounded with my mother under the dragon's tail, and my nativity was under *ursa major*; so that it follows, I am rough and lecherous. Tut, I should have been that I am, had the maidenliest star in the firmament twinkled on my bastardizing. Edgar——

Enter EDGAR.

and pat he comes, like the catastrophe of the old comedy. My cue is villanous melancholy, with a sigh

---

[1] Traitors

like Tom o' Bedlam. O, these eclipses do portend these divisions! fa, sol, la, mi.[1]

Edg. How now, brother Edmund? What serious contemplation are you in?

Edm. I am thinking, brother, of a prediction I read this other day, what should follow these eclipses.

Edg. Do you busy yourself with that?

Edm. I promise you, the effects he writes of, succeed unhappily; as of unnaturalness between the child and the parent; death, dearth, dissolutions of ancient amities; divisions in state, menaces and maledictions against king and nobles; needless diffidences, banishment of friends, dissipation of cohorts, nuptial breaches, and I know not what.

Edg. How long have you been a sectary astronomical?

Edm. Come, come; when saw you my father last?

Edg. Why, the night gone by.

Edm. Spake you with him?

Edg. Ay, two hours together.

Edm. Parted you in good terms? Found you no displeasure in him, by word or countenance?

Edg. None at all.

Edm. Bethink yourself, wherein you may have offended him; and, at my entreaty, forbear his pre-

---

[1] These sounds are deemed unnatural and offensive in music.

Come place him here by me,—
Or do thou for him stand:
The sweet and bitter fool
Will presently appear;
The one in motley here,
The other found out there.'

Lear. Dost thou call me fool, boy?

Fool. All thy other titles thou hast given away; that thou wast born with.

Kent. This is not altogether fool, my lord.

Fool. No, faith, lords and great men will not let me: if I had a monopoly out, they would have part on 't: and ladies too, they will not let me have all fool to myself; they 'll be snatching. Give me an egg, nuncle, and I 'll give thee two crowns.

Lear. What two crowns shall they be?

Fool. Why, after I have cut the egg i' the middle, and eat up the meat, the two crowns of the egg. When thou clovest thy crown i' the middle, and gavest away both parts, thou borest thine ass on thy back over the dirt. Thou hadst little wit in thy bald crown, when thou gavest thy golden one away. If I speak like myself in this, let him be whipped that first finds it so.

'Fools had ne'er less grace [1] in a year, [singing.
For wise men are grown foppish;
And know not how their wits to wear,
Their manners are so apish.'

---

1 Favor.

Kent. A man, sir.

Lear. What dost thou profess? What wouldst thou with us?

Kent. I do profess to be no less than I seem; to serve him truly that will put me in trust; to love him that is honest; to converse with him that is wise, and says little; to fear judgment; to fight when I cannot choose; and to eat no fish.

Lear. What art thou?

Kent. A very honest-hearted fellow, and as poor as the king.

Lear. If thou be as poor for a subject as he is for a king, thou art poor enough. What wouldst thou?

Kent. Service.

Lear. Who wouldst thou serve?

Kent. You.

Lear. Dost thou know me, fellow?

Kent. No, sir; but you have that in your countenance, which I would fain call master.

Lear. What 's that?

Kent. Authority.

Lear. What services canst thou do?

Kent. I can keep honest counsel, ride, run, mar a curious tale in telling it, and deliver a plain message bluntly: that which ordinary men are fit for, I am qualified in; and the best of me is diligence.

Lear. How old art thou?

Kent. Not so young, sir, to love a woman for singing; nor so old, to dote on her for any thing: I have years on my back forty-eight.

Fool. Thou wast a pretty fellow, when thou hadst no need to care for her frowning; now thou art an O[1] without a figure. I am better than thou art now; I am a fool, thou art nothing.—Yes, forsooth, I will hold my tongue; so your face [*to Gon.*] bids me, though you say nothing. Mum, mum!

'He that keeps nor crust nor crum,
Weary of all, shall want some.'—

That 's a shealed peascod.[2] [*pointing to Lear.*

Gon. Not only, sir, this your all-licensed fool,
But other of your insolent retinue
Do hourly carp and quarrel, breaking forth
In rank and not to be endured riots. Sir,
I had thought, by making this well known unto you,
To have found a safe redress; but now grow fearful,
By what yourself too late have spoke and done,
That you protect this course, and put it on
By your allowance; which if you should, the fault
Would not escape censure, nor the redresses sleep;
Which, in the tender of a wholesome weal,[3]
Might in their working do you that offence,
Which else were shame, that then necessity
Will call discreet proceeding.

Fool. For you trow, nuncle,

'The hedge-sparrow fed the cuckoo so long,
That it had its head bit off by its young.'

---

[1] A real cipher. [2] A mere husk which contains nothing.
[3] Well-governed state.

So, out went the candle, and we were left darkling.

Lear. Are you our daughter?

Gon. Come, sir, I would, you would make use of that good wisdom whereof I know you are fraught; and put away these dispositions, which of late transform you from what you rightly are.

Fool. May not an ass know when the cart draws the horse? Whoop, Jug! I love thee.[1]

Lear. Does any here know me?—Why this is not Lear. Does Lear walk thus? speak thus? Where are his eyes? Either his notion weakens, or his discernings are lethargied.—Sleeping or waking?—Ha! sure 'tis not so.—Who is it that can tell me who I am?—Lear's shadow? I would learn that; for by the marks of sovereignty, knowlege, and reason, I should be false persuaded I had daughters.

Fool. Which they will make an obedient father.

Lear. Your name, fair gentlewoman?

Gon. Come, sir;
This admiration is much o' the favor[2]
Of other your new pranks. I do beseech you
To understand my purposes aright.
As you are old and reverend, you should be wise:
Here do you keep a hundred knights and squires;
Men so disorder'd, so debauch'd, and bold,
That this our court, infected with their manners,
Shows like a riotous inn: epicurism and lust
Make it more like a tavern or a brothel,

---

[1] The burthen of an old song. [2] Complexion

Than a graced palace. The shame itself doth speak
For instant remedy: be then desired
By her, that else will take the thing she begs,
A little to disquantity your train;
And the remainder, that shall still depend,[1]
To be such men as may besort your age,
And know themselves and you.

Lear. Darkness and devils!—
Saddle my horses; call my train together.—
Degenerate bastard! I 'll not trouble thee:
Yet have I left a daughter.

Gon. You strike my people; and your disorder'd rabble
Make servants of their betters.

Enter ALBANY.

Lear. Woe, that too late repents.—O, sir, are you come?
Is it your will? [*to Alb.*] Speak, sir.—Prepare my horses.
Ingratitude! thou marble-hearted fiend,
More hideous, when thou show'st thee in a child,
Than the sea-monster!

Alb. Pray, sir, be patient.

Lear. Detested kite! thou liest: [*to Goneril.*
My train are men of choice and rarest parts,
That all particulars of duty know;
And in the most exact regard support

---

[1] Continue in service.

The worships of their name.—O most small fault,
How ugly didst thou in Cordelia show!
Which, like an engine,[1] wrench'd my frame of nature
From the fix'd place; drew from my heart all love,
And added to the gall. O Lear, Lear, Lear!
Beat at this gate, that let thy folly in, [*striking his head.*
And thy dear judgment out!—Go, go, my people.

Alb. My lord, I am guiltless, as I am ignorant
Of what hath moved you.

Lear. It may be so, my lord.—Hear, Nature, hear;
Dear goddess, hear! Suspend thy purpose, if
Thou didst intend to make this creature fruitful:
Into her womb convey sterility;
Dry up in her the organs of increase;
And from her derogate[2] body never spring
A babe to honor her! If she must teem,
Create her child of spleen, that it may live,
And be a thwart disnatured torment to her:
Let it stamp wrinkles in her brow of youth;
With cadent[3] tears fret channels in her cheeks;
Turn all her mother's pains and benefits
To laughter and contempt; that she may feel
How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
To have a thankless child!—Away, away! [*Exit.*

---

[1] A rack. [2] Degraded. [3] Falling.

Alb. Now, gods, that we adore, whereof comes this?

Gon. Never afflict yourself to know the cause;
But let his disposition have that scope
That dotage gives it.

Re-enter LEAR.

Lear. What, fifty of my followers at a clap?
Within a fortnight?

Alb. What's the matter, sir?

Lear. I'll tell thee:—Life and death! I am asham'd
That thou hast power to shake my manhood thus; [*to Goneril.*
That these hot tears, which break from me perforce,
Should make thee worth them.—Blasts and fogs upon thee!
The untented woundings of a father's curse
Pierce every sense about thee!—Old fond eyes,
Beweep this cause again, I'll pluck you out;
And cast you, with the waters that you lose,
To temper clay.—Ha! is it come to this?
Let it be so.—Yet have I left a daughter,
Who, I am sure, is kind and comfortable.
When she shall hear this of thee, with her nails
She'll flay thy wolfish visage. Thou shalt find,
That I'll resume the shape which thou dost think

¹ Undressed.

I have cast off for ever; thou shalt, I warrant thee.
[*Exeunt Lear, Kent, and Attendants.*

Gon. Do you mark that, my lord?

Alb. I cannot be so partial, Goneril,
To the great love I bear you,——

Gon. Pray you, content.—What, Oswald, ho!
You, sir, more knave than fool, after your master.
[*to the Fool.*

Fool. Nuncle Lear, nuncle Lear, tarry, and take the fool with thee.

'A fox, when one has caught her,
And such a daughter,
Should sure to the slaughter,
If my cap would buy a halter;
So the fool follows after.' [*Exit.*

Gon. This man hath had good counsel.—A hundred knights!
'Tis politic and safe to let him keep
At point[1] a hundred knights. Yes, that on every dream,
Each buz, each fancy, each complaint, dislike,
He may enguard his dotage with their powers,
And hold our lives in mercy.—Oswald, I say!

Alb. Well, you may fear too far.

Gon. Safer than trust too far:
Let me still take away the harms I fear,
Not fear still to be taken. I know his heart:
What he hath utter'd, I have writ my sister;

---

[1] Completely armed.

If she sustain him and his hundred knights,
When I have show'd the unfitness,——How now,
Oswald?

Enter STEWARD.

What, have you writ that letter to my sister?

Stew. Ay, madam.

Gon. Take you some company, and away to horse:
Inform her full of my particular fear;
And thereto add such reasons of your own,
As may compact it more. Get you gone;
And hasten your return. [*Exit Stew.*] No, no, my lord,
This milky gentleness, and course of yours,
Though I condemn it not: yet, under pardon,
You are much more attask'd[1] for want of wisdom,
Than prais'd for harmful mildness.

Alb. How far your eyes may pierce, I cannot tell:
Striving to better, oft we mar what's well.

Gon. Nay, then——

Alb. Well, well; the event. [*Exeunt.*

---

1 Liable to reprehension.

SCENE V.

Court before the same.

Enter LEAR, KENT, *and* FOOL.

Lear. Go you before to Gloster with these letters: acquaint my daughter no farther with any thing you know, than comes from her demand out of the letter. If your diligence be not speedy, I shall be there before you.

Kent. I will not sleep, my lord, till I have delivered your letter. [*Exit*.

Fool. If a man's brains were in his heels, were 't not in danger of kibes?

Lear. Ay, boy.

Fool. Then, I pr'ythee, be merry; thy wit shall not go slipshod.

Lear. Ha, ha, ha!

Fool. Shalt see, thy other daughter will use thee kindly; for though she 's as like this as a crab is like an apple, yet I can tell what I can tell.

Lear. Why, what canst thou tell, my boy?

Fool. She will taste as like this as a crab does to a crab. Thou canst tell why one's nose stands i' the middle of his face?

Lear. No.

Fool. Why, to keep his eyes on either side his nose; that what a man cannot smell out, he may spy into.

Lear. I did her wrong:——

Fool. Canst tell how an oyster makes his shell?

Lear. No.

Fool. Nor I neither; but I can tell why a snail has a house.

Lear. Why?

Fool. Why, to put his head in; not to give it away to his daughters, and leave his horns without a case.

Lear. I will forget my nature.—So kind a father!—Be my horses ready?

Fool. Thy asses are gone about 'em. The reason why the seven stars are no more than seven, is a pretty reason.

Lear. Because they are not eight?

Fool. Yes, indeed: thou wouldst make a good fool.

Lear. To take it again perforce!—Monster ingratitude!

Fool. If thou wert my fool, nuncle, I 'd have thee beaten for being old before thy time.

Lear. How 's that?

Fool. Thou shouldst not have been old before thou hadst been wise.

Lear. O let me not be mad, not mad, sweet
Heaven!
Keep me in temper: I would not be mad!

Enter GENTLEMAN.

How now? Are the horses ready?

Gen. Ready, my lord.

Lear. Come, boy.

Fool. She that is maid now, and laughs at my departure,
Shall not be a maid long, unless things be cut shorter. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.

A court within the castle of the Earl of Gloster.

Enter EDMUND *and* CURAN, *meeting.*

Edm. Save thee, Curan.

Curan. And you, sir. I have been with your father; and given him notice, that the duke of Cornwall, and Regan his duchess, will be here with him to-night.

Edm. How comes that?

Curan. Nay, I know not. You have heard of the news abroad; I mean, the whispered ones, for they are yet but ear-kissing arguments?

Edm. Not I: pray you, what are they?

Curan. Have you heard of no likely wars toward 'twixt the dukes of Cornwall and Albany?

Edm. Not a word.

Curan. You may then, in time. Fare you well, sir. [*Exit*

Edm. The duke be here to-night? The better Best!

This weaves itself perforce into my business!
My father hath set guard to take my brother;
And I have one thing, of a queasy[1] question,
Which I must act.—Briefness and fortune, work!—
Brother, a word;—descend:—brother, I say!

Enter EDGAR.

My father watches.—O sir, fly this place;
Intelligence is given where you are hid;
You have now the good advantage of the night.
Have you not spoken 'gainst the duke of Cornwall?
He 's coming hither; now, i' the night, i' the haste,
And Regan with him. Have you nothing said
Upon his party 'gainst the duke of Albany?
Advise yourself.[2]

Edg. I am sure on 't, not a word.

Edm. I hear my father coming.—Pardon me:
In cunning, I must draw my sword upon you.
Draw: seem to defend yourself: now quit you well.
Yield:—come before my father:—light, ho, here!—
Fly, brother!—torches! torches!—so, farewell.
[*Exit Edgar.*
Some blood drawn on me would beget opinion
[*wounds his arm.*
Of my more fierce endeavor: I have seen drunkards
Do more than this in sport.—Father! father!
Stop, stop! No help?

---

[1] Delicate. [2] Consider, recollect yourself

Enter GLOSTER, *and Servants with torches.*

Glos. Now, Edmund, where 's the villain?

Edm. Here stood he in the dark, his sharp sword out,
Mumbling of wicked charms, conjuring the moon
To stand his auspicious mistress.

Glos. But where is he?

Edm. Look, sir, I bleed.

Glos. Where is the villain, Edmund?

Edm. Fled this way, sir, when by no means he could——

Glos. Pursue him, ho!—Go after. [*Exit Servant.*] By no means,—what?

Edm. Persuade me to the murder of your lordship;
But that I told him, the revenging gods
'Gainst parricides did all their thunders bend;
Spoke, with how manifold and strong a bond
The child was bound to the father. Sir, in fine,
Seeing how loathly opposite I stood
To his unnatural purpose, in fell motion,
With his prepared sword, he charges home
My unprovided body; lanced mine arm:
But when he saw my best alarum'd spirits,
Bold in the quarrel's right, roused to the encounter,
Or whether gasted [1] by the noise I made,
Full suddenly he fled.

---

[1] Frighted.

Glos. Let him fly far:
Not in this land shall he remain uncaught;
And found,——Despatch.—The noble duke my master,
My worthy arch [1] and patron, comes to-night:
By his authority I will proclaim it,
That he, which finds him, shall deserve our thanks,
Bringing the murderous coward to the stake;
He, that conceals him, death.

Edm. When I dissuaded him from his intent,
And found him pight [2] to do it, with curst [3] speech
I threaten'd to discover him: he replied;—
'Thou unpossessing bastard! dost thou think,
If I would stand against thee, would the reposal
Of any trust, virtue, or worth in thee
Make thy words faith'd? No; what I should deny,
(As this I would; ay, though thou didst produce
My very character [4]) I'd turn it all
To thy suggestion, plot, and damned practice:
And thou must make a dullard of the world,
If they not thought the profits of my death
Were very pregnant and potential spurs
To make thee seek it.'

Glos. Strong and fasten'd villain!
Would he deny his letter?—I never got him.
[*trumpets within.*
Hark, the duke's trumpets! I know not why he comes.

---

[1] Chief.
[2] Pight for pitched, resolved.
[3] Severe, angry.
[4] Hand-writing.

All ports I 'll bar; the villain shall not 'scape;
The duke must grant me that: besides, his picture
I will send far and near, that all the kingdom
May have due note of him; and of my land,
Loyal and natural boy, I 'll work the means
To make thee capable.[1]

Enter CORNWALL, REGAN, *and Attendants.*

Corn. How now, my noble friend? since I came hither,
(Which I can call but now) I have heard strange news.

Re. If it be true, all vengeance comes too short,
Which can pursue the offender. How dost, my lord?

Glos. O, madam, my old heart is crack'd, is crack'd!

Re. What, did my father's godson seek your life?
He whom my father named? your Edgar?

Glos. O, lady, lady, shame would have it hid!

Re. Was he not companion with the riotous knights
That tend upon my father?

Glos. I know not, madam:
It is too bad, too bad.

Edm. Yes, madam, he was.

Re. No marvel then, though he were ill affected:
'Tis they have put him on the old man's death,

---

[1] i. e. capable of succeeding to my estate.

Glo. Let him fly far:
[illegible] remain uncaught;
[illegible]—Dispatch.—The noble duke my master,
[illegible] patron, comes to-night:
[illegible] proclaim it,
[illegible] finds him, shall deserve our thanks,
[illegible] coward to the stake;
[illegible] death.

Edm. [illegible] him from his intent,
[illegible] do it, with curst[3] speech
[illegible] he replied;—
[illegible] bastard! dost thou think,
[illegible] against thee, would the reposal
[illegible] worth in thee
[illegible] No: what I should deny,
[illegible] though thou didst produce
[illegible] turn it all
[illegible] damned practice:
[illegible] of the world,
[illegible] of my death
[illegible] potential spurs
[illegible]

Glo. Strong and fasten'd villain!
[illegible] letter[4]?—I never got him.
[Trumpets within.
[illegible] trumpets! I know not why he comes.

[illegible] [2] [illegible] pitched, resolved.
[3] Severe, angry. [4] Hand-writing.

All ports I 'll bar; the villain shall not 'scape;
The duke must grant me that: besides, his picture
I will send far and near, that all the kingdom
May have due note of him; and of my land,
Loyal and natural boy, I 'll work the means
To make thee capable.[1]

Enter CORNWALL, REGAN, *and Attendants.*

Corn. How now, my noble friend? since I came hither,
(Which I can call but now) I have heard strange news.

Re. If it be true, all vengeance comes too short,
Which can pursue the offender. How dost, my lord?

Glos. O, madam, my old heart is crack'd, is crack'd!

Re. What, did my father's godson seek your life?
He whom my father named? your Edgar?

Glos. O, lady, lady, shame would have it hid!

Re. Was he not companion with the riotous knights
That tend upon my father?

Glos. I know not, madam:
It is too bad, too bad.

Edm. Yes, madam, he was.

Re. No marvel then, though he were ill affected:
'Tis they have put him on the old man's death,

---

[1] i. e. capable of succeeding to my estate.

To have the waste and spoil of his revenues.
I have this present evening from my sister
Been well inform'd of them; and with such cautions,
That, if they come to sojourn at my house,
I'll not be there.

Corn. Nor I, assure thee, Regan.—
Edmund, I hear that you have shown your father
A child-like office.

Edm. 'Twas my duty, sir.

Glos. He did bewray his practice;[1] and receiv'd
This hurt you see, striving to apprehend him.

Corn. Is he pursued?

Glos. Ay, my good lord, he is.

Corn. If he be taken, he shall never more
Be fear'd of doing harm: make your own purpose,
How in my strength you please.—For you, Edmund,
Whose virtue and obedience doth this instant
So much commend itself, you shall be ours;
Natures of such deep trust we shall much need:
You we first seize on.

Edm. I shall serve you, sir,
Truly, however else.

Glos. For him I thank your grace.

Corn. You know not why we came to visit you,—

Reg. Thus out of season, threading dark-eyed night.
Occasions, noble Gloster, of some poize,[2]

---

1 [illegible] his wicked design.
2 Weight, moment.

Wherein we must have use of your advice.
Our father he hath writ, so hath our sister,
Of differences, which I best thought it fit
To answer from our home: the several messengers
From hence attend despatch. Our good old friend
Lay comforts to your bosom; and bestow
Your needful counsel to our business,
Which craves the instant use.

Glos. I serve you, madam:
Your graces are right welcome. [*Exeunt*

SCENE II.

Before Gloster's castle.

Enter KENT *and* STEWARD, *severally.*

Stew. Good dawning to thee, friend! art of the house?

Kent. Ay.

Stew. Where may we set our horses?

Kent. I' the mire.

Stew. Pr'ythee, if thou love me, tell me.

Kent. I love thee not.

Stew. Why, then I care not for thee.

Kent. If I had thee in Lipsbury pinfold, I would make thee care for me.

Stew. Why dost thou use me thus? I know thee not.

Kent. Fellow, I know thee.

Stew. What dost thou know me for?

Kent A knave; a rascal; an eater of broken

meats; a base, proud, shallow, beggarly, three-suited, hundred-pound, filthy worsted-stocking knave; a lily-livered, action-taking knave; a whoreson, glass-gazing, superserviceable, finical rogue; one-trunk-inheriting slave; one that wouldst be a bawd, in way of good service, and art nothing but the composition of a knave, beggar, coward, pander, and the son and heir of a mongrel bitch; one whom I will beat into clamorous whining, if thou deniest the least syllable of thy addition.[1]

Stew. Why, what a monstrous fellow art thou, thus to rail on one, that is neither known of thee, nor knows thee!

Kent. What a brazen-faced varlet art thou to deny thou knowest me! Is it two days ago, since I tripped up thy heels and beat thee before the king? Draw, you rogue; for, though it be night, the moon shines: I'll make a sop o' the moonshine of you. Draw, you whoreson cullionly barber-monger; draw. [*drawing his sword.*

Stew. Away; I have nothing to do with thee.

Kent. Draw, you rascal: you come with letters against the king; and take vanity the puppet's part,[2] against the royalty of her father. Draw, you rogue, or I'll so carbonado your shanks:—draw, you rascal; come your ways.

Stew. Help, ho! murder! help.

---

[1] Titles.
[2] A character in the old moralities.

Kent. Strike, you slave! stand, rogue, stand! you neat slave, strike! [*beating him.*

Stew. Help, ho! murder! murder!

Enter EDMUND, CORNWALL, REGAN, GLOSTER, *and Servants.*

Edm. How now? What 's the matter? Part.

Kent. With you, goodman boy, if you please; come, I 'll flesh you: come on, young master.

Glos. Weapons! arms! What 's the matter here?

Corn. Keep peace, upon your lives;
He dies, that strikes again. What is the matter?

Re. The messengers from our sister and the king.

Corn. What is your difference? speak.

Stew. I am scarce in breath, my lord.

Kent. No marvel, you have so bestirred your valor. You cowardly rascal, Nature disclaims in thee; a tailor made thee.

Corn. Thou art a strange fellow: a tailor make a man?

Kent. Ay, a tailor, sir: a stone-cutter or a painter could not have made him so ill, though they had been but two hours at the trade.

Corn. Speak yet, how grew your quarrel?

Stew. This ancient ruffian, sir, whose life I have spared,
At suit of his gray beard,——

Kent. Thou whoreson zed! thou unnecessary letter!—My lord, if you will give me leave, I will

knave; which, for my part, I will not be, though I should win your displeasure to entreat me to it.

Corn. What was the offence you gave him?

Stew. I never gave him any.
It pleased the king his master, very late,
To strike at me, upon his misconstruction;
When he, conjunct, and flattering his displeasure,
Tripp'd me behind; being down, insulted, rail'd,
And put upon him such a deal of man,
That worthy'd him, got praises of the king,
For him attempting who was self-subdued;
And, in the fleshment of this dread exploit,
Drew on me here again.

Kent. None of these rogues and cowards,
But Ajax is their fool.[1]

Corn. Fetch forth the stocks, ho!
You stubborn ancient knave, you reverend braggart,
We'll teach you——

Kent. Sir, I am too old to learn:
Call not your stocks for me: I serve the king,
On whose employment I was sent to you.
You shall do small respect, show too bold malice
Against the grace and person of my master,
Stocking his messenger.

Corn. Fetch forth the stocks:
As I've life and honor, there shall he sit till noon.

Re. Till noon! till night, my lord; and all night too.

---

[1] i. e. Ajax is a fool to them.

Kent. Why, madam, if I were your father's dog,
You should not use me so.

Re. Sir, being his knave, I will.
[*stocks brought out.*

Corn. This is a fellow of the self-same color
Our sister speaks of.—Come, bring away the stocks.

Glos. Let me beseech your grace not to do so:
His fault is much, and the good king his master
Will check him for 't: your purposed low correction
Is such, as basest and contemned'st wretches,
For pilferings and most common trespasses,
Are punish'd with. The king must take it ill,
That he 's so slightly valued in his messenger,
Should have him thus restrain'd.

Corn. I 'll answer that.

Re. My sister may receive it much more worse,
To have her gentleman abused, assaulted,
For following her affairs.—Put in his legs.
[*Kent is put in the stocks*
Come, my good lord; away.
[*Exeunt Regan and Cornwall.*

Glos. I am sorry for thee, friend; 'tis the duke's pleasure,
Whose disposition, all the world well knows,
Will not be rubb'd nor stopp'd. I 'll entreat for thee.

Kent. Pray, do not, sir: I have watch'd and travell'd hard;
Some time I shall sleep out, the rest I 'll whistle
A good man's fortune may grow out at heels.
Give you good morrow!

Glos. The duke's to blame in this: 'twill be ill
taken. [*Exit.*

Kent. Good king, that must approve the common
saw!
Thou out of heaven's benediction comest
To the warm sun!
Approach, thou beacon to this under globe,
That by thy comfortable beams I may
Peruse this letter. Nothing almost sees miracles,
But misery. I know, 'tis from Cordelia,
Who hath most fortunately been inform'd
Of my obscured course; and shall find time
From this enormous state,—seeking to give
Losses their remedies.—All weary and o'erwatch'd,
Take vantage, heavy eyes, not to behold
This shameful lodging.
Fortune, good night; smile once more; turn thy
wheel! [*he sleeps.*

SCENE III.

A part of the heath.

Enter EDGAR.

Edg. I heard myself proclaim'd;
And, by the happy hollow of a tree,
Escaped the hunt. No port is free; no place,
That guard, and most unusual vigilance,
Does not attend my taking. While I may scape,
I will preserve myself; and am bethought
To take the basest and most poorest shape,

That ever penury, in contempt of man,
Brought near to beast: my face I 'll grime with filth;
Blanket my loins; elf all my hair in knots;[1]
And with presented nakedness outface
The winds and persecutions of the sky.
The country gives me proof and precedent
Of Bedlam beggars, who, with roaring voices,
Strike in their numb'd and mortified bare arms
Pins, wooden pricks, nails, sprigs of rosemary;
And with this horrible object, from low farms,
Poor pelting villages, sheepcotes, and mills,
Sometime with lunatic bans,[2] sometime with prayers,
Enforce their charity.—Poor Turlygood! poor Tom!
That 's something yet;—Edgar I nothing am.
[*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Before Gloster's castle.

Enter LEAR, FOOL, *and* GENTLEMAN.

Lear. 'Tis strange, that they should so depart from home,
And not send back my messenger.
Gen. As I learn'd,
The night before there was no purpose in them
Of this remove.

---

[1] Hair thus knotted was vulgarly supposed to be the work of elves and fairies in the night. [2] Curses.

Kent. Hail to thee, noble master!

Lear. How!

Makest thou this shame thy pastime?

Kent. No, my lord.

Fool. Ha, ha! he wears [illegible] garters! Horses are tied by the [illegible], dogs and bears by the neck, monkeys by the loins, and men by the legs: when a man is [illegible] at legs, then he wears wooden nether-stocks.

Lear. What's [illegible] that hath so much thy place mistook [illegible]

[illegible]

Thou mightst deserve, or they impose this usage,
Coming from us.

Kent. My lord, when at their home
I did commend your highness' letters to them,
Ere I was risen from the place that show'd
My duty kneeling, came there a reeking post,
Stew'd in his haste, half breathless, panting forth
From Goneril his mistress salutations;
Deliver'd letters, spite of intermission,
Which presently they read; on whose contents,
They summon'd up their meiny,[1] straight took horse;
Commanded me to follow, and attend
The leisure of their answer; gave me cold looks;
And meeting here the other messenger,
Whose welcome, I perceived, had poison'd mine,
(Being the very fellow that of late
Display'd so saucily against your highness)
Having more man than wit about me, drew:
He raised the house with loud and coward cries:
Your son and daughter found this trespass worth
The shame which here it suffers.

Fool. Winter 's not gone yet, if the wild geese fly that way.

Fathers, that wear rags,
Do make their children blind;
But fathers, that bear bags,
Shall see their children kind.

---

[1] Train, retinue.

Fortune, that arrant whore,
Ne'er turns the key to the poor.'—

But, for all this, thou shalt have as many dolors[1] for thy daughters as thou canst tell in a year.

Lear. O, how this mother[2] swells up toward my heart!
Hysterica passio! down, thou climbing sorrow;
Thy element's below!—Where is this daughter?

Kent. With the earl, sir, here within.

Lear. Follow me not;
Stay here. [*Exit.*

Gen. Made you no more offence than what you speak of?

Kent. None.
How chance the king comes with so small a train?

Fool. An thou hadst been set i' the stocks for that question, thou hadst well deserved it.

Kent. Why, fool?

Fool. We'll set thee to school to an ant, to teach thee there's no laboring in the winter. All that follow their noses are led by their eyes, but blind men; and there's not a nose among twenty, but can smell him that's stinking. Let go thy hold, when a great wheel runs down a hill, lest it break thy neck with following it; but the great one that goes up the hill, let him draw thee after. When a wise man gives thee better counsel, give me mine

---

[1] A quibble between dolors and dollars.
[2] i. e. the disease called by that name.

again: I would have none but knaves follow it, since a fool gives it.

> "That, sir, which serves and seeks for gain,
> And follows but for form,
> Will pack, when it begins to rain,
> And leave thee in the storm.
>
> "But I will tarry; the fool will stay,
> And let the wise man fly:
> The knave turns fool, that runs away;
> The fool no knave, perdy.*"

Kent. Where learned you this, fool?

Fool. Not i' the stocks, fool.

Re-enter LEAR, *with* GLOSTER.

Lear. Deny to speak with me? They are sick? they are weary?
They have travell'd hard to-night? Mere fetches;
The images of revolt and flying off!
Fetch me a better answer.

Glo. My dear lord,
You know the fiery quality of the duke;
How unremoveable and fix'd he is
In his own course.

Lear. Vengeance! plague! death! confusion!—
Fiery? what quality? Why, Gloster, Gloster,
I'd speak with the duke of Cornwall and his wife.

---

* A corruption of the French oath, par Dieu.

Glos. Well, my good lord, I have inform'd them so.

Lear. Inform'd them! Dost thou understand me, man?

Glos. Ay, my good lord.

Lear. The king would speak with Cornwall; the dear father
Would with his daughter speak, commands her service:
Are they inform'd of this?—My breath and blood!—
Fiery? the fiery duke?—Tell the hot duke, that—
No, but not yet:—may be, he is not well:
Infirmity doth still neglect all office,
Whereto our health is bound; we are not ourselves,
When nature, being oppress'd, commands the mind
To suffer with the body: I'll forbear;
And am fallen out with my more headier will,
To take the indisposed and sickly fit
For the sound man.—Death on my state! wherefore [*looking on Kent.*
Should he sit here? This act persuades me,
That this remotion [1] of the duke and her
Is practice [2] only. Give me my servant forth:
Go, tell the duke and his wife I'd speak with them,
Now, presently: bid them come forth and hear me,
Or at their chamber-door I'll beat the drum,

---

1 removal from their own house. 2 Artifice

Till it cry, 'Sleep to death.'

Glos. I 'd have all well betwixt you. [*Exit.*

Lear. O me, my heart, my rising heart!—but, down.

Fool. Cry to it, nuncle, as the cockney did to the eels, when she put them i' the paste alive: she rapped 'em o' the coxcombs with a stick, and cried, 'Down, wantons, down!' 'Twas her brother, that, in pure kindness to his horse, buttered his hay.

Enter CORNWALL, REGAN, GLOSTER, *and Servants.*

Lear. Good morrow to you both.

Corn. Hail to your grace!

[*Kent is set at liberty.*

Re. I am glad to see your highness.

Lear. Regan, I think you are; I know what reason
I have to think so: if thou shouldst not be glad,
I would divorce me from thy mother's tomb,
Sepulchring an adulteress.—O, are you free?—

[*to Kent.*

Some other time for that.—Beloved Regan,
Thy sister 's naught: O Regan, she hath tied
Sharp-tooth'd unkindness, like a vulture, here.—

[*points to his heart.*

I can scarce speak to thee; thou 'lt not believe,
Of how depraved a quality——O Regan!

Re. I pray you, sir, take patience: I have hope,
You less know how to value her desert,
Than she to scant her duty.

Enter STEWARD.

Re. I know 't, my sister's: this approves her letter,
That she would soon be here.—Is your lady come?
Lear. This is a slave, whose easy-borrow'd pride
Dwells in the fickle grace of her he follows.—
Out, varlet, from my sight!
Corn. What means your grace?
Lear. Who stock'd my servant? Regan, I have good hope
Thou didst not know of 't.—Who comes here? O heavens,

Enter GONERIL.

If you do love old men, if your sweet sway
Allow[1] obedience, if yourselves are old,
Make it your cause; send down, and take my part!—
Art not ashamed to look upon this beard?—
[*to Goneril.*
O, Regan, wilt thou take her by the hand?
Gon. Why not by the hand, sir? How have I offended?
All 's not offence, that indiscretion finds,
And dotage terms so.
Lear. O, sides, you are too tough!

---

[1] Approve.

Will you yet hold?—How came my man i' the
stocks?

Corn. I set him there, sir; but his own disorders
Deserved much less advancement.

Lear. You! did you?

Re. I pray you, father, being weak, seem so.
If, till the expiration of your month,
You will return and sojourn with my sister,
Dismissing half your train, come then to me:
I am now from home, and out of that provision
Which shall be needful for your entertainment.

Lear. Return to her, and fifty men dismiss'd?
No, rather I abjure all roofs, and choose
To wage against the enmity o' the air;
To be a comrade with the wolf and owl,—
Necessity's sharp pinch!—Return with her?
Why, the hot-blooded France, that dowerless took
Our youngest-born;—I could as well be brought
To knee his throne, and, squire-like, pension beg
To keep base life afoot.—Return with her?
Persuade me rather to be slave and sumpter[1]
To this detested groom. [*looking on the Steward.*

Gon. At your choice, sir.

Lear. I pr'ythee, daughter, do not make me mad:
I will not trouble thee, my child; farewell:
We'll no more meet, no more see one another:
But yet thou art my flesh, my blood, my daughter;
Or, rather, a disease that 's in my flesh,

---

[1] A horse that carries necessaries on a journey.

Which I must needs call mine: thou art a boil,
A plague-sore, an embossed [1] carbuncle,
In my corrupted blood: but I 'll not chide thee;
Let shame come when it will, I do not call it:
I do not bid the thunder-bearer shoot,
Nor tell tales of thee to high-judging Jove:
Mend when thou canst; be better at thy leisure:
I can be patient; I can stay with Regan,
I, and my hundred knights.

Re. Not altogether so, sir;
I look'd not for you yet, nor am provided
For your fit welcome. Give ear, sir, to my sister:
For those that mingle reason with your passion,
Must be content to think you old, and so——
But she knows what she does.

Lear. Is this well spoken now?

Re. I dare avouch it, sir. What, fifty followers?
Is it not well? What should you need of more,
Yea, or so many; sith [2] that both charge and danger
Speak 'gainst so great a number? How, in one house,
Should many people, under two commands,
Hold amity? 'Tis hard; almost impossible.

Gon. Why might not you, my lord, receive attendance
From those that she calls servants, or from mine?

Re. Why not, my lord? If then they chanced to slack you,

---

[1] Swollen. [2] Since.

We could control them. If you will come to me
(For now I spy a danger) I entreat you
To bring but five and twenty; to no more
Will I give place or notice.

Lear. I gave you all——

Re. And in good time you gave it.

Lear. Made you my guardians, my depositaries;
But kept a reservation to be follow'd
With such a number. What, must I come to you
With five and twenty, Regan? said you so?

Re. And speak it again, my lord; no more with me.

Lear. Those wicked creatures yet do look well-favor'd,
When others are more wicked; not being the worst,
Stands in some rank of praise.—I 'll go with thee: [*to Goneril.*
Thy fifty yet doth double five and twenty,
And thou art twice her love.

Gon. Hear me, my lord;
What need you five and twenty, ten, or five,
To follow in a house, where twice so many
Have a command to tend you?

Re. What need one?

Lear. O, reason not the need: our basest beggars
Are in the poorest thing superfluous:
Allow not nature more than nature needs,
Man's life is cheap as beast's: thou art a lady;
If only to go warm were gorgeous,
Why, nature needs not what thou gorgeous wear'st,

Where is my lord of Gloster?

Re-enter GLOSTER.

Corn. Follow'd the old man forth: he is return'd.

Glos. The king is in high rage.

Corn. Whither is he going?

Glos. He calls to horse; but will I know not whither.

Corn. 'Tis best to give him way he leads himself.

Gon. My lord, entreat him by no means to stay

Glos. Alack, the night comes on, and the bleak winds
Do sorely ruffle: for many miles about
There 's scarce a bush.

Re. O, sir, to wilful men,
The injuries, that they themselves procure,
Must be their schoolmasters. Shut up your doors:
He is attended with a desperate train;
And what they may incense him to, being apt
To have his ear abused, wisdom bids fear.

Corn. Shut up your doors, my lord; 'tis a wild night;
My Regan counsels well; come out o' the storm.

[*Exeunt.*

CYMBELINE.

HISTORICAL NOTICE

OF

CYMBELINE.

This play is conjectured by Malone to have been ritten in the year 1609, although it was neither enred on the books of the Stationers' Company nor inted till 1623. The main incidents on which the ot rests occur in a novel of Boccace; but our author supposed to have derived them from an old storyk popular in that age, intitled 'Westward for nelts.' All he knew of Cymbeline he acquired from olinshed, who is sometimes closely followed, and metimes strangely perverted. This king, according the old historian, succeeded his father in the 19th ar of the reign of Augustus; and the play comences about the 24th year of Cymbeline's reign, hich was the 42d of the reign of Augustus, and the th of the Christian era; notwithstanding which, akspeare has peopled Rome with modern Italians, ilario, Iachimo, &c. Cymbeline is said to have igned 35 years, leaving at his death two sons, Guirius and Arviragus.

This drama, if not in the construction of its fable ne of the most perfect of our author's productions, is, point of poetic beauty, of variety and truth of haracter, and in the display of sentiment and emoon, one of the most interesting; and ill deserves the

'The man that makes his toe
What he his heart should make,
Shall of a corn cry woe,
And turn his sleep to wake.'

For there was never yet fair woman, but she made mouths in a glass.

Enter KENT.

Lear. No, I will be the pattern of all patience; I will say nothing.

Kent. Who 's there?

Fool. Marry, here 's grace and a cod-piece, that 's a wise man and a fool.

Kent. Alas, sir, are you here? things that love night,
Love not such nights as these; the wrathful skies
Gallow[1] the very wanderers of the dark,
And make them keep their caves: since I was man
Such sheets of fire, such bursts of horrid thunder,
Such groans of roaring wind and rain, I never
Remember to have heard: man's nature cannot carry
The affliction nor the fear.

Lear. Let the great gods,
That keep this dreadful pother o'er our heads,
Find out their enemies now. Tremble, thou wretch,
That hast within thee undivulged crimes,
Unwhipp'd of justice: hide thee, thou bloody hand,

---

[1] scare or frighten.

ARGUMENT.

The princess Imogen, only daughter to Cymbeline, king of Britain, secretly marries an accomplished courtier, named Posthumus, whose presumption is punished by a sentence of perpetual exile by the angry monarch. Deprived of the society of his amiable wife, the banished Posthumus repairs to Rome, where his confidence in the unshaken attachment of his princess is unhappily exchanged into a conviction of her infidelity by the false intelligence which he receives from Iachimo, a perfidious Italian; and the misguided husband immediately despatches orders to Pisanio, a faithful attendant residing in Britain, to put his mistress to death. Disregarding these cruel injunctions, Pisanio induces the unhappy lady to avoid the malice of her stepmother, and the importunities of her son Cloten, by flight. Disguised in male attire, Imogen arrives near Milford-haven, where she procures hospitable entertainment in the cottage of Belarius, a banished nobleman in the garb of a peasant, who had revenged the injuries which he had formerly sustained t the hands of Cymbeline, by stealing his two infant sons, nd educating them as his own in this retreat. Cloten ortly after arrives in pursuit of Imogen, and is slain by e eldest of the princes in single combat. In the mean ne Posthumus and Iachimo accompany a Roman army to itain, where Imogen, under the assumed name of Fidele, omes a page to the Roman general, who sustains a signal eat, in which the intrepid valor of Belarius and the two ces, assisted by Posthumus in the disguise of a British ier, is chiefly conspicuous. Iachimo is taken prisoner, makes a confession of his guilt to Cymbeline; Imogen stored to her husband, Belarius pardoned, and the two es publicly recognised; while the queen dies in despair loss of her son, and the disappointment of her am s projects.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

CYMBELINE, king of Britain.
CLOTEN, son to the Queen by a former husband.
LEONATUS POSTHUMUS, a gentleman, husband to Imogen.
BELARIUS, a banished lord, disguised under the name
Morgan.
GUIDERIUS, } sons to Cymbeline, disguised under the names
ARVIRAGUS, } Polydore and Cadwal, supposed sons to Bela
PHILARIO, friend to Posthumus, } Italians.
IACHIMO, friend to Philario, }
FRENCH GENTLEMAN, friend to Philario.
CAIUS LUCIUS, general of the Roman forces.
ROMAN CAPTAIN. Two BRITISH CAPTAINS.
PISANIO, servant to Posthumus.
CORNELIUS, a physician.
Two GENTLEMEN.
Two JAILERS.

QUEEN, wife to Cymbeline.
IMOGEN, daughter to Cymbeline by a former queen.
HELEN, woman to Imogen.

Lords, Ladies, Roman Senators, Tribunes, Apparitions
Soothsayer, a Dutch Gentleman, a Spanish Gentle
Musicians, Officers, Captains, Soldiers, Messengers,
other Attendants.

SCENE, sometimes in Britain, sometimes in Italy.

Kent. Good my lord, enter here.

Lear. Wilt break my heart?

Kent. I 'd rather break mine own: good my lord, enter.

Lear. Thou think'st 'tis much, that this contentious storm
Invades us to the skin: so 'tis to thee;
But where the greater malady is fix'd,
The lesser is scarce felt: thou 'dst shun a bear;
But if thy flight lay toward the raging sea,
Thou 'dst meet the bear i' the mouth. When the mind 's free,
The body 's delicate: the tempest in my mind
Doth from my senses take all feeling else,
Save what beats there.—Filial ingratitude!
Is it not as this mouth should tear this hand,
For lifting food to 't?—But I will punish home:—
No, I will weep no more.—In such a night
To shut me out!—Pour on; I will endure:—
In such a night as this! O Regan, Goneril!—
Your old kind father, whose frank heart gave you all,——
O, that way madness lies; let me shun that;
No more of that.

Kent. Good my lord, enter here.

Lear. Pr'ythee, go in thyself; seek thine own ease:
This tempest will not give me leave to ponder
On things would hurt me more:—but I 'll go in:
In, boy; go first.—[*to the Fool.*] You houseless poverty,—

He served with glory and admired success;
So gain'd the sur-addition, Leonatus;
And had, besides this gentleman in question,
Two other sons, who, in the wars o' the time,
Died with their swords in hand; for which, their
father,
Then old and fond of issue, took such sorrow,
That he quit being; and his gentle lady,
Big of this gentleman, our theme, deceased
As he was born. The king, he takes the babe
To his protection; calls him Posthumus;
Breeds him, and makes him of his bed-chamber;
Puts him to all the learnings that his time
Could make him the receiver of; which he took,
As we do air, fast as 'twas minister'd; and
In his spring became a harvest: lived in court,
(Which rare it is to do) most praised, most loved;
A sample to the youngest; to the more mature
A glass that feated them;[1] and to the graver,
A child that guided dotards: to his mistress,
For whom he now is banish'd,—her own price
Proclaims how she esteem'd him and his virtue.
By her election may be truly read,
What kind of man he is.

2 Gen. I honor him
Even out of your report. But, pray you, tell me,
Is she sole child to the king?

1 Gen. His only child.

---

[1] Formed their manners.

the foul fiend hath led through fire and through flame, through ford and whirlpool, over bog and quagmire; that hath laid knives under his pillow, and halters in his pew; set ratsbane by his porridge; made him proud of heart, to ride on a bay trotting-horse over four-inched bridges, to course his own shadow for a traitor.—Bless thy five wits! Tom 's a-cold.—O, do de, do de, do de. Bless thee from whirlwinds, starblasting, and taking![1] Do poor Tom some charity, whom the foul fiend vexes: there could I have him now, and there, and there, and there again, and there. [*storm continues.*

Lear. What, have his daughters brought him to this pass?—
Couldst thou save nothing? Didst thou give them all?

Fool. Nay, he reserved a blanket, else we had been all shamed.

Lear. Now, all the plagues that in the pendulous air
Hang fated o'er men's faults, light on thy daughters!

Kent. He hath no daughters, sir.

Lear. Death, traitor! nothing could have subdued nature
To such a lowness but his unkind daughters.
Is it the fashion, that discarded fathers
Should have thus little mercy on their flesh?
Judicious punishment! 'twas this flesh begot

---

[1] To take is to blast, or strike with malignant influence.

Those pelican daughters.

Edg. Pillicock sat on pillicock's-hill;—
Halloo, halloo, loo, loo!

Fool. This cold night will turn us all to fools and madmen.

Edg. Take heed o' the foul fiend: obey thy parents; keep thy word justly; swear not; commit not with man's sworn spouse; set not thy sweet heart on proud array. Tom 's a-cold.

Lear. What hast thou been?

Edg. A serving-man, proud in heart and mind; that curled my hair, wore gloves in my cap,[1] served the lust of my mistress's heart, and did the act of darkness with her; swore as many oaths as I spake words, and broke them in the sweet face of heaven: one, that slept in the contriving of lust, and waked to do it: wine loved I deeply; dice dearly; and in woman out-paramoured the Turk: false of heart, light of ear, bloody of hand; hog in sloth, fox in stealth, wolf in greediness, dog in madness, lion in prey. Let not the creaking of shoes nor the rustling of silks betray thy poor heart to women: keep thy foot out of brothels, thy hand out of plackets, thy pen from lenders' books, and defy the foul fiend.— Still through the hawthorn blows the cold wind. Says suum, mun, ha no nonny, dolphin my boy, my boy, sessa; let him trot by. [*storm still continues.*

---

[1] It was formerly the custom for lovers to wear gloves in their hats, as the favors of their mistresses.

Re-enter QUEEN.

Queen. Be brief, I pray you:
If the king come, I shall incur I know not
How much of his displeasure.—Yet I 'll move him [*aside*.
To walk this way: I never do him wrong,
But he does buy my injuries to be friends;
Pays dear for my offences. [*Exit*.

Post. Should we be taking leave,
As long a term as yet we have to live,
The loathness to depart would grow. Adieu!

Imo. Nay, stay a little:
Were you but riding forth to air yourself,
Such parting were too petty. Look here, love;
This diamond was my mother's: take it, heart;
But keep it till you woo another wife,
When Imogen is dead.

Post. How! how! another?—
You gentle gods, give me but this I have,
And sear[1] up my embracements from a next
With bonds of death!—Remain, remain thou here
[*putting on the ring*.
While sense can keep it on. And, sweetest, fairest,
As I my poor self did exchange for you,
To your so infinite loss; so, in our trifles,
I still win of you. For my sake, wear this;
It is a manacle of love; I 'll place it

---

[1] Close.



West, del. Starling, sc.

KING LEAR.

Act 3, Scene 4.

Lear. Why, thou were better in thy grave, than to answer with thy uncovered body this extremity of the skies.—Is man no more than this? Consider him well: thou owest the worm no silk, the beast no hide, the sheep no wool, the cat no perfume.—Ha! here 's three of us are sophisticated; thou art the thing itself: unaccommodated man is no more but such a poor, bare, forked animal as thou art.—Off, off, you lendings: come; unbutton here.

[*tearing off his clothes.*

Fool. Pr'ythee, nuncle, be contented; this is a naughty night to swim in. Now a little fire in a wild field were like an old lecher's heart; a small spark, all the rest of his body cold.—Look, here comes a walking fire.

Edg. This is the foul fiend Flibbertigibbet: he begins at curfew, and walks till the first cock: he gives the web and the pin,[1] squints the eye, and makes the hare-lip; mildews the white wheat, and hurts the poor creature of earth.

'Saint Withold[2] footed thrice the wold;[3]
He met the night-mare, and her nine-fold;
Bid her alight,
And her troth plight;
And, aroint[4] thee, witch, aroint thee!'

---

[1] Diseases of the eye.
[2] A saint, said to protect his devotees from the disease called the night-mare.
[3] Open plain.
[4] Avaunt.

ıis fairest prisoner.

[*putting a bracelet on her arm.*

O, the gods!

shall we see again?

Enter CYMBELINE *and Lords.*

. Alack, the king!

Thou basest thing, avoid! hence, from my sight!

r this command, thou fraught [1] the court

hy unworthiness, thou diest. Away!

ırt poison to my blood.

. The gods protect you,

ess the good remainders of the court!

one. [*Exit.*

There cannot be a pinch in death

harp than this is.

O disloyal thing,

ouldst repair my youth; thou heapest

age on me!

I beseech you, sir,

yourself with your vexation:

eless of your wrath; a touch more rare [2]

ll pangs, all fears.

Past grace? obedience?

t hope, and in despair; that way past

race.

---

[2] A more exquisite feeling

Kent. How fares your grace?

Enter GLOSTER, *with a torch*.

Lear. What 's he?

Kent. Who 's there? What is 't you seek?

Glo. What are you there? Your names?

Edg. Poor Tom; that eats the swimming frog, the toad, the tadpole, the wall-newt, and the water;[1] that in the fury of his heart, when the foul fiend rages, eats cow-dung for sallets; swallows the old rat, and the ditch-dog; drinks the green mantle of the standing pool; who is whipped from tithing[2] to tithing, and stocked, punished, and imprisoned; who hath had three suits to his back, six shirts to his body, horse to ride, and weapon to wear;—

But mice, and rats, and such small deer,
Have been Tom's food for seven long year.

Beware my follower.—Peace, Smulkin; peace, thou fiend!

Glo. What, hath your grace no better company?

Edg. The prince of darkness is a gentleman;
Modo he 's call'd, and Mahu.

Glo. Our flesh and blood, my lord, is grown so vile, [illegible]

[1] [illegible]
[2] [illegible]
[3] [illegible]

Come, sit thou here, most learned justicer ;——

[*to Edgar.*

Thou, sapient sir, sit here. [*to the Fool.*]—Now, you she foxes !——

Edg. Look, where he stands and prates !—
Wantest thou eyes at trial, madam ?

'Come o'er the bourn,[1] Bessy, to me.'

Fool. 'Her boat hath a leak,
And she must not speak
Why she dares not come over to thee.'

Edg. The foul fiend haunts poor Tom in the voice of a nightingale. Hopdance cries in Tom's belly for two white herring. Croak not, black angel ; I have no food for thee.

Kent. How do you, sir ? Stand you not so amazed.—
Will you lie down and rest upon the cushions ?

Lear. I'll see their trial first : bring in the evidence.—
Thou robed man of justice, take thy place ;—

[*to Edgar.*

And thou, his yoke-fellow of equity, [*to the Fool.*
Bench by his side : you are of the commission.
Sit you too. [*to Kent.*

Edg. Let us deal justly.

'Sleepest, or wakest thou, jolly shepherd ?
Thy sheep be in the corn ;

---

[1] Brook or rivulet.

And for one blast of thy minikin[1] mouth,
Thy sheep shall take no harm.'

Pur! the cat is gray.

Lear. Arraign her first; 'tis Goneril. I here take my oath before this honorable assembly, she kicked the poor king her father.

Fool. Come hither, mistress: is your name Goneril?

Lear. She cannot deny it.

Fool. Cry you mercy; I took you for a joint-stool.

Lear. And here 's another, whose warp'd looks proclaim
What store her heart is made of.—Stop her there!
Arms, arms, sword, fire!—Corruption in the place!—
False justicer, why hast thou let her 'scape?

Edg. Bless thy five wits!

Kent. O pity!—Sir, where is the patience now,
That you so oft have boasted to retain?

Edg. My tears begin to take his part so much,
They 'll mar my counterfeiting. [*aside.*

Lear. The little dogs and all,
Tray, Blanch, and Sweetheart, see, they bark at me.

Edg. Tom will throw his head at them.—Avaunt, you curs!

'Be thy mouth or black or white,
Tooth that poisons if it bite;

---

[1] Small. A term of endearment.

Mastiff, greyhound, mongrel grim,
Hound or spaniel, brach or lym; [1]
Or bobtail tike, or trundle-tail;
Tom will make them weep and wail;
For, with throwing thus my head,
Dogs leap the hatch, and all are fled.'

Do de, de, de. Sessa. Come, march to wakes and fairs, and market towns.—Poor Tom, thy horn is dry.

Lear. Then let them anatomise Regan, see what breeds about her heart: is there any cause in nature, that makes these hard hearts?—You, sir, I entertain you for one of my hundred; only, I do not like the fashion of your garments: you will say, they are Persian attire; but let them be changed. [*to Edgar.*

Kent. Now, good my lord, lie here, and rest awhile.

Lear. Make no noise, make no noise; draw the curtains: so, so, so: we 'll go to supper i' the morning: so, so, so.

Fool. And I 'll go to bed at noon.

Re-enter GLOSTER.

Glos. Come hither, friend: where is the king my master?

Kent. Here, sir; but trouble him not: his wits are gone.

---

[1] A brach signifies a bitch hound; a lym, a blood-hound.

Glos. Good friend, I pr'ythee take him in thy arms:
I have o'erheard a plot of death upon him.
There is a litter ready; lay him in 't,
And drive towards Dover, friend, where thou shalt meet
Both welcome and protection. Take up thy master:
If thou shouldst dally half an hour, his life,
With thine, and all that offer to defend him,
Stand in assured loss. Take up, take up;
And follow me, that will to some provision
Give thee quick conduct.

Kent. Oppress'd nature sleeps.
This rest might yet have balm'd thy broken senses;
Which, if convenience will not allow,
Stand in hard cure.—Come, help to bear thy master;
Thou must not stay behind. [*to the Fool.*

Glos. Come, come, away.

[*Exeunt Kent, Gloster, and the Fool, bearing off the King.*

Edg. When we our betters see bearing our woes,
We scarcely think our miseries our foes.
Who alone suffers, suffers most i' the mind,
Leaving free things[1] and happy shows behind:
But then the mind much sufferance doth o'erskip,
When grief hath mates, and bearing fellowship.

---

[1] States clear from distress.

How light and portable my pain seems now,
When that, which makes me bend, makes the king bow;
He childed, as I father'd!—Tom, away:
Mark the high noises;[1] and thyself bewray,[2]
When false opinion, whose wrong thought defiles thee,
In thy just proof, repeals and reconciles thee.
What will hap more to-night, safe 'scape the king!
Lurk, lurk. [*Exit.*

SCENE VII.

A room in Gloster's castle.

Enter CORNWALL, REGAN, GONERIL, EDMUND, *and Servants.*

Corn. Post speedily to my lord your husband; show him this letter: the army of France is landed. Seek out the villain Gloster.

[*Exeunt some of the Servants.*

Re. Hang him instantly.

Gon. Pluck out his eyes.

Corn. Leave him to my displeasure.—Edmund, keep you our sister company: the revenges we are bound to take upon your traitorous father are not fit for your beholding. Advise the duke, where you are going, to a most festinate[3] preparation; we are bound to the like. Our posts shall be swift, and

---

[1] The great events that are approaching.
[2] Discover. [3] Hasty.

intelligent betwixt us. Farewell, dear sister;—farewell, my lord of Gloster.

Enter STEWARD.

How now? Where 's the king?
Stew. My lord of Gloster hath convey'd him hence:
Some five or six and thirty of his knights,
Hot questrists [1] after him, met him at gate;
Who, with some other of the lord's dependents,
Are gone with him towards Dover, where they boast
To have well-armed friends.
Corn. Get horses for your mistress.
Gon. Farewell, sweet lord, and sister.
[*Exeunt Goneril and Edmund.*
Corn. Edmund, farewell.—Go, seek the traitor Gloster;
Pinion him like a thief; bring him before us:
[*Exeunt other Servants.*
Though well we may not pass upon his life
Without the form of justice; yet our power
Shall do a courtesy [2] to our wrath, which men
May blame, but not control.—Who 's there? The traitor?

Re-enter Servants, with GLOSTER.

Re. Ingrateful fox! 'tis he.

---

[1] Inquirers. [2] Bend.

Post. Your Italy contains none so accomplished a courtier to convince[1] the honor of my mistress; if, in the holding or loss of that, you term her frail. I do nothing doubt, you have store of thieves; notwithstanding, I fear not my ring.

Phi. Let us leave here, gentlemen.

Post. Sir, with all my heart. This worthy signior, I thank him, makes no stranger of me; we are familiar at first.

Ia. With five times so much conversation, I should get ground of your fair mistress; make her go back, even to the yielding, had I admittance, and opportunity to friend.

Post. No, no.

Ia. I dare thereon pawn the moiety of my estate to your ring, which, in my opinion, o'ervalues it something: but I make my wager rather against your confidence than her reputation; and, to bar your offence herein too, I durst attempt it against any lady in the world.

Post. You are a great deal abused[2] in too bold a persuasion; and I doubt not you sustain what you 're worthy of, by your attempt.

Ia. What 's that?

Post. A repulse: though your attempt, as you call it, deserve more; a punishment too.

Phi. Gentlemen, enough of this: it came in too

---

[1] Overcome. [2] Deceived.

suddenly: let it die as it was born; and, I pray you, be better acquainted.

Ia. Would I had put my estate and my neighbor's on the approbation[1] of what I have spoke.

Post. What lady would you choose to assail?

Ia. Yours, whom in constancy, you think, stands so safe. I will lay you ten thousand ducats to your ring, that, commend me to the court where your lady is, with no more advantage than the opportunity of a second conference, and I will bring from thence that honor of hers, which you imagine so reserved.

Post. I will wage against your gold, gold to it: my ring I hold dear as my finger; 'tis part of it.

Ia. You are a friend,[2] and therein the wiser. If you buy ladies' flesh at a million a dram, you cannot preserve it from tainting: but, I see, you have some religion in you, that you fear.

Post. This is but a custom in your tongue: you bear a graver purpose, I hope.

Ia. I am the master of my speeches;[3] and would undergo what 's spoken, I swear.

Post. Will you?—I shall but lend my diamond till your return. Let there be covenants drawn between us. My mistress exceeds in goodness the hugeness of your unworthy thinking. I dare you to this match: here 's my ring.

---

[1] Proof. [2] Lover.
[3] I know what I have said.

Phi. I will have it no lay.

Ia. By the gods, it is one. If I bring you n sufficient testimony that I have enjoyed the dearest bodily part of your mistress, my ten thousand ducats are yours · so is your diamond too: if I come off and leave her in such honor as you have trust in she your jewel, this your jewel, and my gold are yours; provided I have your commendation for my more free entertainment.

Post. I embrace these conditions; let us have articles betwixt us: only, thus far you shall answer. If you make your voyage upon her, and give me directly to understand you have prevailed, I am no farther your enemy; she is not worth our debate: if she remain unseduced, (you not making it appear otherwise) for your ill opinion, and the assault you have made to her chastity, you shall answer me with your sword.

Ia. Your hand: a covenant. We will have these things set down by lawful counsel, and straight away for Britain, lest the bargain should catch cold and starve. I will fetch my gold, and have our two wagers recorded.

Post. Agreed. [*Exeunt Posthumus and Iachimo.*

French. Will this hold, think you?

Phi. Signior Iachimo will not from it. Pray, let us follow 'em. [*Exeunt.*

Glo. All dark and comfortless.—Where's my son Edmund?
Edmund, enkindle all the sparks of nature,
To quit this horrid act.

Re. Out, treacherous villain!
Thou call'st on him that hates thee: it was he
That made the overture of thy treasons to us;
Who is too good to pity thee.

Glo. O my follies!
Then Edgar was abused.
Kind gods, forgive me that, and prosper him!

Re. Go, thrust him out at gates, and let him smell
His way to Dover.—How is't, my lord? [illegible]

Corn. I have received a hurt:—Follow me, lady.—
Turn out that eyeless villain;—[illegible]
Upon the dunghill.—Regan, I bleed apace:
Untimely comes this hurt: [illegible]
[Exit Cornwall, led by Regan;—Servants unbind Gloster, and lead him out.

1 Serv. I'll never care what wickedness I do,
If this man comes to good.

2 Serv. If she live long,
And, in the end, meet the old course of death,
Women will all turn monsters.

We count not worth the hanging, (but none human)
To try the vigor of them, and apply
Allayments to their act; and by them gather
Their several virtues and effects.

Cor. Your highness
Shall from this practice but make hard your heart:
Besides, the seeing these effects will be
Both noisome and infectious.

Queen. O, content thee.—

Enter PISANIO.

Here comes a flattering rascal; upon him [*aside.*
Will I first work: he 's for his master,
And enemy to my son.—How now, Pisanio?—
Doctor, your service for this time is ended:
Take your own way.

Cor. I do suspect you, madam;
But you shall do no harm. [*aside.*

Queen. Hark thee, a word.—
[*to Pisanio.*

Cor. [*aside.*] I do not like her. She doth think she has
Strange lingering poisons: I do know her spirit,
And will not trust one of her malice with
A drug of such damn'd nature: those she has
Will stupify and dull the sense awhile;
Which first, perchance, she 'll prove on cats and dogs,
Then afterward up higher: but there is
No danger in what show of death it makes,

Enter GLOSTER, *led by an* OLD MAN.

My father, poorly led?—World, world, O world!
But that thy strange mutations make us hate thee,
Life would not yield to age.

O. Man. O my good lord, I have been your tenant, and your father's tenant, these fourscore years.

Glos. Away, get thee away; good friend, be gone:
Thy comforts can do me no good at all;
Thee they may hurt.

O. Man. Alack, sir, you cannot see your way.

Glos. I have no way, and therefore want no eyes;
I stumbled when I saw. Full oft 'tis seen,
Our means secure us;[1] and our mere defects
Prove our commodities.—Ah, dear son Edgar,
The food of thy abused father's wrath!
Might I but live to see thee in my touch,
I'd say, I had eyes again!

O. Man. How now? Who's there?

Edg. [*aside.*] O gods! Who is't can say, 'I am at the worst?'
I am worse than e'er I was.

O. Man. 'Tis poor mad Tom.

Edg. [*aside.*] And worse I may be yet: the worst is not,

---

[1] Our mediocrity of condition becomes our security.

So long as we can say, 'This is the worst.'

O. Man. Fellow, where goest?

Glos. Is it a beggar-man?

O. Man. Madman and beggar too.

Glos. He has some reason, else he could not beg.
I' the last night's storm I such a fellow saw,
Which made me think a man a worm: my son
Came then into my mind; and yet my mind
Was then scarce friends with him: I have heard more since.
As flies to wanton boys, are we to the gods;
They kill us for their sport.

Edg. How should this be?—
Bad is the trade must play the fool to sorrow,
Angering itself and others. [*aside.*]—Bless thee, master!

Glos. Is that the naked fellow?

O. Man. Ay, my lord.

Glos. Then, pr'ythee, get thee gone. If, for my sake,
Thou wilt o'ertake us, hence a mile or twain,
I' the way to Dover, do it for ancient love;
And bring some covering for this naked soul,
Whom I 'll entreat to lead me.

O. Man. Alack, sir, he 's mad.

Glos. 'Tis the times' plague, when madmen lead the blind:
Do as I bid thee, or rather do thy pleasure;
Above the rest, be gone.

O. Man. I 'll bring him the best 'parel that I have,

Come on 't what will. [*Exit.*

Glos Sirrah, naked fellow!

Edg. Poor Tom 's a-cold.—I cannot daub[1] it farther. [*aside.*

Glos. Come hither, fellow.

Edg. [*aside.*] And yet I must.—Bless thy sweet eyes, they bleed.

Glos. Knowest thou the way to Dover?

Edg. Both stile and gate, horseway and footpath. Poor Tom hath been scared out of his good wits. Bless the good man from the foul fiend! Five fiends have been in poor Tom at once; of lust, as Obidicut; Hobbididance, prince of dumbness; Mahu, of stealing; Modo, of murder; and Flibbertigibbet, of mopping and mowing,[2] who since possesses chambermaids and waiting-women. So, bless thee, master!

Glos. Here, take this purse, thou whom the heaven's plagues
Have humbled to all strokes: that I am wretched,
Makes thee the happier.—Heavens, deal so still!
Let the superfluous and lust-dieted man,
That slaves your ordinance,[3] that will not see
Because he doth not feel, feel your power quickly;
So distribution should undo excess,
And each man have enough.—Dost thou know Dover?

---

[1] Disguise. [2] Of making wry mouths.

[3] i. e. who makes your ordinance subject to him, instead of acting in obedience to it.

Edg. Ay, master.

Glos. There is a cliff, whose high and bending head
Looks fearfully in the confined deep:
Bring me but to the very brim of it,
And I 'll repair the misery thou dost bear
With something rich about me: from that place
I shall no leading need.

Edg. Give me thy arm;
Poor Tom shall lead thee. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Before the Duke of Albany's palace.

Enter GONERIL *and* EDMUND; STEWARD *meeting them.*

Gon. Welcome, my lord: I marvel, our mild husband
Not met us on the way.—Now, where 's your master?

Stew. Madam, within; but never man so changed.
I told him of the army that was landed;
He smiled at it: I told him, you were coming;
His answer was, 'The worse:' of Gloster's treachery,
And of the loyal service of his son,
When I inform'd him, then he call'd me sot;
And told me, I had turn'd the wrong side out.
What most he should dislike, seems pleasant to him;
What like, offensive.

Gon. Then shall you go no farther.
[*to Edmund.*
It is the cowish terror of his spirit,
That dares not undertake: he 'll not feel wrongs,
Which tie him to an answer: our wishes, on the way,
May prove effects.[1] Back, Edmund, to my brother;
Hasten his musters, and conduct his powers:
I must change arms at home, and give the distaff
Into my husband's hands. This trusty servant
Shall pass between us: ere long you are like to hear,
If you dare venture in your own behalf,
A mistress's command. Wear this; spare speech;
[*giving a favor.*
Decline your head: this kiss, if it durst speak,
Would stretch thy spirits up into the air.
Conceive, and fare thee well.

Edm. Yours in the ranks of death.

Gon. My most dear Gloster!
[*Exit Edmund.*
O, the difference of man and man!
To thee a woman's services are due;
My fool usurps my bed.

Stew. Madam, here comes my lord.
[*Exit Steward.*

---

[1] i. e. the wishes we have expressed on our journey may be carried into effect.

Deserves thy trust, and thy most perfect goodness
Her assured credit!—Blessed live you long,
A lady to the worthiest sir, that ever
Country call'd his; and you his mistress, only
For the most worthiest fit! Give me your pardon.
I have spoke this, to know if your affiance
Were deeply rooted, and shall make your lord,
That which he is, new o'er: and he is one
The truest manner'd; such a holy witch,
That he enchants societies unto him:
Half all men's hearts are his.

Imo. You make amends.

Ia. He sits 'mongst men, like a descended god:
He hath a kind of honor sets him off,
More than a mortal seeming. Be not angry,
Most mighty princess, that I have adventured
To try your taking of a false report; which hath
Honor'd with confirmation your great judgment
In the election of a sir so rare,
Which you know, cannot err. The love I bear him
Made me to fan you thus; but the gods made you
Unlike all others, chaffless. Pray, your pardon.

Imo. All 's well, sir. Take my power i' the court for yours.

Ia. My humble thanks. I had almost forgot
To entreat your grace but in a small request,
And yet of moment too, for it concerns
Your lord: myself, and other noble friends,
Are partners in the business.

Imo. Pray, what is 't?

Ia. Some dozen Romans of us, and your lord,

Who hast not in thy brows an eye discerning
Thine honor from thy suffering; that not know'st,
Fools do those villains pity, who are punish'd
Ere they have done their mischief! Where's thy
drum?
France spreads his banners in our noiseless land;
With plumed helm thy slayer begins threats;
Whilst thou, a moral fool, sit'st still, and criest,
'Alack! why does he so?'

Alb. See thyself, devil!
Proper deformity seems not in the fiend
So horrid as in woman.

Gon. O vain fool!

Alb. Thou changed and self-cover'd thing, for
shame,
Bemonster not thy feature. Were it my fitness
To let these hands obey my blood,
They are apt enough to dislocate and tear
Thy flesh and bones. Howe'er thou art a fiend,
A woman's shape doth shield thee.

Gon. Marry, your manhood now!——

Enter MESSENGER.

Alb. What news?

Mes. O, my good lord, the duke of Cornwall's
dead;
Slain by his servant, going to put out
The other eye of Gloster.

Alb. Gloster's eyes!

Mes. A servant that he bred, thrill'd with re-
morse,

Clo. Is it fit, I went to look upon him? Is there no derogation in 't?

1 *Lord.* You cannot derogate, my lord.

Clo. Not easily, I think.

2 *Lord.* You are a fool granted; therefore your issues being foolish, do not derogate. [*aside.*

Clo. Come, I 'll go see this Italian. What I have lost to-day at bowls, I 'll win to-night of him. Come, go.

2 *Lord.* I 'll attend your lordship.

[*Exeunt Cloten and first Lord.*

That such a crafty devil as is his mother
Should yield the world this ass! a woman, that
Bears all down with her brain; and this her son
Cannot take two from twenty for his heart,
And leave eighteen. Alas, poor princess,
Thou divine Imogen, what thou endurest!
Betwixt a father by thy stepdame govern'd;
A mother hourly coining plots; a wooer,
More hateful than the foul expulsion is
Of thy dear husband, than that horrid act
Of the divorce he 'd make! The heavens hold firm
The walls of thy dear honor; keep unshaked
That temple, thy fair mind; that thou mayst stand
To enjoy thy banish'd lord and this great land!

[*Exit.*



Will yield to see his daughter.

Gen. Why, good sir?

Kent. A sovereign shame so elbows him;—his own unkindness,
That stripp'd her from his benediction, turn'd her
To foreign casualties, gave her dear rights
To his dog-hearted daughters;—these things sting
His mind so venomously, that burning shame
Detains him from Cordelia.

Gen. Alack, poor gentleman!

Kent. Of Albany's and Cornwall's powers you heard not?

Gen. 'Tis so; they are afoot.

Kent. Well, sir, I'll bring you to our master Lear,
And leave you to attend him: some dear cause[1]
Will in concealment wrap me up awhile:
When I am known aright, you shall not grieve
Lending me this acquaintance. I pray you, go
Along with me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

The same. A tent.

Enter CORDELIA, PHYSICIAN, *and Soldiers.*

Cor. Alack, 'tis he: why, he was met even now
As mad as the vex'd sea; singing aloud;
Crown'd with rank fumiter,[2] and furrow weeds.

---

[1] Important business. [2] Fumitory.

With harlocks,[1] hemlock, nettles, cuckoo-flowers,
Darnel, and all the idle weeds that grow
In our sustaining corn: a century send forth;
Search every acre in the high-grown field,
And bring him to our eye. [*Exit an Officer.*]—
What can man's wisdom do,
In the restoring his bereaved sense?
He, that helps him, take all my outward worth.

Phy. There is means, madam:
Our foster-nurse of Nature is repose,
The which he lacks: that to provoke in him,
Are many simples operative, whose power
Will close the eye of anguish.

Cor. All bless'd secrets,
All you unpublish'd virtues of the earth,
Spring with my tears! be aidant, and remediate,
In the good man's distress!—Seek, seek for him;
Lest his ungovern'd rage dissolve the life
That wants the means to lead it.

Enter MESSENGER.

Mes. Madam, news;
The British powers are marching hitherward.

Cor. 'Tis known before; our preparation stands
In expectation of them.—O dear father,
It is thy business that I go about;
Therefore great France
My mourning and important[2] tears hath pitied.

---

[1] Charlocks. [2] For importunate.

No blown[1] ambition doth our arms incite,
But love, dear love, and our aged father's right.
Soon may I hear and see him! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

A room in Gloster's castle.

Enter REGAN *and* STEWARD.

Re. But are my brother's powers set forth?
Stew. Ay, madam.
Re. Himself
In person there?
Stew. Madam, with much ado:
Your sister is the better soldier.
Re. Lord Edmund spake not with your lord at home?
Stew. No, madam.
Re. What might import my sister's letter to him?
Stew. I know not, lady.
Re. Faith, he is posted hence on serious matter.
It was great ignorance, Gloster's eyes being out,
To let him live; where he arrives, he moves
All hearts against us. Edmund, I think, is gone,
In pity of his misery, to despatch
His nighted life; moreover, to descry
The strength o' the enemy.
Stew. I must needs after him, madam, with my letter.

---

[1] Inflated swelling.

Re. Our troops set forth to-morrow: stay with us:
The ways are dangerous.
Stew. I may not, madam;
My lady charged my duty in this business.
Re. Why should she write to Edmund? Might not you
Transport her purposes by word? Belike,
Something—I know not what:—I 'll love thee much,
Let me unseal the letter.
Stew. Madam, I had rather——
Re. I know, your lady does not love her husband;
I am sure of that: and, at her late being here,
She gave strange œiliads,[1] and most speaking looks
To noble Edmund: I know, you are of her bosom.
Stew. I, madam?
Re. I speak in understanding; you are; I know it:
Therefore, I do advise you, take this note.[2]
My lord is dead: Edmund and I have talk'd;
And more convenient is he for my hand,
Than for your lady's: you may gather more.[3]
If you do find him, pray you, give him this;
And when your mistress hears thus much from you,
I pray, desire her call her wisdom to her.
So, fare you well.
If you do chance to hear of that blind traitor,
Preferment falls on him that cuts him off.

---

[1] Significant glances. [2] Observe what I am saying.
[3] i. e. you may infer more than I have told you.

Stew. Would I could meet him, madam! I would show
What party I do follow.

Re. Fare thee well. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

The country near Dover.

Enter GLOSTER, *and* EDGAR, *dressed like a peasant.*

Glos. When shall we come to the top of that same hill?

Edg. You do climb up it now: look, how we labor.

Glos. Methinks, the ground is even.

Edg. Horrible steep:
Hark, do you hear the sea?

Glos. No, truly.

Edg. Why, then your other senses grow imperfect
By your eyes' anguish.

Glos. So may it be, indeed:
Methinks, thy voice is alter'd; and thou speak'st
In better phrase and matter than thou didst.

Edg. You are much deceived; in nothing am I changed
But in my garments.

Glos. Methinks, you are better spoken.

Edg. Come on, sir; here 's the place: stand still.—How fearful
And dizzy 'tis, to cast one's eyes so low!

Thy life 's a miracle: speak yet again.

Glos. But have I fallen, or no?

Edg. From the dread summit of this chalky bourn:
Look up a-height; the shrill-gorged lark so far
Cannot be seen or heard: do but look up.

Glos. Alack, I have no eyes.
Is wretchedness deprived that benefit,
To end itself by death? 'Twas yet some comfort,
When misery could beguile the tyrant's rage,
And frustrate his proud will.

Edg. Give me your arm:
Up:—so;—how is 't? Feel you your legs? You stand.

Glos. Too well, too well.

Edg. This is above all strangeness.
Upon the crown o' the cliff, what thing was that
Which parted from you?

Glos. A poor unfortunate beggar.

Edg. As I stood here below, methought, his eyes
Were two full moons: he had a thousand noses,
Horns whelk'd,[1] and waved like the enridged sea.
It was some fiend: therefore, thou happy father,
Think that the clearest[2] gods, who make them honors
Of men's impossibilities, have preserved thee.

Glos. I do remember now: henceforth I 'll bear
Affliction, till it do cry out itself,

---

[1] Twisted. [2] Purest.

'Enough, enough,' and, 'die.' That thing you speak of,
I took it for a man; often 'twould say,
'The fiend, the fiend:' he led me to that place.

Edg. Bear free and patient thoughts.—But who comes here?

Enter LEAR, *fantastically dressed up with flowers.*

The safer sense will ne'er accommodate
His master thus.

Lear. No, they cannot touch me for coining; I am the king himself.

Edg. O thou side-piercing sight!

Lear. Nature 's above art in that respect.—There 's your press-money. That fellow handles his bow like a crow-keeper:[1] draw me a clothier's yard.[2] Look, look, a mouse! Peace, peace; this piece of toasted cheese will do 't.—There 's my gauntlet; I 'll prove it on a giant.—Bring up the brown bills.[3]—O, well flown, bird!—i' the clout,[4] i' the clout: hewgh! Give the word.

Edg. Sweet marjoram.

Lear. Pass.

Glos. I know that voice.

Lear. Ha! Goneril!—with a white beard!—They flattered me like a dog; and told me, I had

---

[1] A scarecrow. [2] An arrow of a yard in length.
[3] Battle-axes.
[4] The clout is the white mark at which archers aim.

white hairs in my beard ere the black ones were there. To say Ay, and No, to every thing I said! Ay and No too was no good divinity. When the rain came to wet me once, and the wind to make me chatter; when the thunder would not peace at my bidding; there I found them, there I smelt them out. Go to; they are not men o' their words: they told me I was every thing; 'tis a lie; I am not ague-proof.

Glos. The trick[1] of that voice I do well remember:
Is 't not the king?

Lear. Ay, every inch a king:
When I do stare, see, how the subject quakes.
I pardon that man's life: what was thy cause?—
Adultery.—
Thou shalt not die: die for adultery! No:
The wren goes to 't, and the small gilded fly
Does lecher in my sight.
Let copulation thrive, for Gloster's bastard son
Was kinder to his father, than my daughters
Got 'tween the lawful sheets.
To 't, luxury, pell-mell, for I lack soldiers.—
Behold yon simpering dame,
Whose face between her forks presageth snow;
That minces virtue, and does shake the head
To hear of pleasure's name;
The fitchew,[2] nor the soiled horse, goes to 't

---

[1] Peculiarity. [2] Polecat.

With a more riotous appetite.
Down from the waist they are centaurs
Though women all above:
But to the girdle do the gods inherit,
Beneath is all the fiends'; there 's hell, there 's darkness,
there is the sulphurous pit, burning, scalding, stench, consumption.—Fie, fie, fie! pah; pah! Give me an ounce of civet, good apothecary, to sweeten my imagination: there 's money for thee.

Glos. O, let me kiss that hand!

Lear. Let me wipe it first; it smells of mortality.

Glos. O ruin'd piece of nature! This great world
Shall so wear out to naught.—Dost thou know me?

Lear. I remember thine eyes well enough. Dost thou squiny at me? No, do thy worst, blind Cupid; I 'll not love.—Read thou this challenge; mark but the penning of it.

Glos. Were all the letters suns, I could not see one.

Edg. I would not take this from report;—it is,
And my heart breaks at it.

Lear. Read.

Glos. What, with the case of eyes?

Lear. O, ho, are you there with me? No eyes in your head, nor no money in your purse? Your eyes are in a heavy case, your purse in a light: yet you see how this world goes.

Glos. I see it feelingly.

Lear. What, art mad? A man may see how this

world goes with no eyes: look with thine ears. See how yon justice rails upon yon simple thief. Hark, in thine ear: change places; and, handy-dandy, which is the justice, which is the thief?—Thou hast seen a farmer's dog bark at a beggar?

Glos. Ay, sir.

Lear. And the creature run from the cur? There thou mightst behold the great image of authority; a dog 's obeyed in office.

Thou rascal beadle, hold thy bloody hand:
Why dost thou lash that whore? Strip thine own back;
Thou hotly lust'st to use her in that kind
For which thou whipp'st her. The usurer hangs the cozener.
Through tatter'd clothes small vices do appear;
Robes and furr'd gowns hide all. Plate sin with gold,
And the strong lance of justice hurtless breaks;
Arm it in rags, a pigmy's straw doth pierce it.
None does offend, none, I say, none; I 'll able 'em:
Take that of me, my friend, who have the power
To seal the accuser's lips. Get thee glass eyes;
And, like a scurvy politician, seem
To see the things thou dost not.—Now, now, now, now:
Pull off my boots:—harder, harder; so.

Edg. O, matter and impertinency mix'd!
Reason in madness!

Lear. If thou wilt weep my fortunes, take my eyes.

I know thee well enough; thy name is Gloster:
Thou must be patient; we came crying hither.
Thou know'st, the first time that we smell the air,
We wawl and cry:—I will preach to thee; mark
me.

Glos. Alack, alack the day!

Lear. When we are born, we cry, that we are
come
To this great stage of fools.—This a good block?—
It were a delicate stratagem, to shoe
A troop of horse with felt: I'll put it in proof;
And when I have stolen upon these sons-in-law,
Then, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill.

Enter GENTLEMAN, *with Attendants.*

Gen. O, here he is; lay hand upon him.—Sir,
Your most dear daughter——

Lear. No rescue? What, a prisoner? I am even
The natural fool of fortune.—Use me well;
You shall have ransom. Let me have a surgeon:
I am cut to the brains.

Gen. You shall have any thing.

Lear. No seconds? All myself?
Why, this would make a man a man of salt,[1]
To use his eyes for garden water-pots,
Ay, and for laying autumn's dust.

Gen. Good sir,——

---

[1] i. e. a man of tears.

Lear. I will die bravely, like a bridegroom. What?
I will be jovial; come, come; I am a king,
My masters; know you that?

Gen. You are a royal one, and we obey you.

Lear. Then there's life in it. Nay, an you get it, you shall get it by running. Sa, sa, sa, sa.

[*Exit, running; Attendants follow.*

Gen. A sight most pitiful in the meanest wretch:
Past speaking of in a king!—Thou hast one daughter,
Who redeems Nature from the general curse
Which twain have brought her to.

Edg. Hail, gentle sir.

Gen. Sir, speed you: what's your will?

Edg. Do you hear aught, sir, of a battle toward?

Gen. Most sure, and vulgar: every one hears that,
Which can distinguish sound.

Edg. But, by your favor,
How near's the other army?

Gen. Near, and on speedy foot; the main descry
Stands on the hourly thought.[1]

Edg. I thank you, sir: that's all.

Gen. Though that the queen on special cause is here,
Her army is moved on.

Edg. I thank you, sir.

[*Exit Gentleman.*

---

[1] The main body is expected to be descried every hour.

contract you pretend with that base wretch,
e, bred of alms, and foster'd with cold dishes,
th scraps o' the court) it is no contract, none:
1 though it be allow'd in meaner parties,
t who than he more mean?) to knit their souls
whom there is no more dependency
brats and beggary) in self-figured knot; [1]
you are curb'd from that enlargement by
consequence o' the crown; and must not soil
precious note of it with a base slave,
ilding for a livery,[2] a squire's cloth,
antler,[3] not so eminent.

mo. Profane fellow!
rt thou the son of Jupiter, and no more,
t what thou art besides, thou wert too base
be his groom: thou wert dignified enough,
en to the point of envy, if 'twere made
mparative for your virtues, to be styled
e under-hangman of his kingdom; and hated
r being preferr'd so well.

Clo. The south fog rot him!

Imo. He never can meet more mischance, than come
be but named of thee. His meanest garment,
at ever hath but clipp'd his body, is dearer,
my respect, than all the hairs above thee

In knots of their own tying.
A low fellow only fit to wear a livery.
A pantler was the servant, to whom was entrusted the
e of the bread.

Edg. Chi'll not let go, zir, without vurther 'casion.

Stew. Let go, slave, or thou diest.

Edg. Good gentleman, go your gait, and let poor volk pass. And ch'ud ha' been zwaggered out of my life, 'twould not ha' been zo long as 'tis by a vortnight. Nay, come not near the old man; keep out, che vor'ye, or ise try whether your costard [1] or my bat be the harder: ch'ill be plain with you.

Stew. Out, dunghill!

Edg. Ch'ill pick your teeth, zir. Come; no matter vor your foins.[2]

[*they fight; and Edgar knocks him down.*

Stew. Slave, thou hast slain me.—Villain, take my purse.
If ever thou wilt thrive, bury my body;
And give the letters, which thou find'st about me,
To Edmund earl of Gloster; seek him out
Upon the British party:—O, untimely death!
[*dies.*

Edg. I know thee well: a serviceable villain;
As duteous to the vices of thy mistress,
As badness would desire.

Glos. What, is he dead?

Edg. Sit you down, father; rest you.—
Let's see his pockets: these letters, that he speaks of,
May be my friends.—He's dead; I am only sorry

---

[1] Head. [2] Thr ists.

He had no other dea
Leave, gentle wax
To know our enem
Their papers, is mor

[*reads.*] 'Let
bered. You have
off: if your will
fruitfully offered.
return the conquer
his bed my jail;
deliver me, and su

'Your

O undistinguish
A plot upon her
And the exchang
sands
Thee I 'll rake
Of murderous
With this ungra
Of the death-p
That of thy dea

Glo. The
sens

The legions, now in Gallia, sooner landed
In our not-fearing Britain, than have tidings
Of any penny tribute paid. Our countrymen
Are men more order'd, than when Julius Cæsar
Smiled at their lack of skill, but found their courage
Worthy his frowning at: their discipline
(Now mingled with their courages) will make known
To their approvers,[1] they are people, such
That mend upon the world.

Enter IACHIMO.

Phi. See! Iachimo!
Post. The swiftest harts have posted you by land;
And winds of all the corners kiss'd your sails,
To make your vessel nimble.
Phi. Welcome, sir.
Post. I hope, the briefness of your answer made
The speediness of your return.
Ia. Your lady
Is one of the fairest that I have look'd upon.
Post. And, therewithal, the best; or let her beauty
Look through a casement to allure false hearts,
And be false with them.
Ia. Here are letters for you.
Post. Their tenor good, I trust.
Ia. 'Tis very like.

[1] To those who try them.

Phi. Was Caius Lucius in the Britain court,
When you were there?

Ia. He was expected then,
But not approach'd.

Post. All is well yet.
Sparkles this stone as it was wont? or is 't not
Too dull for your good wearing?

Ia. If I have lost it,
I should have lost the worth of it in gold.
I 'll make a journey twice as far, to enjoy
A second night of such sweet shortness, which
Was mine in Britain; for the ring is won.

Post. The stone 's too hard to come by.

Ia. Not a whit,
Your lady being so easy.

Post. Make not, sir,
Your loss your sport: I hope, you know that we
Must not continue friends.

Ia. Good sir, we must,
If you keep covenant. Had I not brought
The knowlege of your mistress home, I grant
We were to question farther: but I now
Profess myself the winner of her honor,
Together with your ring; and not the wronger
Of her or you, having proceeded but
By both your wills.

Post. If you can make 't apparent
That you have tasted her in bed, my hand
And ring is yours: if not, the foul opinion
You had of her pure honor, gains or loses
Your sword or mine, or masterless leaves both

To who shall find them.
Ia. Sir, my circumstances,
Being so near the truth, as I will make them,
Must first induce you to believe, whose strength
I will confirm with oath; which, I doubt not,
You 'll give me leave to spare, when you shall find
You need it not.
Post. Proceed.
Ia. First, her bed-chamber,
(Where I confess I slept not, but profess
Had that was well worth watching) it was hang'd
With tapestry of silk and silver; the story,
Proud Cleopatra, when she met her Roman,
And Cydnus swell'd above the banks, or for
The press of boats, or pride;—a piece of work
So bravely done, so rich, that it did strive
In workmanship and value; which, I wonder'd,
Could be so rarely and exactly wrought,
Since the true life on 't was——
Post. This is true;
And this you might have heard of here by me,
Or by some other.
Ia. More particulars
Must justify my knowlege.
Post. So they must
Or do your honor injury.
Ia. The chimney
Is south the chamber; and the chimney-piece,
Chaste Dian bathing: never saw I figures
So likely to report themselves: the cutter
Was, as another Nature, dumb; outwent her,



I will not swear, these are my hands:—let 's see;
I feel this pin prick. Would I were assured
Of my condition!

Cor. O, look upon me, sir,
And hold your hands in benediction o'er me:—
No, sir, you must not kneel.

Lear. Pray, do not mock me:
I am a very foolish fond old man,
Fourscore and upward; and, to deal plainly,
I fear I am not in my perfect mind.
Methinks, I should know you, and know this man;
Yet I am doubtful: for I am mainly ignorant
What place this is; and all the skill I have
Remembers not these garments; nor I know not
Where I did lodge last night. Do not laugh at me;
For, as I am a man, I think this lady
To be my child Cordelia.

Cor. And so I am, I am.

Lear. Be your tears wet? Yes, faith. I pray, weep not:
If you have poison for me, I will drink it.
I know, you do not love me; for your sisters
Have, as I do remember, done me wrong:
You have some cause, they have not.

Cor. No cause, no cause.

Lear. Am I in France?

Kent. In your own kingdom, sir.

Lear. Do not abuse me.

Phy. Be comforted, good mad[illegible] great rage,
You see, is cured in him· and [illegible]

To make him even o'er the time he has lost.[1]
Desire him to go in; trouble him no more
Till farther settling.

Cor. Will 't please your highness walk?

Lear. You must bear with me:
Pray now, forget and forgive: I am old and foolish.

[*Exeunt Lear, Cordelia, Physician, and Attendants.*

Gen. Holds it true, sir,
That the duke of Cornwall was so slain?

Kent. Most certain, sir.

Gen. Who is conductor of his people?

Kent. As 'tis said,
The bastard son of Gloster.

Gen. They say, Edgar,
His banish'd son, is with the earl of Kent
In Germany.

Kent. Report is changeable.
'Tis time to look about; the powers o' the kingdom
Approach apace.

Gen. The arbitrement[2] is like to be a bloody.
Fare you well, sir. [*Exit.*

Kent. My point and period will be throughly wrought,
Or well or ill, as this day's battle 's fought. [*Exit.*

---

[1] To reconcile the interval of his insanity to his apprehension.
[2] Decision.

ACT V.

SCENE I.

The camp of the British forces, near Dover.

Enter, with drums and colors, EDMUND, REGAN, *Officers, Soldiers, and others.*

Edm. Know of the duke, if his last purpose hold;
Or, whether since he is advised by aught
To change the course: he 's full of alteration,
And self-reproving: bring his constant pleasure.[1]
[*to an Officer, who goes out.*

Re. Our sister's man is certainly miscarried.

Edm. 'Tis to be doubted, madam.

Re. Now, sweet lord,
You know the goodness I intend upon you.
Tell me,—but truly,—but then speak the truth:—
Do you not love my sister?

Edm. In honor'd love.

Re. But have you never found my brother's way
To the forefended[2] place?

Edm. That thought abuses you.[3]

Re. I am doubtful that you have been conjunct
And bosom'd with her, as far as we call hers.

Edm. No, by mine honor, madam.

---

[1] His settled resolution. [2] Forbidden.
[3] i. e. you are deceived.

Re. I never shall endure her. Dear my lord,
Be not familiar with her.
Edm. Fear me not:
She, and the duke her husband,——

Enter ALBANY, GONERIL, *and Soldiers.*

Gon. I had rather lose the battle, than that sister
Should loosen him and me. [*aside.*
Alb. Our very loving sister, well be met.—
Sir, this I hear: the king is come to his daughter,
With others, whom the rigor of our state
Forced to cry out. Where I could not be honest,
I never yet was valiant: for this business,
It toucheth us as France invades our land,
Not bolds the king;[1] with others, whom, I fear,
Most just and heavy causes make oppose.[2]
Edm. Sir, you speak nobly.
Re. Why is this reason'd?
Gon. Combine together 'gainst the enemy:
For these domestic and particular broils
Are not to question here.
Alb. Let us then determine
With the ancient of war on our proceedings.
Edm. I shall attend you presently at your tent.
Re. Sister, you 'll go with us?
Gon. No.
Re. 'Tis most convenient: pray you, go with us.

---

[1] i. e. not as it emboldens the king to assert his former title.
[2] Opposition.

Gon. O ho, I know the riddle. [*aside.*] I will go.

As they are going out, enter EDGAR *disguised.*

Edg. If e'er your grace had speech with man so poor,
Hear me one word.

Alb. I'll overtake you.—Speak.

[*Exeunt Edmund, Regan, Goneril, Officers, Soldiers, and Attendants.*

Edg. Before you fight the battle, ope this letter.
If you have victory, let the trumpet sound
For him that brought it: wretched though I seem,
I can produce a champion, that will prove
What is avouched there: if you miscarry,
Your business of the world hath so an end,
And machination ceases. Fortune love you!

Alb. Stay till I have read the letter.

Edg. I was forbid it.
When time shall serve, let but the herald cry,
And I'll appear again. [*Exit.*

Alb. Why, fare thee well; I will o'erlook thy paper.

Re enter EDMUND.

Edm. The enemy's in view; draw up your powers.
Here is the guess of their true strength and forces
By diligent discovery; but your haste
Is now urged on you.

Alb. We will greet the time.[1] [*Exit.*

Edm. To both these sisters have I sworn my love;
Each jealous of the other, as the stung
Are of the adder. Which of them shall I take?
Both, one, or neither? Neither can be enjoy'd,
If both remain alive: to take the widow,
Exasperates, makes mad her sister Goneril;
And hardly shall I carry out my side,[2]
Her husband being alive. Now then, we 'll use
His countenance for the battle; which being done,
Let her, who would be rid of him, devise
His speedy taking off. As for the mercy
Which he intends to Lear and to Cordelia,——
The battle done, and they within our power,
Shall never see his pardon: for my state
Stands on me to defend, not to debate. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

A field between the two camps.

Alarums within. Enter, with drum and colors, LEAR, CORDELIA, *and their forces; and exeunt.*

Enter EDGAR *and* GLOSTER.

Edg. Here, father, take the shadow of this tree
For your good host; pray that the right may thrive:

---

[1] Be ready to meet the occasion.
[2] Make my party good.

If ever I return to you again,
I 'll bring you comfort.

Glos. Grace go with you, sir!

[*Exit Edgar.*

Alarums; afterwards a retreat. Re-enter EDGAR.

Edg. Away, old man; give me thy hand; away:
King Lear hath lost, he and his daughter ta'en:
Give me thy hand; come on.

Glos. No farther, sir; a man may rot even here.

Edg. What, in ill thoughts again? Men must endure
Their going hence, even as their coming hither:
Ripeness [1] is all. Come on.

Glos. And that 's true too.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The British camp, near Dover.

Enter, in conquest, with drum and colors, EDMUND; LEAR *and* CORDELIA *as prisoners; Officers, Soldiers, &c.*

Edm. Some officers take them away: good guard;
Until their greater pleasures first be known
That are to censure them.[2]

---

[1] i. e. to be ready, prepared.
[2] Pass judgment on them.

Cor. We are not the first,
Who, with best meaning, have incurr'd the worst.
For thee, oppressed king, am I cast down;
Myself could else outfrown false Fortune's frown.—
Shall we not see these daughters and these sisters?

Lear. No, no, no, no! Come, let 's away to prison.
We two alone will sing like birds i' the cage.
When thou dost ask me blessing, I 'll kneel down,
And ask of thee forgiveness: so we 'll live,
And pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and laugh
At gilded butterflies, and hear poor rogues
Talk of court news; and we 'll talk with them too,—
Who loses, and who wins; who 's in, who 's out;—
And take upon us the mystery of things,
As if we were God's spies: and we 'll wear out,
In a wall'd prison, packs and sects of great ones,
That ebb and flow by the moon.

Edm. Take them away.

Lear. Upon such sacrifices, my Cordelia,
The gods themselves throw incense. Have I caught thee?
He, that parts us, shall bring a brand from heaven,
And fire us hence, like foxes. Wipe thine eyes:
The goujeers shall devour them, flesh and fell,[1]
Ere they shall make us weep: we 'll see them starve first.

---

[1] Skin.

Come. [*Exeunt Lear and Cordelia, guarded.*

Edm. Come hither, captain; hark.
Take thou this note; [*giving a paper.*] go, follow them to prison.
One step I have advanced thee; if thou dost
As this instructs thee, thou dost make thy way
To noble fortunes. Know thou this;—that men
Are as the time is: to be tender-minded
Does not become a sword: thy great employment
Will not bear question; either say, thou 'lt do 't,
Or thrive by other means.

Off. I 'll do 't, my lord.

Edm. About it; and write happy, when thou hast done.
Mark,—I say, instantly; and carry it so,
As I have set it down.

Off. I cannot draw a cart, nor eat dried oats:
If it be man's work, I will do it. [*Exit Officer.*

Flourish. Enter ALBANY, GONERIL, REGAN, *Officers, and Attendants.*

Alb. Sir, you have shown to-day your valiant strain,
And Fortune led you well: you have the captives
Who were the opposites of this day's strife:
We do require them of you; so to use them,
As we shall find their merits and our safety
May equally determine.

Edm. Sir, I thought it fit
To send the old and miserable king

To some retention, and appointed guard:
Whose age has charms in it, whose title more,
To pluck the common bosom on his side,
And turn our impress'd lances in our eyes
Which do command them: with him I sent the queen;
My reason all the same: and they are ready,
To-morrow, or at farther space, to appear
Where you shall hold your session. At this time
We sweat and bleed: the friend hath lost his friend;
And the best quarrels, in the heat, are cursed
By those that feel their sharpness.
The question of Cordelia and her father
Requires a fitter place.

Alb. Sir, by your patience,
I hold you but a subject of this war,
Not as a brother.

Re. That's as we list to grace him.
Methinks, our pleasure might have been demanded,
Ere you had spoke so far. He led our powers;
Bore the commission of my place and person;
The which immediacy [1] may well stand up,
And call itself your brother.

Gon. Not so hot:
In his own grace he doth exalt himself,
More than in your advancement.

Re. In my rights,

---

[1] Plenary delegation of authority.

The cognisance[1] of her incontinency
Is this;—she hath bought the name of whore thus
dearly.—
There, take thy hire; and all the fiends of hell
Divide themselves between you!

Phi. Sir, be patient:
This is not strong enough to be believed
Of one persuaded well of——

Post. Never talk on 't:
She hath been colted by him.

Ia. If you seek
For farther satisfying, under her breast,
Worthy the pressing, lies a mole, right proud
Of that most delicate lodging. By my life,
I kiss'd it; and it gave me present hunger
To feed again, though full. You do remember
This stain upon her?

Post. Ay, and it doth confirm
Another stain, as big as hell can hold,
Were there no more but it.

Ia. Will you hear more?

Post. Spare your arithmetic: never count the
turns;
Once, and a million!

Ia. I 'll be sworn,——

Post. No swearing.
If you will swear you have not done 't, you lie;
And I will kill thee, if thou dost deny

---

[1] The token.

ACT III.

SCENE I.

Britain. A room of state in Cymbeline's palace.

Enter CYMBELINE, QUEEN, CLOTEN, *and Lords, at one door; and, at another,* CAIUS LUCIUS *and Attendants.*

Cym. Now say, what would Augustus Cæsar with us?

Lu. When Julius Cæsar (whose remembrance yet
Lives in men's eyes, and will to ears and tongues
Be theme and hearing ever) was in this Britain,
And conquer'd it, Cassibelan, thine uncle,
(Famous in Cæsar's praises, no whit less
Than in his feats deserving it) for him
And his succession, granted Rome a tribute,
Yearly three thousand pounds, which by thee lately
Is left untender'd.

Queen. And, to kill the marvel,
Shall be so ever.

Clo. There be many Cæsars,
Ere such another Julius. Britain is
A world by itself, and we will nothing pay
For wearing our own noses.

Queen. That opportunity,
Which then they had to take from us, to resume
We have again.—Remember, sir, my liege,
The kings your ancestors, together with

The natural bravery of your isle, which stands
As Neptune's park, ribbed and paled in
With rocks unscaleable, and roaring waters;
With sands, that will not bear your enemies' boats,
But suck them up to the topmast. A kind of conquest
Cæsar made here, but made not here his brag
Of, 'came,' and 'saw,' and 'overcame:' with shame
(The first that ever touch'd him) he was carried
From off our coast, twice beaten; and his shipping,
(Poor ignorant baubles![1]) on our terrible seas,
Like egg-shells moved upon their surges, crack'd
As easily 'gainst our rocks; for joy whereof,
The famed Cassibelan, who was once at point
(O giglot[2] fortune!) to master Cæsar's sword,
Made Lud's town with rejoicing fires bright,
And Britons strut with courage.

Clo. Come, there 's no more tribute to be paid: our kingdom is stronger than it was at that time; and, as I said, there is no more such Cæsars: other of them may have crooked noses; but, to owe[3] such straight arms, none.

Cym. Son, let your mother end.

Clo. We have yet many among us can gripe as hard as Cassibelan: I do not say, I am one; but I have a hand.—Why tribute? why should we pay tribute? If Cæsar can hide the sun from us with a

---

[1] i.e. unacquainted with the nature of our boisterous seas.
[2] A giglot was a wanton wench. [3] Own.

What monster 's her accuser ?—Leonatus!
O master! what a strange infection
Is fallen into thy ear! What false Italian
(As poisonous tongued as handed) hath prevail'd
On thy too ready hearing?—Disloyal? No:
She 's punish'd for her truth; and undergoes,
More goddess-like than wife-like, such assaults
As would take in[1] some virtue.—O, my master!
Thy mind to her is now as low as were
Thy fortunes.—How! that I should murder her?
Upon the love, and truth, and vows, which I
Have made to thy command?—I her?—her blood?
If it be so to do good service, never
Let me be counted serviceable. How look I,
That I should seem to lack humanity,
So much as this fact comes to? 'Do 't: the letter [*reading*.
That I have sent her, by her own command
Shall give thee opportunity.'—O damn'd paper,
Black as the ink that 's on thee! Senseless bauble,
Art thou a feodary[2] for this act, and look'st
So virgin-like without? Lo, here she comes.

Enter IMOGEN.

I am ignorant in what I am commanded.[3]

Imo. How now, Pisanio?

Pi. Madam, here is a letter from my lord.

---

[1] Overcome. [2] Confederate.
[3] i. e. I am unpractised in the commission of murder.

By the law of arms, thou wast not bound to answer
An unknown opposite: thou art not vanquish'd,
But cozen'd and beguiled.

Alb. Shut your mouth, dame,
Or with this paper shall I stop it.—Hold, sir.—
Thou worse than any name, read thine own evil:—
No tearing, lady; I perceive, you know it.
[*gives the letter to Edmund.*

Gon. Say, if I do; the laws are mine, not thine
Who shall arraign me for 't?

Alb. Most monstrous!
Know'st thou this paper?

Gon. Ask me not what I know.
[*Exit Goneril.*

Alb. Go after her: she 's desperate; govern her.
[*to an Officer, who goes out.*

Edm. What you have charged me with, that have I done;
And more, much more: the time will bring it out;
'Tis past, and so am I. But what art thou,
That hast this fortune on me? If thou art noble,
I do forgive thee.

Edg. Let 's exchange charity.
I am no less in blood than thou art, Edmund;
If more, the more thou hast wrong'd me.
My name is Edgar, and thy father's son.
The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices
Make instruments to scourge us:
The dark and vicious place where thee he got,
Cost him his eyes.

Edm. Thou hast spoken right; [illegible]

(Who long'st, like me, to see thy lord; who long'st,—
O, let me 'bate,—but not like me;—yet long'st,—
But in a fainter kind:—O, not like me;
For mine 's beyond beyond) say, and speak thick,[1]
(Love's counsellor should fill the bores of hearing
To the smothering of the sense) how far it is
To this same blessed Milford: and, by the way,
Tell me how Wales was made so happy, as
To inherit such a haven: but, first of all,
How we may steal from hence; and, for the gap
That we shall make in time, from our hence-going
And our return, to excuse:—but first, how get hence:
Why should excuse be born or e'er begot?
We'll talk of that hereafter. Pr'ythee, speak,
How many score of miles may we well ride
'Twixt hour and hour?

Pi. One score, 'twixt sun and sun,
Madam, 's enough for you; and too much too.

Imo. Why, one that rode to his execution, man,
Could never go so slow. I have heard of riding wagers,
Where horses have been nimbler than the sands
That run i' the clock's behalf. But this is foolery:—
Go, bid my woman feign a sickness; say
She'll home to her father: and provide me, presently,

---

[1] Crowd one word on another, as fast as possible.

I' the cave, wherein they bow, their thoughts do hit
The roofs of palaces; and Nature prompts them,
In simple and low things, to prince it, much
Beyond the trick of others. This Polydore,
The heir of Cymbeline and Britain, whom
The king his father call'd Guiderius,—Jove!
When on my three-foot stool I sit, and tell
The warlike feats I have done, his spirits fly out
Into my story: say,—'Thus mine enemy fell;
And thus I set my foot on his neck;' even then
The princely blood flows in his cheek, he sweats,
Strains his young nerves, and puts himself in posture
That acts my words. The younger brother, Cadwal,
(Once Arviragus) in as like a figure
Strikes life into my speech, and shows much more
His own conceiving. Hark! the game is roused!
O Cymbeline! Heaven and my conscience knows
Thou didst unjustly banish me; whereon,
At three, and two years old, I stole these babes;
Thinking to bar thee of succession, as
Thou reft'st me of my lands. Euriphile,
Thou wast their nurse; they took thee for their mother,
And every day do honor to her grave:
Myself, Belarius, that am Morgan call'd,
They take for natural father. The game is up.

[*Exit.*

It [illegible] even from the heart of——

Alb. Who, man? speak.

[illegible]. Your lady, sir, your lady: and her sister
[illegible]er is poison'd; she hath confess'd it.

Edm. I was contracted to them both; all three
Now marry in an instant.

Alb. Produce their bodies, be they alive or dead!
This judgment of the Heavens, that makes us tremble,
Touches us not with pity. [*Exit Gen.*

Enter KENT.

Edg. Here comes Kent, sir.

Alb. O! it is he.
The time will not allow the compliment,
Which very manners urges.

Kent. I am come
To bid my king and master aye[1] good night:
Is he not here?

Alb. Great thing of us forgot!—
Speak, Edmund, where 's the king, and where 's Cordelia?——
Seest thou this object, Kent?

[*the bodies of Goneril and Regan are brought in.*

Kent. Alack, why thus?

Edm. Yet Edmund was beloved:
The one the other poison'd for my sake,

---

[1] For ever

I' the cave, wherein they bow, their thoughts do hit
The roofs of palaces; and Nature prompts them,
In simple and low things, to prince it, much
Beyond the trick of others. This Polydore,
The heir of Cymbeline and Britain, whom
The king his father call'd Guiderius,—Jove!
When on my three-foot stool I sit, and tell
The warlike feats I have done, his spirits fly out
Into my story: say,—'Thus mine enemy fell;
And thus I set my foot on his neck;' even then
The princely blood flows in his cheek, he sweats,
Strains his young nerves, and puts himself in posture
That acts my words. The younger brother, Cadwal,
(Once Arviragus) in as like a figure
Strikes life into my speech, and shows much more
His own conceiving. Hark! the game is roused!
O Cymbeline! Heaven and my conscience knows
Thou didst unjustly banish me; whereon,
At three, and two years old, I stole these babes;
Thinking to bar thee of succession, as
Thou reft'st me of my lands. Euriphile,
Thou wast their nurse; they took thee for their mother,
And every day do honor to her grave:
Myself, Belarius, that am Morgan call'd,
They take for natural father. The game is up.
[*Exit.*

She prized it once.
Post. May be, she pluck'd it off,
To send it me.
Ia. She writes so to you, doth she?
Post. O, no, no, no; 'tis true. Here, take this too; [*gives the ring.*
It is a basilisk unto mine eye,
Kills me to look on 't. Let there be no honor,
Where there is beauty; truth, where semblance; love,
Where there 's another man: the vows of women
Of no more bondage be, to where they are made,
Than they are to their virtues; which is nothing:—
O, above measure false!
Phi. Have patience, sir,
And take your ring again; 'tis not yet won:
It may be probable, she lost it; or,
Who knows, if one of her women, being corrupted,
Hath stolen it from her?
Post. Very true;
And so, I hope, he came by 't:—back my ring!
Render to me some corporal sign about her,
More evident than this; for this was stolen.
Ia. By Jupiter, I had it from her arm.
Post. Hark you, he swears; by Jupiter he swears.
'Tis true;—nay, keep the ring;—'tis true: I am sure,
She would not lose it: her attendants are
All sworn and honorable:—they induced to steal
And by a stranger?—No; he hath enjoy'd her.

The cognisance [1] of her incontinency
Is this;—she hath bought the name of whore thus
dearly.—
There, take thy hire; and all the fiends of hell
Divide themselves between you!

Phi. Sir, be patient:
This is not strong enough to be believed
Of one persuaded well of——

Post. Never talk on 't:
She hath been colted by him.

Ia. If you seek
For farther satisfying, under her breast,
Worthy the pressing, lies a mole, right proud
Of that most delicate lodging. By my life,
I kiss'd it; and it gave me present hunger
To feed again, though full. You do remember
This stain upon her?

Post. Ay, and it doth confirm
Another stain, as big as hell can hold,
Were there no more but it.

Ia. Will you hear more?

Post. Spare your arithmetic: never count the
turns;
Once, and a million!

Ia. I 'll be sworn,——

Post. No swearing.
If you will swear you have not done 't, you lie;
And I will kill thee, if thou dost deny

[1] The token.



KING LEAR.

And after slew herself.

Alb. Even so.—Cover their faces.

Edm. I pant for life: some good I mean to do,
Despite of mine own nature. Quickly send,—
Be brief in it,—to the castle; for my writ
Is on the life of Lear, and on Cordelia.—
Nay, send in time.

Alb. Run, run, O, run——

Edg. To who, my lord?—Who has the office? send
Thy token of reprieve.

Edm. Well thought on: take my sword;
Give it the captain.

Alb. Haste thee, for thy life. [*Exit Edgar.*

Edm. He hath commission from thy wife and me
To hang Cordelia in the prison, and
To lay the blame upon her own despair,
That she fordid[1] herself.

Alb. The gods defend her! Bear him hence awhile. [*Edmund is borne off.*

Enter LEAR, *with* CORDELIA *dead in his arms;* EDGAR, OFFICER, *and others.*

Lear. Howl, howl, howl, howl!—O, you are men of stones:
Had I your tongues and eyes, I'd use them so

---

[1] Destroyed.

thou seest

hit
heart:
grief:
leed,
ike.
use,

vile instrument?

y, I must die;
art
st self-slaughter

Come, here 's my

; we 'll no defence;
at is here?
atus
way,
all no more
Thus may poor fools
h those that are be

et the traitor

HISTORICAL NOTICE

OF

ROMEO AND JULIET.

The story on which this play is founded, is related as a true one in Girolamo de la Corte's History of Verona. In 1562, Mr. Arthur Brooke published a poem on 'the Tragicall Historie of Romeus and Juliett;' the materials for which he chiefly obtained from a French translation, by Boisteau, of an Italian novel by Luigi da Porto, a gentleman of Vicenza, who died in 1529. A prose translation of Boisteau's work was also published in 1567, by Painter, in his Palace of Pleasure; and on the incidents of these two works Shakspeare is supposed to have constructed this interesting tragedy. Malone imagines that the present piece was designed in 1591, and finished in 1596; but Chalmers refers it to 1592, and Dr. Drake to 1593. There are four early editions of it in quarto, namely those of 1597, 1599, 1609, and one without date; the first of which is less copious than the others; since each successive edition appears to have been revised, with additions to particular passages.

'This play,' says Dr. Johnson, 'is one of the most pleasing of our author's performances. The scenes are busy and various, the incidents numerous and important, the catastrophe irresistibly affecting, and the process of the action carried on with such probability,

And thou, Posthumus, thou that didst set up
My disobedience 'gainst the king my father,
And make me put into contempt the suits
Of princely fellows, shalt hereafter find
It is no act of common passage, but
A strain of rareness: and I grieve myself,
To think, when thou shalt be disedged by her
That now thou tirest on,[1] how thy memory
Will then be pang'd by me. Pr'ythee, despatch:
The lamb entreats the butcher. Where's thy knife?
Thou art too slow to do thy master's bidding,
When I desire it too.

Pi. O gracious lady,
Since I received command to do this business,
I have not slept one wink.

Imo. Do't, and to bed then.

Pi. I'll wake mine eyeballs blind first.

Imo. Wherefore then
Didst undertake it? Why hast thou abused
So many miles with a pretence? this place?
Mine action and thine own? our horses' labor?
The time inviting thee? the perturb'd court
For my being absent, whereunto I never
Purpose return? Why hast thou gone so far,
To be unbent, when thou hast ta'en thy stand,
The elected deer before thee?

Pi. But to win time

---

[1] Feedest or preyest on.

ARGUMENT.

The violent feuds subsisting at Verona between the powerful families of the Capulets and Montagues form no obstruction to the establishment of a mutual attachment between Romeo, the only son of Montague, and Juliet, the heiress of the house of Capulet. A secret marriage appears to realise their fond anticipations of felicity, when Tybalt, a nephew of Capulet, rouses the indignation of the young bridegroom by the murder of his friend Mercutio, and falls a sacrifice to his resentment in single combat. This outrage subjects Romeo to a sentence of banishment by the prince; while the unsuspecting relatives of Juliet, attributing her grief to the loss of her cousin, resolve to divert her melancholy by an immediate marriage with Count Paris. Finding her parents inexorable to every entreaty of delay, the unfortunate lady repairs to the cell of Friar Laurence, who had married her; and receives from his hands a powerful soporific, causing a temporary suspension of the vital functions for two and forty hours. On the day appointed for the nuptials, Juliet is discovered stiff and cold, and is conveyed, amidst the tears of her family, to the cemetery of her ancestors. The good friar, in the mean time, despatches a messenger to the residence of Romeo at Mantua, arranging his secret return to his native city before the expiration of Juliet's sleep. But the destiny of the lovers is misfortune: the letter of Friar Laurence never reaches its destination; and the distracted husband, learning from another source the death of his mistress, hastens to Verona, forces an entrance in the obscurity of night to the monument of the Capulets, takes poison, and expires; soon after which the friar arrives to await the recovery of Juliet from her trance, who, reviving to a sense of her hopeless woe, and seeing the dead body of Romeo stretched before her, finds means to terminate her existence by plunging the dagger of her husband into her heart. The rival families now too late bewail their miserable infatuation, and, at the intercession of the prince, bury their animosities in a treaty of peace and alliance.

That Cloten, whose love-suit hath been to me
As fearful as a siege.

Pi. If not at court,
Then not in Britain must you bide.

Imo. Where then?
Hath Britain all the sun that shines? Day, night,
Are they not but in Britain? I' the world's volume
Our Britain seems as of it, but not in it;
In a great pool, a swan's nest. Pr'ythee, think
There's livers out of Britain.

Pi. I am most glad
You think of other place. The ambassador,
Lucius the Roman, comes to Milford-haven
To-morrow: now, if you could wear a mind
Dark as your fortune is; and but disguise
That, which, to appear itself, must not yet be,
But by self-danger; you should tread a course
Pretty, and full of view; yea, haply, near
The residence of Posthumus; so nigh, at least,
That though his actions were not visible, yet
Report should render him hourly to your ear,
As truly as he moves.

Imo. O, for such means!
Though peril to my modesty, not death on't,
I would adventure.

Pi. Well then, here's the point:
You must forget to be a woman; change
Command into obedience; fear and niceness,
(The handmaids of all women, or, more truly,
Woman its pretty self) into a waggish courage;
Ready in gibes, quick-answer'd, saucy, and

PROLOGUE.

Two households, both alike in dignity,
  In fair Verona, where we lay our scene,
From ancient grudge break to new mutiny,
  Where civil blood makes civil hands unclean.
From forth the fatal loins of these two foes
  A pair of star-cross'd lovers take their life;
Whose misadventured piteous overthrows
  Do, with their death, bury their parents' strife.
The fearful passage of their death-mark'd love,
  And the continuance of their parents' rage,
Which, but their children's end, naught could
    remove,
  Is now the two hours' traffic of our stage;
The which if you with patient ears attend,
What here shall miss, our toil shall strive to mend.

ROMEO AND JULIET.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

A public place.

Enter SAMPSON *and* GREGORY, *armed with swords and bucklers.*

Samp. Gregory, o' my word, we 'll not carry coals.[1]

Gre. No, for then we should be colliers.

Samp. I mean, an we be in choler, we 'll draw.

Gre. Ay, while you live, draw your neck out of the collar.

Samp. I strike quickly, being moved.

Gre. But thou art not quickly moved to strike.

Samp. A dog of the house of Montague moves me.

Gre. To move is to stir, and to be valiant is to stand to it: therefore, if thou art moved, thou runnest away.

Samp. A dog of that house shall move me to

---

[1] A phrase formerly in use to signify the bearing of injuries.

1 Cap. He shall be endured;
What, goodman boy! I say, he shall: go to:—
Am I the master here, or you? go to.
You 'll not endure him!—God shall mend my soul—
You 'll make a mutiny among my guests!
You will set cock-a-hoop! you 'll be the man!

Ty. Why, uncle, 'tis a shame.

1 Cap. Go to, go to;
You are a saucy boy:—is 't so, indeed?
This trick may chance to scathe you;[1]—I know what.
You must contrary me! marry, 'tis time——
Well said, my hearts:—you are a princox;[2] go:—
Be quiet, or——More light, more light, for shame!—
I 'll make you quiet: what!—cheerly, my hearts.

Ty. Patience perforce with wilful choler meeting,
Makes my flesh tremble in their different greeting.
I will withdraw; but this intrusion shall,
Now seeming sweet, convert to bitter gall. [*Exit.*

Ro. If I profane with my unworthiest hand [*to Juliet.*
This holy shrine, the gentle fine is this:—
My lips, two blushing pilgrims, ready stand
To smoothe that rough touch with a tender kiss.

Ju. Good pilgrim, you do wrong your hand too much,
Which mannerly devotion shows in this;

---

[1] Do you an injury. [2] Coxcomb.

And that she hath all courtly parts more exquisite
Than lady, ladies, woman;[1] from every one
The best she hath; and she, of all compounded,
Outsells them all: I love her therefore; but,
Disdaining me, and throwing favors on
The low Posthumus, slanders so her judgment,
That what's else rare is choked; and, in that
point,
I will conclude to hate her, nay, indeed,
To be revenged upon her: for when fools

Enter PISANIO.

Shall—Who is here? What! are you packing,
sirrah?
Come hither. Ah, you precious pander! Villain,
Where is thy lady? In a word; or else
Thou art straightway with the fiends.

Pi. O, good my lord!

Clo. Where is thy lady? or, by Jupiter,
I will not ask again. Close villain,
I'll have this secret from thy heart, or rip
Thy heart to find it. Is she with Posthumus?
From whose so many weights of baseness cannot
A dram of worth be drawn.

Pi. Alas, my lord,
How can she be with him? When was she miss'd?
He is in Rome.

Clo. Where is she, sir? Come nearer;

---

1 i. e. than any lady, than all ladies, than all womankind.

Ro. Is she a Capulet?
O dear account! my life is my foe's debt.
Ben. Away; begone: the sport is at the best.
Ro. Ay, so I fear; the more is my unrest.
1 *Cap.* Nay, gentlemen, prepare not to be gone;
We have a trifling foolish banquet towards.—
Is it ev'n so? Why, then I thank you all;
I thank you, honest gentlemen; good night.
More torches here!—Come on, then let 's to bed.
Ah, sirrah, [*to* 2 *Cap.*] by my fay,[1] it waxes late;
I 'll to my rest. [*Exeunt all but Juliet and Nurse.*
Ju. Come hither, nurse: what is yon gentleman?
Nurse. The son and heir of old Tiberio.
Ju. What 's he, that now is going out of door?
Nurse. Marry, that, I think, be young Petruchio.
Ju. What 's he, that follows there, that would not dance?
Nurse. I know not.
Ju. Go, ask his name: if he be married,
My grave is like to be my wedding bed.
Nurse. His name is Romeo, and a Montague;
The only son of your great enemy.
Ju. My only love sprung from my only hate!
Too early seen unknown, and known too late!
Prodigious birth of love it is to me,
That I must love a loathed enemy.
Nurse. What 's this? what 's this?
Ju. A rhyme I learn'd even now

---

[1] Faith.

Clo. Wilt thou serve me? For since patiently and constantly thou hast stuck to the bare fortune of that beggar Posthumus, thou canst not in the course of gratitude but be a diligent follower of mine. Wilt thou serve me?

Pi. Sir, I will.

Clo. Give me thy hand; here 's my purse. Hast any of thy late master's garments in thy possession?

Pi. I have, my lord, at my lodging, the same suit he wore when he took leave of my lady and mistress.

Clo. The first service thou dost me, fetch that suit hither: let it be thy first service; go.

Pi. I shall, my lord. [*Exit.*

Clo. Meet thee at Milford-haven!—I forgot to ask him one thing; I 'll remember 't anon.—Even there, thou villain Posthumus, will I kill thee. I would, these garments were come. She said upon a time, (the bitterness of it I now belch from my heart) that she held the very garment of Posthumus in more respect than my noble and natural person, together with the adornment of my qualities. With that suit upon my back, will I ravish her; first kill him, and in her eyes: there shall she see my valor, which will then be a torment to her contempt. He on the ground, my speech of insultment ended on his dead body; and when my lust hath dined, (which, as I say, to vex her, I will execute in the clothes that she so praised) to the court I 'll knock her back, foot her home again. She hath despised me rejoicingly, and I 'll be merry in my revenge.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

An open place, adjoining Capulet's garden.

Enter ROMEO.

Ro. Can I go forward, when my heart is here?
Turn back, dull earth, and find thy centre out.
[*he climbs the wall, and leaps down within it.*

Enter BENVOLIO *and* MERCUTIO.

Ben. Romeo! my cousin Romeo!
Mer. He is wise;
And, on my life, hath stolen him home to bed.
Ben. He ran this way, and leap'd this orchard wall:
Call, good Mercutio.
Mer. Nay, I'll conjure too.—
Romeo! humors! madman! passion! lover!
Appear thou in the likeness of a sigh,
Speak but one rhyme, and I am satisfied:
Cry but—Ah me! couple but—love and dove;
Speak to my gossip Venus one fair word,
One nickname for her purblind son and heir,
Young Adam Cupid, he that shot so trim,
When king Cophetua loved the beggar-maid.[1]

---

[1] In allusion to the old ballad of the king and the beggar.

Therefore thy kinsmen are no let[1] to me.

Ju. If they do see thee, they will murder thee.

Ro. Alack! there lies more peril in thine eye,
Than twenty of their swords: look thou but sweet,
And I am proof against their enmity.

Ju. I would not for the world, they saw thee here.

Ro. I have night's cloak to hide me from their sight;
And, but[2] thou love me, let them find me here.
My life were better ended by their hate,
Than death prorogued, wanting of thy love.

Ju. By whose direction found'st thou out this place?

Ro. By love, who first did prompt me to inquire:
He lent me counsel, and I lent him eyes.
I am no pilot; yet, wert thou as far
As that vast shore wash'd with the farthest sea,
I would adventure for such merchandise.

Ju. Thou know'st the mask of night is on my face;
Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek,
For that which thou hast heard me speak to-night.
Fain would I dwell on form; fain, fain deny
What I have spoke: but farewell compliment!
Dost thou love me? I know, thou wilt say—Ay;
And I will take thy word: yet, if thou swear'st,
Thou mayst prove false: at lovers' perjuries,

---

[1] Hinderance. [2] Unless.

They say, Jove laughs. O, gentle Romeo,
If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully:
Or if thou think'st I am too quickly won,
I 'll frown, and be perverse, and say thee nay,
So thou wilt woo; but, else, not for the world.
In truth, fair Montague, I am too fond,
And therefore thou mayst think my havior light:
But trust me, gentleman, I 'll prove more true
Than those that have more cunning to be strange.[1]
I should have been more strange, I must confess,
But that thou overheard'st, ere I was ware,
My true love's passion: therefore pardon me;
And not impute this yielding to light love,
Which the dark night hath so discovered.

Ro. Lady, by yonder blessed moon I swear,
That tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops,——

Ju. O, swear not by the moon, the inconstant moon,
That monthly changes in her circled orb,
Lest that thy love prove likewise variable.

Ro. What shall I swear by?

Ju. Do not swear at all;
Or, if thou wilt, swear by thy gracious self,
Which is the god of my idolatry,
And I 'll believe thee.

Ro. If my heart's dear love——

Ju. Well, do not swear: although I joy in thee,
I have no joy of this contract to-night:

---

[1] Shy.

It is too rash, too unadvised, too sudden;
Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be,
Ere one can say—It lightens. Sweet, good night!
This bud of love, by summer's ripening breath,
May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet.
Good night, good night! as sweet repose and rest
Come to thy heart, as that within my breast!

Ro. O, wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied?

Ju. What satisfaction canst thou have to-night?

Ro. The exchange of thy love's faithful vow for mine.

Ju. I gave thee mine before thou didst request it;
And yet I would it were to give again.

Ro. Wouldst thou withdraw it? for what purpose, love?

Ju. But to be frank, and give it thee again.
And yet I wish but for the thing I have:
My bounty is as boundless as the sea,
My love as deep: the more I give to thee,
The more I have; for both are infinite.
[*Nurse calls within.*
I hear some noise within: dear love, adieu!
Anon, good nurse!—Sweet Montague, be true.
Stay but a little, I will come again. [*Exit.*

Ro. O blessed, blessed night! I am afeard,
Being in night, all this is but a dream,
Too flattering-sweet to be substantial.

Re-enter JULIET, *above.*

Ju. Three words, dear Romeo, and good night indeed.
If that thy bent of love be honorable,
Thy purpose marriage, send me word to-morrow,
By one that I 'll procure to come to thee,
Where and what time thou wilt perform the rite;
And all my fortunes at thy foot I 'll lay,
And follow thee my lord throughout the world.
Nurse. [*within.*] Madam.
Ju. I come, anon:—but if thou mean'st not well,
I do beseech thee,——
Nurse. [*within.*] Madam.
Ju. By and by I come:——
To cease thy suit, and leave me to my grief:
To-morrow will I send.
Ro. So thrive my soul,——
Ju. A thousand times good night! [*Exit.*
Ro. A thousand times the worse to want thy light.
ove goes toward love, as schoolboys from their books;
But love from love, toward school with heavy looks.
[*retiring slowly.*

Re-enter JULIET, *above.*

Ju. Hist! Romeo, hist!—O, for a falconer's voice,

To lure this tassel-gentle[1] back again!
Bondage is hoarse, and may not speak aloud;
Else would I tear the cave where Echo lies,
And make her airy tongue more hoarse than mine
With repetition of my Romeo's name.

Ro. It is my soul, that calls upon my name:
How silver-sweet sound lovers' tongues by night,
Like softest music to attending ears!

Ju. Romeo!

Ro. Madam!

Ju. At what o' clock to-morrow
Shall I send to thee?

Ro. At the hour of nine.

Ju. I will not fail; 'tis twenty years till then.
I have forgot why I did call thee back.

Ro. Let me stand here till thou remember it.

Ju. I shall forget, to have thee still stand there,
Remembering how I love thy company.

Ro. And I 'll still stay, to have thee still forget:
Forgetting any other home but this.

Ju. 'Tis almost morning: I would have thee gone;
And yet no farther than a wanton's bird;
Who lets it hop a little from her hand,
Like a poor prisoner in his twisted gyves,[2]
And with a silk thread plucks it back again,
So loving-jealous of his liberty.

Ro. I would, I were thy bird.

---

[1] The male of the gosshawk. [2] Fetters.

Ju. Sweet, so would I:
Yet I should kill thee with much cherishing.
Good night, good night! parting is such sweet sorrow,
That I shall say—good night, till it be morrow.
[*Exit.*

Ro. Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy breast!—
Would I were sleep and peace, so sweet to rest!
Hence will I to my ghostly father's cell;
His help to crave, and my dear hap to tell. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Friar Laurence's cell.

Enter FRIAR LAURENCE, *with a basket.*

F. Lau. The gray-eyed morn smiles on the frowning night,
Checkering the eastern clouds with streaks of light;
And flecked [1] darkness like a drunkard reels
From forth day's path, and Titan's [2] fiery wheels.
Now, ere the sun advance his burning eye,
The day to cheer, and night's dank dew to dry,
I must up-fill this osier cage of ours
With baleful weeds, and precious-juiced flowers.
The earth, that 's nature's mother, is her tomb;
What is her burying grave, that is her womb:

---

[1] Spotted, streaked. [2] The sun's.

loves him in my despite. What mortality is! Posthumus, thy head, which now is growing upon thy shoulders, shall within this hour be off; thy mistress enforced; thy garments cut to pieces before thy face; and, all this done, spurn her home to her father, who may, haply, be a little angry for my so rough usage; but my mother, having power of his testiness, shall turn all into my commendations. My horse is tied up safe: out, sword, and to a sore purpose! Fortune, put them into my hand! This is the very description of their meeting-place; and the fellow dares not deceive me. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Before the cave.

Enter, from the cave, BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, ARVIRAGUS, *and* IMOGEN.

Bel. You are not well: [*to Imogen.*] remain here in the cave;
We'll come to you after hunting.
Arv. Brother, stay here: [*to Imogen.*
Are we not brothers?
Imo. So man and man should be:
But clay and chaff differs in dignity,
Whose dust is both alike. I am very sick.
Gui. Go you to hunting; I'll abide with him.
Imo. So sick I am not;—yet I am not well:
But not so citizen a wanton, as

To seem to die, ere sick. So please you, leave me;
Stick to your journal course:[1] the breach of custom
Is breach of all. I am ill; but your being by me
Cannot amend me: society is no comfort
To one not sociable. I am not very sick,
Since I can reason of it. Pray you, trust me here:
I'll rob none but myself: and let me die,
Stealing so poorly.

Gui. I love thee; I have spoke it:
How much the quantity, the weight as much,
As I do love my father.

Bel. What? how? how?

Arv. If it be sin to say so, sir, I yoke me
In my good brother's fault. I know not why
I love this youth; and I have heard you say,
Love's reason 's without reason: the bier at door,
And a demand who is 't shall die, I 'd say,
'My father, not this youth.'

Bel. O noble strain! [*aside.*
O worthiness of nature! breed of greatness!
Cowards father cowards, and base things sire base:
Nature hath meal and bran, contempt and grace.
I am not their father; yet who this should be,
Doth miracle itself, loved before me.
'Tis the ninth hour o' the morn.

Arv. Brother, farewell.

Imo. I wish ye sport.

Arv. You health.—So please you, sir.

---

[1] Keep your daily course.

Imo. [*aside.*] These are kind creatures. Gods,
what lies I have heard!
Our courtiers say, all 's savage but at court.
Experience, O, thou disprovest report!
The imperious [1] seas breed monsters; for the dish,
Poor tributary rivers as sweet fish.
I am sick still; heart-sick:—Pisanio,
I 'll now taste of thy drug.

Gui. I could not stir him:
He said, he was gentle,[2] but unfortunate;
Dishonestly afflicted, but yet honest.

Arv. Thus did he answer me: yet said, hereafter
I might know more.

Bel. To the field, to the field.—
We 'll leave you for this time; go in, and rest.

Arv. We 'll not be long away.

Bel. Pray, be not sick;
For you must be our housewife.

Imo. Well or ill,
I am bound to you.

Bel. And shalt be ever.
[*Exit Imogen.*
This youth, howe'er distress'd, appears, he hath had
Good ancestors.

Arv. How angel-like he sings!

Gui. But his neat cookery! He cut our roots in
characters:
And sauced our broths, as Juno had been sick,

---

[1] Imperial. [2] Well-born

The other did not so.

F. Lau. O, she knew well,
Thy love did read by rote, and could not spell.
But come, young waverer, come, go with me,
In one respect I 'll thy assistant be;
For this alliance may so happy prove,
To turn your households' rancor to pure love.

Ro. O, let us hence; I stand on sudden haste.

F. Lau. Wisely and slow; they stumble that run fast. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

A street.

Enter BENVOLIO *and* MERCUTIO.

Mer. Where the devil should this Romeo be?
Came he not home to-night?

Ben. Not to his father's; I spoke with his man.

Mer. Ah, that same pale hard-hearted wench, that Rosaline,
Torments him so, that he will sure run mad.

Ben. Tybalt, the kinsman of old Capulet,
Hath sent a letter to his father's house.

Mer. A challenge, on my life.

Ben. Romeo will answer it.

Mer. Any man, that can write, may answer a letter.

Ben. Nay, he will answer the letter's master, how he dares, being dared.

Mer. Alas, poor Romeo! he is already dead: stabbed with a white wench's black eye; shot

Clo. Soft! What are you,
That fly me thus? some villain mountaineers?
I have heard of such.—What slave art thou?
Gui. A thing
More slavish did I ne'er, than answering
'A slave' without a knock.
Clo. Thou art a robber,
A law-breaker, a villain: yield thee, thief.
Gui. To who? to thee? What art thou? Have not I
An arm as big as thine? a heart as big?
Thy words, I grant, are bigger; for I wear not
My dagger in my mouth. Say, what thou art,
Why I should yield to thee.
Clo. Thou villain base,
Know'st me not by my clothes?
Gui. No, nor thy tailor, rascal,
Who is thy grandfather: he made those clothes,
Which, as it seems, make thee.
Clo. Thou precious varlet,
My tailor made them not.
Gui. Hence then, and thank
The man that gave them thee. Thou art some fool;
I am loath to beat thee.
Clo. Thou injurious thief,
Hear but my name, and tremble.
Gui. What 's thy name?
Clo. Cloten, thou villain.
Gui. Cloten, thou double villain, be thy name,
I cannot tremble at it: were it toad, or adder, spider,

uld move me sooner.

o. To thy farther fear.

to thy mere confusion, thou shalt know
son to the queen.

i. I 'm sorry for 't, not seeming
orthy as thy birth.

. Art not afeard?

i. Those that I reverence, those I fear; the wise:
ols I laugh, not fear them.

. Die the death:
n I have slain thee with my proper hand,
ollow those that even now fled hence,
on the gates of Lud's town set your heads.
, rustic mountaineer. [*Exeunt, fighting.*

Enter BELARIUS *and* ARVIRAGUS.

l. No company 's abroad.

v. None in the world: you did mistake him, sure.

l. I cannot tell. Long is it since I saw him,
ime hath nothing blurr'd those lines of favor [1]
h then he wore; the snatches in his voice,
burst of speaking, were as his: I am absolute,
s very Cloten.

v. In this place we left them.
h my brother make good time with him,
say he is so fell.

---

[1] Countenance.

And tell the fishes, he 's the queen's son, Cloten:
That 's all I reck. [*Exit.*

Bel. I fear, 'twill be revenged:
Would, Polydore, thou hadst not done 't! though valor
Becomes thee well enough.

Arv. Would I had done 't,
So the revenge alone pursued me!—Polydore,
I love thee brotherly; but envy much,
Thou hast robb'd me of this deed: I would, revenges,
That possible strength might meet, would seek us through,
And put us to our answer.

Bel. Well, 'tis done:
We 'll hunt no more to-day, nor seek for danger
Where there 's no profit. I pr'ythee, to our rock;
You and Fidele play the cooks: I 'll stay
Till hasty Polydore return, and bring him
To dinner presently.

Arv. Poor sick Fidele!
I 'll willingly to him: to gain his color,
I 'd let a parish of such Clotens blood,
And praise myself for charity. [*Exit.*

Bel. O thou goddess,
Thou divine Nature, how thyself thou blazon'st
In these two princely boys! They are as gentle
As zephyrs, blowing below the violet,
Not wagging his sweet head; and yet as rough,
Their royal blood enchafed, as the rudest wind,
That by the top doth take the mountain pine.

Mer. Why, is not this better now than groaning for love? now art thou sociable, now art thou Romeo; now art thou what thou art, by art as well as by nature: for this drivelling love is like a great natural, that runs lolling up and down to hide his bauble in a hole.

Ben. Stop there, stop there.

Mer. Thou desirest me to stop in my tale against the hair.

Ben. Thou wouldst else have made thy tale large.

Mer. O, thou art deceived; I would have made it short: for I was come to the whole depth of my tale; and meant, indeed, to occupy the argument no longer.

Ro. Here 's goodly geer! [1]

Enter NURSE *and* PETER.

Mer. A sail, a sail, a sail!

Ben. Two, two; a shirt and a smock.

Nurse. Peter!

Peter. Anon?

Nurse. My fan, Peter.

Mer. Pr'ythee, do, good Peter, to hide her face for her fan 's the fairer of the two.

Nurse. God ye good morrow, gentlemen.

Mer. God ye good den,[2] fair gentlewoman.

Nurse. Is it good den?

---

[1] Stuff. [2] Good even.

Arv. Be 't so:
And let us, Polydore, though now our voices
Have got the mannish crack, sing him to the ground,
As once our mother; use like note and words,
Save that Euriphile must be Fidele.
Gui. Cadwal,
I cannot sing: I 'll weep, and word it with thee:
For notes of sorrow, out of tune, are worse
Than priests and fanes that lie.
Arv. We 'll speak it then.
Bel. Great griefs, I see, medicine the less; for Cloten
Is quite forgot. He was a queen's son, boys;
And, though he came our enemy, remember,
He was paid for that. Though mean and mighty, rotting
Together, have one dust; yet reverence,
That angel of the world, doth make distinction
Of place 'tween high and low. Our foe was princely;
And though you took his life, as being our foe,
Yet bury him as a prince.
Gui. Pray you, fetch him hither.
Thersites' body is as good as Ajax,
When neither are alive.
Arv. If you 'll go fetch him,
We 'll say our song the whilst.—Brother, begin.
[*Exit Belarius.*
Gui. Nay, Cadwal, we must lay his head to the east;

father hath a reason for 't.

Arv. 'Tis true.

Gui. Come on then, and remove him.

Arv. So,—begin.

SONG.

Gui. Fear no more the heat o' the sun,
Nor the furious winter's rages;
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages:
Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

Arv. Fear no more the frown o' the great:
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke:
Care no more to clothe and eat;
To thee the reed is as the oak:
The sceptre, learning, physic, must
All follow this, and come to dust.

Gui. Fear no more the lightning-flash,
Arv. Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone;
Gui. Fear not slander, censure rash:
Arv. Thou hast finish'd joy and moan.
Both. All lovers young, all lovers must
Consign to thee,[1] and come to dust.

Gui. No exorciser harm thee!
Arv. Nor no witchcraft charm thee!
Gui. Ghost unlaid forbear thee.
Arv. Nothing ill come near thee!
Both. Quiet consummation have;
And renowned be thy grave!

[1] Seal the same contract with thee.

were a very gross kind of behavior, as they say; for the gentlewoman is young; and, therefore, if you should deal double with her, truly, it were an ill thing to be offered to any gentlewoman, and very weak dealing.

Ro. Nurse, commend me to thy lady and mistress. I protest unto thee,——

Nurse. Good heart! and, i' faith, I will tell her as much. Lord, lord, she will be a joyful woman.

Ro. What wilt thou tell her, nurse? thou dost not mark me.

Nurse. I will tell her, sir, that you do protest; which, as I take it, is a gentlemanlike offer.

Ro. Bid her devise some means to come to shrift[1]
This afternoon;
And there she shall, at friar Laurence' cell,
Be shrived and married. Here is for thy pains.

Nurse. No, truly, sir, not a penny.

Ro. Go to; I say, you shall.

Nurse. This afternoon, sir? well, she shall be there.

Ro. And stay, good nurse, behind the abbey-wall:
Within this hour my man shall be with thee,
And bring thee cords made like a tackled stair,
Which to the high top-gallant of my joy
Must be my convoy in the secret night.
Farewell!—Be trusty, and I 'll quit[2] thy pains:

---

[1] Confession. [2] Requite.

Farewell!—Commend me to thy mistress.

Nurse. Now God in heaven bless thee!--Hark you, sir.

Ro. What say'st thou, my dear nurse?

Nurse. Is your man secret? Did you ne'er hear say,
Two may keep counsel, putting one away?

Ro. I warrant thee; my man 's as true as steel.

Nurse. Well, sir; my mistress is the sweetest lady—Lord, lord! when 'twas a little prating thing, —O,—there 's a nobleman in town, one Paris, that would fain lay knife aboard; but she, good soul, had as lief see a toad, a very toad, as see him. I anger her sometimes, and tell her that Paris is the properer man; but, I 'll warrant you, when I say so, she looks as pale as any clout in the varsal world. Doth not rosemary and Romeo begin both with a letter?

Ro. Ay, nurse; what of that? both with an R.

Nurse. Ah, mocker! that 's the dog's name: R is for the dog. No; I know it begins with some other letter; and she hath the prettiest sententious of it, of you and rosemary, that it would do you good to hear it.

Ro. Commend me to thy lady. [*Exit.*

Nurse. Ay, a thousand times.—Peter!

Peter. Anon?

Nurse. Peter, take my fan, and go before.
[*Exeunt.*



Nurse. Peter, stay at the gate. [*Exit Peter.*

Ju. Now, good sweet nurse,—O lord! why look'st thou sad?
Though news be sad, yet tell them merrily.
If good, thou shamest the music of sweet news
By playing it to me with so sour a face.

Nurse. I am aweary; give me leave awhile:
Fie, how my bones ache! What a jaunt have I had!

Ju. I would, thou hadst my bones, and I thy news:
Nay, come, I pray thee, speak; good, good nurse, speak.

Nurse. Jesu! what haste? can you not stay awhile?
Do you not see that I am out of breath?

Ju. How art thou out of breath, when thou hast breath
To say to me, that thou art out of breath?
The excuse, that thou dost make in this delay,
Is longer than the tale thou dost excuse.
Is thy news good or bad? answer to that;
Say either, and I 'll stay the circumstance.
Let me be satisfied. Is 't good or bad?

Nurse. Well, you have made a simple choice; you know not how to choose a man. Romeo! no, not he; though his face be better than any man's, yet his leg excels all men's; and for a hand, and a foot, and a body,—though they be not to be talked on, yet they are past compare: he is not the flower of

Hath alter'd that good picture? What's thy interest
In this sad wreck? How came it? Who is it?
What art thou?

Imo. I am nothing; or if not,
Nothing to be were better. This was my master,
A very valiant Briton, and a good,
That here by mountaineers lies slain.—Alas!
There are no more such masters: I may wander
From east to occident, cry out for service,
Try many, all good, serve truly, never
Find such another master.

Lu. 'Lack, good youth!
Thou movest no less with thy complaining, than
Thy master in bleeding. Say his name, good friend.

Imo. Richard du Champ. If I do lie, and do
No harm by it, though the gods hear, I hope [*aside.*
They'll pardon it. Say you, sir?

Lu. Thy name?

Imo. Fidele.

Lu. Thou dost approve thyself the very same:
Thy name well fits thy faith, thy faith thy name.
Wilt take thy chance with me? I will not say,
Thou shalt be so well master'd; but, be sure,
No less beloved. The Roman emperor's letters,
Sent by a consul to me, should not sooner
Than thine own worth prefer thee: go with me.

Imo. I'll follow, sir: but, first, an't please the gods,
I'll hide my master from the flies as deep

Nurse. Have you got leave to go to shrift to-day?

Ju. I have.

Nurse. Then hie you hence to friar Laurence' cell,
There stays a husband to make you a wife:
Now comes the wanton blood up in your cheeks;
They 'll be in scarlet straight at any news.
Hie you to church; I must another way,
To fetch a ladder, by the which your love
Must climb a bird's nest soon, when it is dark.
I am the drudge, and toil in your delight;
But you shall bear the burden soon at night.
Go; I 'll to dinner; hie you to the cell.

Ju. Hie to high fortune!—honest nurse, farewell
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Friar Laurence's cell.

Enter FRIAR LAURENCE *and* ROMEO.

F. Lau. So smile the heavens upon this holy act,
That after-hours with sorrow chide us not!

Ro. Amen, amen! but come what sorrow can,
It cannot countervail the exchange of joy
That one short minute gives me in her sight.
Do thou but close our hands with holy words,
Then love-devouring death do what he dare;
It is enough I may but call her mine.

F. Lau. These violent delights have violent ends,
And in their triumph die; like fire and powder,

Which, as they kiss, consume. The sweetest honey
Is loathsome in his own deliciousness,
And in the taste confounds the appetite:
Therefore love moderately; long love doth so;
Too swift arrives as tardy as too slow.

Enter JULIET.

Here comes the lady.—O, so light a foot
Will ne'er wear out the everlasting flint.
A lover may bestride the gossamers [1]
That idle in the wanton summer air,
And yet not fall; so light is vanity.

Ju. Good even to my ghostly confessor.

F. Lau. Romeo shall thank thee, daughter, for us both.

Ju. As much to him; else are his thanks too much.

Ro. Ah, Juliet, if the measure of thy joy
Be heap'd like mine, and that thy skill be more
To blazon it, then sweeten with thy breath
This neighbor air, and let rich music's tongue
Unfold the imagined happiness that both
Receive in either by this dear encounter.

Ju. Conceit,[2] more rich in matter than in words,
Brags of his substance, not of ornament.
They are but beggars that can count their worth:
But my true love is grown to such excess,

---

[1] The long white filament which flies in the air.
[2] Imagination.

I am amazed with matter.[1]

1 Lord. Good my liege,
Your preparation can affront[2] no less
Than what you hear of: come more, for more you're ready:
The want is, but to put those powers in motion,
That long to move.

Cym. I thank you: let's withdraw,
And meet the time as it seeks us. We fear not
What can from Italy annoy us; but
We grieve at chances here.—Away. [*Exeunt.*

Pi. I heard no letter from my master, since
I wrote him, Imogen was slain: 'tis strange:
Nor hear I from my mistress, who did promise
To yield me often tidings: neither know I
What is betid to Cloten; but remain
Perplex'd in all. The Heavens still must work:
Wherein I am false, I am honest; not true, to be true.
These present wars shall find I love my country,
Even to the note[3] o' the king, or I'll fall in them.
All other doubts, by time let them be clear'd:
Fortune brings in some boats, that are not steer'd.
[*Exit.*

---

[1] Confounded by a variety of business.
[2] Encounter. [3] Notice.

SCENE IV.

Before the cave.

Enter BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, *and* ARVIRAGUS.

Gui. The noise is round about us.
Bel. Let us from it.
Arv. What pleasure, sir, find we in life, to lock it
From action and adventure?
Gui. Nay, what hope
Have we in hiding us? this way, the Romans
Must or for Britons slay us, or receive us
For barbarous and unnatural revolts [1]
During their use, and slay us after.
Bel. Sons,
We 'll higher to the mountains; there secure us.
To the king's party there 's no going; newness
Of Cloten's death (we being not known, not muster'd
Among the bands) may drive us to a render [2]
Where we have lived, and so extort from us
That which we 've done, whose answer would be death
Drawn on with torture.
Gui. This is, sir, a doubt,
In such a time, nothing becoming you,
Nor satisfying us.
Arv. It is not likely,

---

[1] Revolters. [2] An account.

Mer. Could you not take some occasion without giving?

Ty. Mercutio, thou consortest with Romeo.

Mer. Consort! what, dost thou make us minstrels? an thou make minstrels of us, look to hear nothing but discords: here's my fiddlestick; here's that shall make you dance. Zounds, consort!

Ben. We talk here in the public haunt of men:
Either withdraw into some private place,
Or reason coldly of your grievances,
Or else depart: here all eyes gaze on us.

Mer. Men's eyes were made to look, and let them gaze;
I will not budge for no man's pleasure, I.

Enter ROMEO.

Ty. Well, peace be with you, sir! here comes my man.

Mer. But I'll be hang'd, sir, if he wear your livery.
Marry, go before to field, he'll be your follower:
Your worship, in that sense, may call him man.

Ty. Romeo, the hate I bear thee, can afford
No better term than this;—thou art a villain.

Ro. Tybalt, the reason that I have to love thee
Doth much excuse the appertaining rage
To such a greeting.—Villain am I none;
Therefore farewell; I see, thou know'st me not.

Ty. Boy, this shall not excuse the injuries
That thou hast done me; therefore turn, and draw.

To look upon the holy sun, to have
The benefit of his bless'd beams, remaining
So long a poor unknown.

Gui. By heavens, I 'll go:
If you will bless me, sir, and give me leave,
I 'll take the better care; but if you will not,
The hazard therefore due fall on me, by
The hands of Romans!

Arv. So say I. Amen.

Bel. No reason I, since on your lives you set
So slight a valuation, should reserve
My crack'd one to more care. Have with you, boys!
If in your country wars you chance to die,
That is my bed too, lads, and there I 'll lie.
Lead, lead.—The time seems long; their blood thinks scorn, [*aside.*
Till it fly out and show them princes born.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.

A field between the British and Roman camps.

Enter POSTHUMUS, *with a bloody handkerchief.*

Post. Yea, bloody cloth, I 'll keep thee; for I wish'd
Thou shouldst be color'd thus. You married ones,
If each of you would take this course, how many

Ben. What, art thou hurt?

Mer. Ay, ay, a scratch, a scratch; marry, 'tis enough.—
Where is my page?—go, villain; fetch a surgeon.
[*Exit Page.*

Ro. Courage, man; the hurt cannot be much.

Mer. No, 'tis not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a church door; but 'tis enough; 'twill serve: ask for me to-morrow, and you shall find me a grave man. I am peppered, I warrant, for this world:—a plague o' both your houses!—Zounds, a dog, a rat, a mouse, a cat, to scratch a man to death! a braggart, a rogue, a villain, that fights by the book of arithmetic!—Why, the devil, came you between us? I was hurt under your arm.

Ro. I thought all for the best.

Mer. Help me into some house, Benvolio,
Or I shall faint.—A plague o' both your houses!
They have made worm's meat of me:
I have it, and soundly too:—your houses!
[*Exeunt Mercutio and Benvolio.*

Ro. This gentleman, the prince's near ally,
My very friend, hath got his mortal hurt
In my behalf; my reputation stain'd
With Tybalt's slander, Tybalt, that an hour
Hath been my kinsman.—O sweet Juliet,
Thy beauty hath made me effeminate,
And in my temper soften'd valor's steel.

Re-enter BENVOLIO.

Ben. O, Romeo, Romeo, brave Mercutio's dead;

Myself I'll dedicate. Let me make men know
More valour in me than my habits show.
Gods, put the strength o' the Leonati in me!
To shame the guise o' the world, I will begin
The fashion, less without and more within. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

The same.

Enter, at one side, LUCIUS, IACHIMO, *and the Roman army; at the other side, the British army,* LEONATUS POSTHUMUS *following it like a poor soldier. They march over, and go out. Alarums. Then enter again, in skirmish,* IACHIMO *and* POSTHUMUS: *he vanquisheth and disarmeth Iachimo, and then leaves him.*

Ia. The heaviness and guilt within my bosom
Takes off my manhood: I have belied a lady,
The princess of this country, and the air on't
Revengingly enfeebles me: or could this carl,[1]
A very drudge of nature's, have subdued me
In my profession? Knighthoods and honors, borne
As I wear mine, are titles but of scorn.
If that thy gentry, Britain, go before
This lout, as he exceeds our lords, the odds
Is, that we scarce are men, and you are gods. [*Exit.*

---

[1] Clown.

Ben. Why dost thou stay?
[*Exit Romeo.*

Enter CITIZENS, *&c.*

1 *Cit.* Which way ran he, that kill'd Mercutio?
Tybalt, that murderer, which way ran he?
Ben. There lies that Tybalt.
1 *Cit.* Up, sir, go with me:
I charge thee, in the prince's name, obey.

Enter PRINCE, *attended;* MONTAGUE, CAPULET, *their Wives, and others.*

Prince. Where are the vile beginners of this fray?
Ben. O noble prince, I can discover all
The unlucky manage of this fatal brawl:
There lies the man, slain by young Romeo,
That slew thy kinsman, brave Mercutio.
L. Cap. Tybalt, my cousin!—O my brother's child!
Unhappy sight! ah me, the blood is spill'd
Of my dear kinsman!—Prince, as thou art true,[1]
For blood of ours, shed blood of Montague.—
O cousin, cousin!
Prince. Benvolio, who began this bloody fray?
Ben. Tybalt, here slain, whom Romeo's hand did slay.

---

[1] Just and upright.

But that the heavens fought: the king himself,
Of his wings destitute, the army broken,
And but the backs of Britons seen, all flying
Through a strait lane; the enemy full-hearted,
Lolling the tongue with slaughtering, having work
More plentiful than tools to do 't, struck down
Some mortally, some slightly touch'd, some falling
Merely through fear; that the strait pass was damm'd
With dead men, hurt behind, and cowards living
To die with lengthen'd shame.

Lord. Where was this lane?

Post. Close by the battle, ditch'd, and wall'd with turf;
Which gave advantage to an ancient soldier,—
An honest one, I warrant; who deserved
So long a breeding, as his white beard came to,
In doing this for his country;—athwart the lane,
He, with two striplings, (lads more like to run
The country base,[1] than to commit such slaughter;
With faces fit for masks, or rather fairer
Than those for preservation cased, or shame)
Made good the passage; cried to those that fled,—
'Our Britain's harts die flying, not our men:
To darkness fleet, souls that fly backwards! Stand;
Or we are Romans, and will give you that
Like beasts, which you shun beastly; and may save,

[1] A rustic game, vulgarly called prison-base.

I beg for justice, which thou, prince, must give:
Romeo slew Tybalt; Romeo must not live.

Prince. Romeo slew him, he slew Mercutio:
Who now the price of his dear blood doth owe?

Mon. Not Romeo, prince; he was Mercutio's friend;
His fault concludes but, what the law should end,
The life of Tybalt.

Prince. And, for that offence,
Immediately we do exile him hence.
I have an interest in your hates' proceeding;
My blood for your rude brawls doth lie a bleeding;
But I 'll amerce you with so strong a fine,
That you shall all repent the loss of mine:
I will be deaf to pleading and excuses;
Nor tears nor prayers shall purchase out abuses,
Therefore use none: let Romeo hence in haste,
Else, when he 's found, that hour is his last.
Bear hence this body, and attend our will:
Mercy but murders, pardoning those that kill.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A room in Capulet's house.

Enter JULIET.

Ju. Gallop apace, you fiery-footed steeds,
Towards Phœbus' mansion: such a waggoner
As Phaeton would whip you to the west,
And bring in cloudy night immediately.
Spread thy close curtain, love-performing night!

Lord. This was strange chance:
A narrow lane, an old man, and two boys!
Post. Nay, do not wonder at it: you are made
Rather to wonder at the things you hear,
Than to work any. Will you rhyme upon't,
And vent it for a mockery? Here is one:—
'Two boys, an old man twice a boy, a lane,
Preserved the Britons, was the Romans' bane.'
Lord. Nay, be not angry, sir.
Post. Lack, to what end?
Who dares not stand his foe, I'll be his friend:
For if he'll do as he is made to do,
I know he'll quickly fly my friendship too.
You have put me into rhyme.
Lord. Farewell; you are angry.
[*Exit.*
Post. Still going?——This is a lord! O noble misery,
To be i' the field, and ask 'what news?' of me!
To-day how many would have given their honours
To have saved their carcasses! took heel to do't,
And yet died too! I, in mine own woe charm'd,
Could not find death where I did hear him groan,
Nor feel him where he struck: being an ugly monster,
'Tis strange he hides him in fresh cups, soft beds,
Sweet words; or hath more ministers than we
That draw his knives i' the war.—Well, I will find him:
For being now a favourer to the Roman,
No more a Briton, I have resumed again

And may not wear them. O, here comes my nurse,

Enter NURSE, *with cords.*

And she brings news; and every tongue, that speaks
But Romeo's name, speaks heavenly eloquence.—
Now, nurse, what news? What hast thou there? the cords,
That Romeo bade thee fetch?

Nurse. Ay, ay, the cords. [*throws them down.*

Ju. Ah me! what news? why dost thou wring thy hands?

Nurse. Ah welladay! he's dead, he's dead, he's dead!
We are undone, lady, we are undone!—
Alack the day!—he's gone, he's kill'd, he's dead!

Ju. Can Heaven be so envious?

Nurse. Romeo can,
Though Heaven cannot.—O Romeo! Romeo!—
Who ever would have thought it?—Romeo!

Ju. What devil art thou, that dost torment me thus?
This torture should be roar'd in dismal hell.
Hath Romeo slain himself? say thou but *I*,[1]
And that bare vowel *I* shall poison more

---

[1] In Shakspeare's time the affirmative particle 'ay' was usually written *I*.

... hands determine of my weal or woe.

urse. I saw the wound; I saw it with
eyes,
... save the mark!—here on his manly breast
...teous corse, a bloody piteous corse;
... as ashes, all bedaub'd in blood,
... gore blood;—I swoonded at the sight.

... O, break, my heart!—poor bankrupt, ...
at once!
... prison, eyes! ne'er look on liberty!
... earth, to earth resign; end motion here;
... thou and Romeo press one heavy bier!

urse. O Tybalt, Tybalt, the best friend I h...
...piteous Tybalt! honest gentleman!
... ever I should live to see thee dead!

... What storm is this that blows so contrar...
...omeo slaughter'd, and is Tybalt dead?
... ...-loved cousin, and my dearer lord?
..., dreadful trumpet, sound the general doom
... ...s living, if those two are gone?

... Tybalt is gone, and Romeo banished:
... ... that kill'd him, he is banished.

Beautiful tyrant! fiend angelical!
Dove-feather'd raven! wolvish-ravening lamb!
Despised substance of divinest show!
Just opposite to what thou justly seem'st,
A damned saint, an honorable villain!
O Nature! what hadst thou to do in hell,
When thou didst bower the spirit of a fiend
In mortal paradise of such sweet flesh?
Was ever book, containing such vile matter,
So fairly bound? O, that deceit should dwell
In such a gorgeous palace!

Nurse. There 's no trust,
No faith, no honesty in men; all perjured,
All forsworn, all naught, all dissemblers.—
Ah, where 's my man? give me some *aqua vitæ:*
These griefs, these woes, these sorrows make me old.
Shame come to Romeo!

Ju. Blister'd be thy tongue
For such a wish! he was not born to shame:
Upon his brow shame is ashamed to sit;
For 'tis a throne where honor may be crown'd
Sole monarch of the universal earth.
O, what a beast was I to chide at him!

Nurse. Will you speak well of him that kill'd your cousin?

Ju. Shall I speak ill of him that is my husband?
Ah, poor my lord, what tongue shall smoothe thy name,
When I, thy three-hours wife, have mangled it?—
But, wherefore, villain, didst thou kill my cousin?

With Mars fall out, with Juno chide,
That thy adulteries
Rates and revenges.
Hath my poor boy done aught but well,
Whose face I never saw?
I died, whilst in the womb he stay'd,
Attending Nature's law:
Whose father then (as men report,
Thou orphans' father art)
Thou shouldst have been, and shielded him
From this earth-vexing smart.
Mother. Lucina lent not me her aid
But took me in my throes;
That from me was Posthumus ripp'd
Came crying 'mongst his foes,
A thing of pity!
Sic. Great nature, like his ancestry,
Moulded the stuff so fair,
That he deserved the praise o' the world,
As great Sicilius' heir.
1 *Bro.* When once he was mature for man,
In Britain where was he
That could stand up his parallel;
Or fruitful object be
In eye of Imogen, that best
Could deem his dignity?
Mother. With marriage wherefore was
To be exiled and thrown
From Leonati' seat, and cast
From her his dearest one,
Sweet Imogen?

Where is my father and my mother, nurse?

Nurse. Weeping and wailing over Tybalt's corse.
Will you go to them? I will bring you thither.

Ju. Wash they his wounds with tears? mine shall be spent,
When theirs are dry, for Romeo's banishment.
Take up those cords.—Poor ropes, you are beguiled,
Both you and I; for Romeo is exiled:
He made you for a highway to my bed;
But I, a maid, die maiden-widowed.
Come, cords; come, nurse: I'll to my wedding bed;
And death, not Romeo, take my maidenhead!

Nurse. Hie to your chamber: I'll find Romeo
To comfort you: I wot well where he is.
Hark ye, your Romeo will be here at night:
I'll to him; he is hid at Laurence' cell.

Ju. O, find him: give this ring to my true knight,
And bid him come to take his last farewell.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Friar Laurence's cell.

Enter FRIAR LAURENCE *and* ROMEO.

F. Lau. Romeo, come forth; come forth, thou fearful man:
Affliction is enamour'd of thy parts,
And thou art wedded to calamity.

Ro. Father, what news? what is the prince's doom?
What sorrow craves acquaintance at my hand,
That I yet know not?

F. Lau. Too familiar
Is my dear son with such sour company.
I bring thee tidings of the prince's doom.

Ro. What less than doomsday is the prince's doom?

F. Lau. A gentler judgment vanish'd from his lips;
Not body's death, but body's banishment.

Ro. Ha! banishment? be merciful; say Death;
For exile hath more terror in his look,
Much more than death: do not say, Banishment.

F. Lau. Hence from Verona art thou banished.
Be patient; for the world is broad and wide.

Ro. There is no world without Verona walls,
But purgatory, torture, hell itself.
Hence-banished is banish'd from the world,
And world's exile is death:—then banished
Is death misterm'd: calling death banishment,
Thou cut'st my head off with a golden axe,
And smilest upon the stroke that murders me.

F. Lau. O deadly sin! O rude unthankfulness!
Thy fault our law calls death; but the kind prince,
Taking thy part, hath rush'd aside the law,
And turn'd that black word death to banishment.
This is dear mercy, and thou seest it not.

Ro. 'Tis torture, and not mercy: heaven is here,

Where Juliet lives; and every cat, and dog,
And little mouse, every unworthy thing,
Live here in heaven, and may look on her;
But Romeo may not.—More validity,[1]
More honorable state, more courtship lives
In carrion flies, than Romeo: they may seise
On the white wonder of dear Juliet's hand,
And steal immortal blessing from her lips;
Who, even in pure and vestal modesty,
Still blush, as thinking their own kisses sin;
But Romeo may not; he is banished:
Flies may do this, when I from this must fly;
They are free men, but I am banished.
And say'st thou yet, that exile is not death?
Hadst thou no poison mix'd, no sharp-ground knife
No sudden mean of death, though ne'er so mean,
But—banished—to kill me; banished?
O friar, the damned use that word in hell;
Howlings attend it: how hast thou the heart,
Being a divine, a ghostly confessor,
A sin-absolver, and my friend profess'd,
To mangle me with that word—banishment?

F. Lau. Thou fond mad man, hear me but speak a word.

Ro. O, thou wilt speak again of banishment.

F. Lau. I 'll give thee armour to keep off that word;
Adversity's sweet milk, philosophy,

---

[1] Worth, value.

To comfort thee, though thou art banished.

Ro. Yet banished ?—Hang up philosophy !
Unless philosophy can make a Juliet,
Displant a town, reverse a prince's doom ;
It helps not, it prevails not : talk no more.

F. Lau. O, then I see that madmen have no ears.

Ro. How should they, when that wise men have no eyes ?

F. Lau. Let me dispute with thee of thy estate.

Ro. Thou canst not speak of what thou dost not feel :
Wert thou as young as I, Juliet thy love,
An hour but married, Tybalt murdered,
Doting like me, and like me banished ;—
Then mightst thou speak, then mightst thou tear thy hair,
And fall upon the ground, as I do now,
Taking the measure of an unmade grave.

F. Lau. Arise ; one knocks : good Romeo, hide thyself. [*knocking within.*

Ro. Not I ; unless the breath of heart-sick groans,
Mistlike, infold me from the search of eyes. [*knocking.*

F. Lau. Hark, how they knock !—Who 's there ?—Romeo, arise ;—
ou wilt be taken ;—stay awhile ;—stand up ;— [*knocking.*
un to my study ;—by and by :—God's will !
What wilfulness is this !—I come, I come. [*knocking.*

and creditor but it; of what 's past, is, and to come, the discharge. Your neck, sir, is pen, book, and counters; so the acquittance follows.

Post. I am merrier to die than thou art to live.

Jail. Indeed, sir, he that sleeps feels not the tooth-ache: but a man that were to sleep your sleep, and a hangman to help him to bed, I think, he would change places with his officer; for, look you, sir, you know not which way you shall go.

Post. Yes, indeed, do I, fellow.

Jail. Your death has eyes in 's head then; I have not seen him so pictured: you must either be directed by some that take upon them to know, or take upon yourself that which I am sure you do not know, or jump[1] the after-inquiry on your own peril: and how you shall speed in your journey's end, I think you 'll never return to tell one.

Post. I tell thee, fellow, there are none want eyes, to direct them the way I am going, but such as wink, and will not use them.

Jail. What an infinite mock is this, that a man should have the best use of eyes to see the way of blindness! I am sure, hanging 's the way of winking.

Enter MESSENGER.

Mes. Knock off his manacles; bring your prisoner to the king.

---

[1] Hazard.

Nurse. O, she says nothing, sir, but weeps and weeps;
And now falls on her bed; and then starts up,
And Tybalt calls; and then on Romeo cries,
And then down falls again.

Ro. As if that name,
Shot from the deadly level of a gun,
Did murder her; as that name's cursed hand
Murder'd her kinsman.—O, tell me, friar, tell me,
In what vile part of this anatomy
Doth my name lodge? tell me, that I may sack
The hateful mansion. [*drawing his sword*

F. Lau. Hold thy desperate hand:
Art thou a man? thy form cries out, thou art:
Thy tears are womanish; thy wild acts denote
The unreasonable fury of a beast.
Unseemly woman, in a seeming man!
Or ill-beseeming beast, in seeming both!
Thou hast amazed me: by my holy order,
I thought thy disposition better temper'd.
Hast thou slain Tybalt? wilt thou slay thyself,
And slay thy lady too that lives in thee,
By doing damned hate upon thyself?
Why rail'st thou on thy birth, the heaven, and earth?
Since birth, and heaven, and earth, all three do meet
In thee at once, which thou at once wouldst lose.
Fie, fie! thou shamest thy shape, thy love, thy wit;
Which, like a usurer, abound'st in all,
And usest none in that true use indeed

Which should bedeck thy shape, thy love, thy wit.
Thy noble shape is but a form of wax,
Digressing from the valor of a man;
Thy dear love, sworn, but hollow perjury,
Killing that love which thou hast vow'd to cherish;
Thy wit, that ornament to shape and love,
Mis-shapen in the conduct of them both,
Like powder in a skill-less soldier's flask,
Is set on fire by thine own ignorance,
And thou dismember'd with thine own defence.[1]
What, rouse thee, man! thy Juliet is alive,
For whose dear sake thou wast but lately dead;
There art thou happy: Tybalt would kill thee,
But thou slew'st Tybalt; there art thou happy too:
The law, that threaten'd death, becomes thy friend,
And turns it to exile; there art thou happy too:
A pack of blessings lights upon thy back;
Happiness courts thee in her best array;
But, like a misbehaved and sullen wench,
Thou pout'st upon thy fortune and thy love.
Take heed, take heed, for such die miserable.
Go, get thee to thy love, as was decreed;
Ascend her chamber, hence and comfort her;
But, look, thou stay not till the watch be set,
For then thou canst not pass to Mantua;
Where thou shalt live, till we can find a time
To blaze your marriage, reconcile your friends,
Beg pardon of the prince, and call thee back

---

[1] Torn to pieces with thine own weapons.

With twenty hundred thousand times more joy
Than thou went'st forth in lamentation.—
Go before, nurse: commend me to thy lady;
And bid her hasten all the house to bed,
Which heavy sorrow makes them apt unto:
Romeo is coming.

Nurse. O Lord, I could have stay'd here all the night,
To hear good counsel: O, what learning is!—
My lord, I'll tell my lady you will come.

Ro. Do so, and bid my sweet prepare to chide.

Nurse. Here, sir, a ring she bid me give you, sir:
Hie you, make haste; for it grows very late.
[*Exit Nurse.*

Ro. How well my comfort is revived by this!

F. Lau. Go hence: good night; and here stands all your state:[1]—
Either be gone before the watch be set,
Or by the break of day disguised from hence:
Sojourn in Mantua; I'll find out your man,
And he shall signify from time to time
Every good hap to you, that chances here.
Give me thy hand; 'tis late: farewell; good night.

Ro. But that a joy past joy calls out on me,
It were a grief, so brief to part with thee.
Farewell. [*Exeunt.*

---

[1] The whole of your fortune depends on this.

SCENE IV.

A room in Capulet's house.

Enter CAPULET, LADY CAPULET, *and* PARIS.

Cap. Things have fallen out, sir, so unluckily,
That we have had no time to move our daughter.
Look you, she loved her kinsman Tybalt dearly,
And so did I:—Well, we were born to die.—
'Tis very late; she 'll not come down to-night:
I promise you, but for your company,
I would have been a-bed an hour ago.

Pa. These times of woe afford no time to woo.
Madam, good night; commend me to your daughter.

L. Cap. I will, and know her mind early to-morrow;
To-night she 's mew'd up to her heaviness.

Cap. Sir Paris, I will make a desperate[1] tender
Of my child's love. I think, she will be ruled
In all respects by me; nay, more, I doubt it not.
Wife, go you to her ere you go to bed;
Acquaint her here of my son Paris' love;
And bid her, mark you me, on Wednesday next——
But, soft; what day is this?

Pa. Monday, my lord.

Cap. Monday? ha! ha! Well, Wednesday is too soon;
O' Thursday let it be;—o' Thursday, tell her,

---

[1] Bold.

That their good souls may be appeased with
slaughter
Of you their captives, which ourself have granted:
So think of your estate.

Lu. Consider, sir, the chance of war: the day
Was yours by accident; had it gone with us,
We should not, when the blood was cool, have
threaten'd
Our prisoners with the sword: but since the gods
Will have it thus, that nothing but our lives
May be call'd ransom, let it come: sufficeth,
A Roman with a Roman's heart can suffer:
Augustus lives to think on 't: and so much
For my peculiar care. This one thing only
I will entreat: my boy, a Briton born;—
Let him be ransom'd: never master had
A page so kind, so duteous, diligent,
So tender over his occasions, true,
So feat,[1] so nurse-like: let his virtue join
With my request, which, I 'll make bold, your high-
ness
Cannot deny: he hath done no Briton harm,
Though he have served a Roman: save him, sir,
And spare no blood beside.

Cym. I have surely seen him;
His favor[2] is familiar to me.—Boy,
Thou hast look'd thyself into my grace,

---

[1] Ready, dexterous. [2] Countenance.

Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops:
I must be gone and live, or stay and die.

Ju. Yon light is not daylight; I know it, I:
It is some meteor that the sun exhales,
To be to thee this night a torch-bearer,
And light thee on thy way to Mantua:
Therefore stay yet; thou need'st not to be gone.

Ro. Let me be ta'en, let me be put to death;
I am content, so thou wilt have it so.
I 'll say, yon gray is not the morning's eye;
'Tis but the pale reflex of Cynthia's brow:[1]
Nor that is not the lark, whose notes do beat
The vaulty heaven so high above our heads:
I have more care[2] to stay than will to go.—
Come, death, and welcome! Juliet wills it so.—
How is 't, my soul? let 's talk; it is not day.

Ju. It is, it is: hie hence; be gone; away:
It is the lark that sings so out of tune,
Straining harsh discords, and unpleasing sharps.
Some say, the lark makes sweet division;[3]
This doth not so, for she divideth us:
Some say, the lark and loathed toad change eyes;
O, now I would they had changed voices too!
Since arm from arm that voice doth us affray,
Hunting thee hence with hunts-up to the day.

---

[1] Reflection of the moon. [2] Inclination.

[3] Division was the technical phrase for the pauses or parts of a musical composition.

And lend my best attention. What 's thy name?

Imo. Fidele, sir.

Cym. Thou art my good youth, my page.
I 'll be thy master: walk with me; speak freely.

[*Cymbeline and Imogen converse apart.*

Bel. Is not this boy revived from death?

Arv. One sand another
Not more resembles: that sweet rosy lad,
Who died, and was Fidele——What think you?

Gui. The same dead thing alive.

Bel. Peace, peace! see farther; he eyes us not; forbear:
Creatures may be alike: were 't he, I am sure
He would have spoke to us.

Gui. But we saw him dead.

Bel. Be silent; let 's see farther.

Pi. It is my mistress: [*aside.*
Since she is living, let the time run on
To good or bad.

[*Cymbeline and Imogen come forward.*

Cym. Come, stand thou by our side;
Make thy demand aloud.—Sir, [*to Iachimo.*] step you forth;
Give answer to this boy, and do it freely;
Or, by our greatness, and the grace of it,
Which is our honor, bitter torture shall
Winnow the truth from falsehood. On; speak to him.

Imo. My boon is, that this gentleman may render
Of whom he had this ring.



[illegible]

Ro. And trust me, love, in my eye so do you:
Dry sorrow drinks our blood. Adieu! adieu!
[*Exit Romeo.*

Ju. O Fortune, Fortune! all men call thee fickle:
If thou art fickle, what dost thou with him
That is renown'd for faith? Be fickle, Fortune;
For then, I hope, thou wilt not keep him long,
But send him back.

L. Cap. [*within.*] Ho, daughter! are you up?

Ju. Who is 't that calls? is it my lady mother?
Is she not down so late, or up so early?
What unaccustom'd cause procures[1] her hither?

Enter LADY CAPULET.

L. Cap. Why, how now, Juliet?

Ju. Madam, I am not well.

L. Cap. Evermore weeping for your cousin's death?
What, wilt thou wash him from his grave with tears?
An if thou couldst, thou couldst not make him live;
Therefore, have done: some grief shows much of love;
But much of grief shows still some want of wit.

Ju. Yet let me weep for such a feeling loss.

L. Cap. So shall you feel the loss, but not the friend

---

[1] Brings.

Which you weep for.
Ju. Feeling so the loss,
I cannot choose but ever weep the friend.
L. Cap. Well, girl, thou weep'st not so much for his death,
As that the villain lives which slaughter'd him.
Ju. What villain, madam?
L. Cap. That same villain, Romeo.
Ju. Villain and he are many miles asunder.
God pardon him! I do, with all my heart;
And yet no man, like he, doth grieve my heart.
L. Cap. That is, because the traitor murderer lives.
Ju. Ay, madam, from the reach of these my hands.
Would, none but I might venge my cousin's death!
L. Cap. We will have vengeance for it, fear thou not:
Then weep no more. I'll send to one in Mantua,—
Where that same banish'd runagate doth live,—
That shall bestow on him so sure a draught,
That he shall soon keep Tybalt company;
And then, I hope, thou wilt be satisfied.
Ju. Indeed, I never shall be satisfied
With Romeo, till I behold him—dead—
Is my poor heart so for a kinsman vex'd.
Madam, if you could find out but a man
To bear a poison, I would temper it;
That Romeo should, upon receipt thereof,
Soon sleep in quiet. O, how my heart abhors
To hear him named; and cannot come to him,—

To wreak the love I bore my cousin Tybalt
Upon his body that hath slaughter'd him!

L. Cap. Find thou the means, and I'll find such a man.
But now I'll tell thee joyful tidings, girl.

Ju. And joy comes well in such a needful time:
What are they, I beseech your ladyship?

L. Cap. Well, well, thou hast a careful father, child;
One, who, to put thee from thy heaviness,
Hath sorted out a sudden day of joy,
That thou expect'st not, nor I look'd not for.

Ju. Madam, in happy time; what day is that?

L. Cap. Marry, my child, early next Thursday morn,
The gallant, young, and noble gentleman,
The county Paris, at saint Peter's church,
Shall happily make thee there a joyful bride.

Ju. Now, by saint Peter's church, and Peter too,
He shall not make me there a joyful bride.
I wonder at this haste; that I must wed,
Ere he, that should be husband, comes to woo.
I pray you, tell my lord and father, madam,
I will not marry yet; and, when I do, I swear,
It shall be Romeo, whom you know I hate,
Rather than Paris.—These are news indeed!

L. Cap. Here comes your father; tell him so yourself,
And see how he will take it at your hands.

Enter CAPULET *and* NURSE.

Cap. When the sun sets, the air doth drizzle dew;
But for the sunset of my brother's son,
It rains downright.—
How now? a conduit, girl? what, still in tears?
Evermore showering? In one little body
Thou counterfeit'st a bark, a sea, a wind;
For still thy eyes, which I may call the sea,
Do ebb and flow with tears: the bark thy body is,
Sailing in this salt flood; the winds, thy sighs;
Who, raging with thy tears, and they with them,
Without a sudden calm, will overset
Thy tempest-tossed body.—How now, wife?
Have you deliver'd to her our decree?

L. Cap. Ay, sir; but she will none, she gives you thanks.
I would, the fool were married to her grave!

Cap. Soft, take me with you, take me with you, wife.
How! will she none? doth she not give us thanks?
Is she not proud? doth she not count her bless'd,
Unworthy as she is, that we have wrought
So worthy a gentleman to be her bridegroom?

Ju. Not proud, you have; but thankful, that you have:
Proud can I never be of what I hate;
But thankful even for hate, that is meant love.

Cap. How now, how now, chop-logic! What is this?

Proud,—and, I thank you,—and, I thank you not;—
And yet not proud!—Mistress minion, you,
Thank me no thankings, nor proud me no prouds,
But settle your fine joints 'gainst Thursday next,
To go with Paris to saint Peter's church,
Or I will drag thee on a hurdle thither.
Out, you green-sickness carrion! out, you baggage!
You tallow face!

L. Cap. Fie, fie! what, are you mad?

Ju. Good father, I beseech you on my knees,
Hear me with patience but to speak a word.

Cap. Hang thee, young baggage! disobedient wretch!
I tell thee what;—get thee to church o' Thursday,
Or never after look me in the face:
Speak not, reply not, do not answer me:
My fingers itch.—Wife, we scarce thought us bless'd,
That God had sent us but this only child;
But now I see this one is one too much,
And that we have a curse in having her:
Out on her, hilding![1]

Nurse. God in heaven bless her!—
You are to blame, my lord, to rate her so.

Cap. And why, my lady wisdom? hold your tongue,
Good prudence; smatter with your gossips; go.

Nurse. I speak no treason.

---

[1] Base woman.

Whom for the theft I wedded, stole these children
Upon my banishment: I moved her to 't;
Having received the punishment before,
For that which I did then: beaten for loyalty
Excited me to treason: their dear loss,
The more of you 'twas felt, the more it shaped
Unto my end of stealing them: but, gracious sir,
Here are your sons again; and I must lose
Two of the sweetest companions in the world.
The benediction of these covering heavens
Fall on their heads like dew! for they are worthy
To inlay heaven with stars.

Cym. Thou weep'st, and speak'st.
The service that you three have done, is more
Unlike than this thou tell'st. I lost my children.
If these be they, I know not how to wish
A pair of worthier sons.

Bel. Be pleased awhile.—
This gentleman, whom I call Polydore,
Most worthy prince, as yours, is true Guiderius:
This gentleman, my Cadwal, Arviragus,
Your younger princely son; he, sir, was lapp'd
In a most curious mantle, wrought by the hand
Of his queen mother, which, for more probation,
I can with ease produce.

Cym. Guiderius had
Upon his neck a mole, a sanguine star;
It was a mark of wonder.

Bel. This is he;
Who hath upon him still that natural stamp:
It was wise Nature's end in the donation,

And this distilled liquor drink thou off;
When, presently, through all thy veins shall run
A cold and drowsy humor, which shall seise
Each vital spirit; for no pulse shall keep
His natural progress, but surcease to beat:
No warmth, no breath shall testify thou livest;
The roses in thy lips and cheeks shall fade
To paly ashes; thy eyes' windows fall,
Like death, when he shuts up the day of life;
Each part, deprived of supple government,
Shall stiff, and stark, and cold, appear like death;
And in this borrow'd likeness of shrunk death
Thou shalt remain full two and forty hours,
And then awake as from a pleasant sleep.
Now, when the bridegroom in the morning comes
To rouse thee from thy bed, there art thou dead:
Then, as the manner of our country is,
In thy best robes uncover'd on the bier,
Thou shalt be borne to that same ancient vault,
Where all the kindred of the Capulets lie.
In the mean time, against thou shalt awake,
Shall Romeo by my letters know our drift,
And hither shall he come; and he and I
Will watch thy waking, and that very night
Shall Romeo bear thee hence to Mantua.
And this shall free thee from this present shame;
If no unconstant toy, nor womanish fear,
Abate thy valor in the acting it.

Ju. Give me, give me! O, tell me not of fear.

F. Lau. Hold; get you gone; be strong and prosperous

Why fled you from the court, and whither? These,
And your three motives to the battle, with
I know not how much more, should be demanded;
And all the other by-dependencies,
From chance to chance; but nor the time, nor place,
Will serve our long interrogatories. See,
Posthumus anchors upon Imogen;
And she, like harmless lightning, throws her eye
On him, her brothers, me, her master; hitting
Each object with a joy; the counterchange
Is severally in all. Let's quit this ground,
And smoke the temple with our sacrifices.—
Thou art my brother; so we'll hold thee ever.

[*To* Belarius.

Imo. You are my father too; and did relieve me,
To see this gracious season.

Cym. All o'erjoy'd,
Save these in bonds; let them be joyful too,
For they shall taste our comfort.

Imo. My good master,
I will yet do you service.

Luc. Happy be you!

Cym. The forlorn soldier, that so nobly fought,
He would have well becom'd this place, and grac'd
The thankings of a king.

Post. I am, sir,
The soldier that did company these three
In poor beseeming; 'twas a fitment for
The purpose I then follow'd:—That I was he,
Speak, Iachimo; I had you down, and might

L. Cap. Good night!
Get thee to bed, and rest; for thou hast need.
[*Exeunt Lady Capulet and Nurse.*
Ju. Farewell!—God knows, when we shall meet again.
I have a faint cold fear thrills through my veins,
That almost freezes up the heat of life:
I 'll call them back again to comfort me:—
Nurse!—What should she do here?
My dismal scene I needs must act alone.
Come, phial.
What, if this mixture do not work at all?
Must I of force be married to the county?—
No, no; this shall forbid it:—lie thou there.
[*laying down a dagger.*
What if it be a poison, which the friar
Subtly hath minister'd to have me dead;
Lest in this marriage he should be dishonor'd,
Because he married me before to Romeo?
I fear it is; and yet, methinks, it should not,
For he hath still been tried a holy man:
I will not entertain so bad a thought.—
How if, when I am laid into the tomb,
I wake before the time that Romeo
Come to redeem me? there 's a fearful point!
Shall I not then be stifled in the vault,
To whose foul mouth no healthsome air breathes in,
And there die strangled ere my Romeo comes?
Or, if I live, is it not very like,
The horrible conceit of death and night,
Together with the terror of the place,—

As in a vault, an ancient receptacle,
Where, for these many hundred years, the bones
Of all my buried ancestors are pack'd;
Where bloody Tybalt, yet but green in earth,
Lies festering in his shroud; where, as they say,
At some hours in the night spirits resort;—
Alack, alack! is it not like, that I,
So early waking; what with loathsome smells,
And shrieks like mandrakes'[1] torn out of the earth,
That living mortals, hearing them, run mad;—
O! if I wake, shall I not be distraught,[2]
Environed with all these hideous fears?
And madly play with my forefathers' joints?
And pluck the mangled Tybalt from his shroud?
And, in this rage, with some great kinsman's bone,
As with a club, dash out my desperate brains?
O, look! methinks, I see my cousin's ghost
Seeking out Romeo, that did spit his body
Upon a rapier's point.—Stay, Tybalt, stay!—
Romeo, I come! this do I drink to thee.
[*she throws herself on the bed.*

[1] This plant was vulgarly supposed to possess a degree of animal life; and, when torn from the ground, to utter a groan fatal to him that pulled it up.

[2] Distracted.

SCENE IV.

Capulet's hall.

Enter LADY CAPULET *and* NURSE.

L. Cap. Hold, take these keys, and fetch more spices, nurse.

Nurse. They call for dates and quinces in the pastry.[1]

Enter CAPULET.

Cap. Come, stir, stir, stir; the second cock hath crow'd,
The curfew bell hath rung; 'tis three o'clock.
Look to the baked meats, good Angelica:
Spare not for cost.

Nurse. Go, go, you cot-quean,[2] go;
Get you to bed: faith, you 'll be sick to-morrow
For this night's watching.

Cap. No, not a whit: what! I have watch'd ere now
All night for lesser cause, and ne'er been sick.

L. Cap. Ay, you have been a mouse-hunt[3] in your time;
But I will watch you from such watching now.
[*Exeunt Lady Capulet and Nurse.*

---

[1] i. e. the room where the pastry was made.
[2] A man who busies himself with women's occupations.
[3] Mouse was an amorous term of endearment.

Cap. A jealous-hood, a jealous-hood! –Now, fellow,
What 's there?

Enter SERVANTS, *with spits, logs, and baskets.*

1 *Ser.* Things for the cook, sir; but I know not what.

Cap. Make haste, make haste. [*Exit Servant.*]—Sirrah, fetch drier logs:
Call Peter; he will show thee where they are.

2 *Ser.* I have a head, sir, that will find out logs,
And never trouble Peter for the matter. [*Exit.*

Cap. Mass, and well said: a merry whoreson! ha,
Thou shalt be loggerhead.—Good faith, 'tis day:
The county will be here with music straight, [*music within.*
For so he said he would. I hear him near.—
Nurse!—wife!—what, ho!—what, nurse, I say!

Enter NURSE.

Go, waken Juliet; go, and trim her up;
I 'll go and chat with Paris: hie, make haste,
Make haste! the bridegroom he is come already:
Make haste, I say. [*Exeunt.*

When howling winds and beating rain
  In tempests shake the sylvan cell;
Or midst the chase on every plain;
  The tender thought on thee shall dwell.

Each lonely scene shall thee restore;
  For thee the tear be duly shed:
Beloved till life could charm no more;
  And mourn'd till pity's self be dead.

Hath Death lain with thy bride:—see, there she lies,
Flower as she was, deflowered by him.
Death is my son-in-law; Death is my heir:
My daughter he hath wedded. I will die,
And leave him all; life leaving, all is death's.

Pa. Have I thought long to see this morning's face,
And doth it give me such a sight as this?

L. Cap. Accursed, unhappy, wretched, hateful day!
Most miserable hour, that e'er time saw
In lasting labor of his pilgrimage!
But one, poor one, one poor and loving child,
But one thing to rejoice and solace in,
And cruel death hath catch'd it from my sight!

Nurse. O woe! O woful, woful, woful day!
Most lamentable day! most woful day,
That ever, ever, I did yet behold!
O day! O day! O day! O hateful day!
Never was seen so black a day as this.
O woful day! O woful day!

Pa. Beguiled, divorced, wronged, spited, slain!
Most detestable death, by thee beguiled,
By cruel cruel thee quite overthrown!—
O love! O life!—not life, but love in death!

Cap. Despised, distressed, hated, martyr'd, kill'd!—
Uncomfortable time! why camest thou now
To murder murder our solemnity?—
O child! O child!—my soul, and not my child!—
Dead art thou?—alack! my child is dead;

And, with my child, my joys are buried!

F. Lau. Peace, ho, for shame! confusion's cure lives not
In these confusions. Heaven and yourself
Had part in this fair maid; now Heaven hath all,
And all the better is it for the maid.
Your part in her you could not keep from death;
But Heaven keeps his part in eternal life.
The most you sought was her promotion;
For 'twas your heaven, she should be advanced:
And weep ye now, seeing she is advanced,
Above the clouds, as high as heaven itself?
O, in this love, you love your child so ill,
That you run mad, seeing that she is well:
She 's not well married, that lives married long;
But she 's best married, that dies married young.
Dry up your tears, and stick your rosemary
On this fair corse; and, as the custom is,
In all her best array bear her to church:
For though fond Nature bids us all lament,
Yet Nature's tears are Reason's merriment.

Cap. All things, that we ordained festival,
Turn from their office to black funeral:
Our instruments to melancholy bells;
Our wedding cheer to a sad burial feast;
Our solemn hymns to sullen dirges change;
Our bridal flowers serve for a buried corse,
And all things change them to the contrary.

F. Lau. Sir, go you in; and, madam, go with him;
And go, sir Paris: every one prepare

How fares my Juliet? That I ask again;
For nothing can be ill if she be well.
Bal. Then she is well, and nothing can be ill:
Her body sleeps in Capels' monument,
And her immortal part with angels lives:
I saw her laid low in her kindred's vault,
And presently took post to tell it you.
O, pardon me for bringing these ill news,
Since you did leave it for my office, sir.
Ro. Is it even so? then I defy you, stars!—
Thou know'st my lodging: get me ink and paper,
And hire post-horses; I will hence to-night.
Bal. Pardon me, sir; I will not leave you thus:
Your looks are pale and wild, and do import
Some misadventure.
Ro. Tush, thou art deceived:
Leave me, and do the thing I bid thee do.
Hast thou no letters to me from the friar?
Bal. No, my good lord.
Ro. No matter: get thee gone,
And hire those horses: I'll be with thee straight.
[*Exit Balthasar.*
Well, Juliet, I will lie with thee to-night:
Let's see for means.—O, mischief! thou art swift
To enter in the thoughts of desperate men!
I do remember an apothecary,—
And hereabouts he dwells,—whom late I noted
In tatter'd weeds, with overwhelming brows,
Culling of simples: meagre were his looks;
Sharp misery had worn him to the bones;
And in his needy shop a tortoise hung,

THE

PLAYS AND POEMS

OF

SHAKESPEARE.

WITH

ONE HUNDRED AND SEVENTY ILLUSTRATIONS,

FROM DESIGNS BY EMINENT ARTISTS.

EDITED BY

A. J. VALPY, A.M.,

FELLOW OF PEMBROKE COLLEGE, OXFORD.

IN FIFTEEN VOLUMES.

VOL. XIII.

LONDON:
BELL & DALDY, YORK STREET, COVENT GARDF
1878.

Accept this latest favor at my hands;
That living honor'd thee; and, being dead,
With funeral praises do adorn thy tomb!
[*the Boy whistles.*
The boy gives warning, something doth approach.
What cursed foot wanders this way to-night,
To cross my obsequies, and true love's rites?
What, with a torch?—muffle me, night, awhile.
[*retires.*

Enter ROMEO, *and* BALTHASAR *with a torch, mattock, &c.*

Ro. Give me that mattock, and the wrenching iron.
Hold, take this letter; early in the morning
See thou deliver it to my lord and father.
Give me the light. Upon thy life, I charge thee,
Whate'er thou hear'st or seest, stand all aloof,
And do not interrupt me in my course.
Why I descend into this bed of death,
Is, partly, to behold my lady's face;
But, chiefly, to take thence from her dead finger
A precious ring; a ring, that I must use
In dear employment:[1] therefore hence; be gone:—
But if thou, jealous, dost return to pry
In what I farther shall intend to do,
By heaven, I will tear thee joint by joint,
And strew this hungry churchyard with thy limbs.

---

[1] i. e. in an action of importance.

By heaven, I love thee better than myself;
For I come hither arm'd against myself.
Stay not; be gone; live, and hereafter say,—
A madman's mercy bade thee run away.

Pa. I do defy thy conjurations,[1]
And do attach thee as a felon here.

Ro. Wilt thou provoke me? then have at thee, boy. [*they fight.*

Page. O lord! they fight: I will go call the watch. [*Exit Page.*

Pa. O, I am slain! [*falls.*]—If thou be merciful,
Open the tomb; lay me with Juliet. [*dies.*

Ro. In faith, I will. Let me peruse this face:—
Mercutio's kinsman, noble county Paris.
What said my man, when my betossed soul
Did not attend him as we rode? I think,
He told me, Paris should have married Juliet:
Said he not so? or did I dream it so?
Or am I mad, hearing him talk of Juliet,
To think it was so?—O, give me thy hand,
One writ with me in sour misfortune's book!
I'll bury thee in a triumphant grave;—
A grave? O, no; a lantern, slaughter'd youth;
For here lies Juliet, and her beauty makes
This vault a feasting presence[2] full of light.
Death, lie thou there, by a dead man interr'd.
[*laying Paris in the monvment.*
How oft, when men are at the point of death,

---

[1] I refuse to do as thou conjurest me to do; i. e. to depart.
[2] Presence-chamber

ILLUSTRATIONS

TO THE

THIRTEENTH VOLUME.

ENGRAVINGS ON STEEL.

PAGE

1. Lear, Edgar, King, and Fool, (King Lear) from a Painting by *Smirke.* Frontispiece.

KING LEAR.

2. Lear, Goneril, Regan, Cordelia, &c.—*Fuseli.* . 14
3. Cordelia, France, Goneril, Regan, &c.—*Smirke.* . 21
4. Lear, Kent, Gloster, &c.—*West.* 91
5. Cordelia, Lear. and Kent.—*Smirke.* 136
6. Lear, with Cordelia dead in his arms.—*Barry.* . 155

ROMEO AND JULIET.

7. Romeo, Juliet, Mercutio, Guests, &c.—*Miller.* . 197
8. Juliet and Nurse.—*Smirke.* 225
9. Romeo, Juliet, and Nurse. *Rigaud.* 254
10. Juliet, Capulet, Lady Capulet, Friar, &c.—*Opie.* . 278
11. Juliet awaking.—*Northcote.* 292



Northcote, del | Starling, sc.

ROMEO & JULIET.

Juliet awaking.

Act V Scene III.

Come, go, good Juliet.—[*noise again.*] I dare stay no longer. [*Exit*

Ju. Go, get thee hence, for I will not away.—
What 's here? a cup, closed in my true love's hand?
Poison, I see, hath been his timeless end.—
O churl! drink all; and leave no friendly drop,
To help me after?—I will kiss thy lips;
Haply, some poison yet doth hang on them,
To make me die with a restorative. [*kisses him.*
Thy lips are warm!

1 *Watch.* [*within.*] Lead, boy:—which way?

Ju. Yea, noise? then I 'll be brief.—O happy dagger! [*snatching Romeo's dagger.*
This is thy sheath; [*stabs herself.*] there rust, and let me die.
[*falls on Romeo's body, and dies.*

Enter WATCH, *with the* PAGE *of Paris.*

Page. This is the place; there, where the torch doth burn.

1 *Watch.* The ground is bloody. Search about the churchyard:
Go, some of you; whoe'er you find, attach.
[*Exeunt some.*
Pitiful sight! here lies the county slain,
And Juliet bleeding, warm, and newly dead,
Who here hath lain these two days buried.—
Go, tell the prince;—run to the Capulets;—
Raise up the Montagues;—some others search.
[*Exeunt other Watchmen.*

We see the ground whereon these woes do lie;
But the true ground of all these piteous woes,
We cannot without circumstance descry.

Enter some of the WATCH, *with* BALTHASAR.

2 *Watch.* Here 's Romeo's man; we found him in the churchyard.
1 *Watch.* Hold him in safety till the prince come hither.

Enter another WATCHMAN, *with* FRIAR LAURENCE.

3 *Watch.* Here is a friar, that trembles, sighs, and weeps:
We took this mattock and this spade from him,
As he was coming from this churchyard side.
1 *Watch.* A great suspicion: stay the friar too.

Enter PRINCE *and Attendants.*

Prince. What misadventure is so early up,
That calls our person from our morning's rest?

Enter CAPULET, LADY CAPULET, *and others.*

Cap. What should it be, that they so shriek abroad?
L. Cap. The people in the street cry Romeo,
Some Juliet, and some Paris; and all run,
With open outcry, toward our monument.
Prince. What fear is this, which startles in our ears?

1 *Watch.* Sovereign, here lies the county Paris slain;
And Romeo dead; and Juliet, dead before,
Warm and new kill'd.

Prince. Search, seek, and know how this foul murder comes.

1 *Watch.* Here is a friar, and slaughter'd Romeo's man,
With instruments upon them, fit to open
These dead men's tombs.

Cap. O heavens!—O wife! look how our daughter bleeds!
This dagger hath mista'en: for, lo! his house[1]
Is empty on the back of Montague,
And is mis-sheathed in my daughter's bosom.

L. Cap. O me! this sight of death is as a bell,
That warns my old age to a sepulchre.

Enter MONTAGUE *and others.*

Prince. Come, Montague; for thou art early up,
To see thy son and heir more early down.

Mon. Alas, my liege, my wife is dead to-night;
Grief of my son's exile hath stopp'd her breath.
What farther woe conspires against mine age?

Prince. Look, and thou shalt see.

Mon. O thou untaught! what manners is in this,
To press before thy father to a grave?

---

[1] i. e the scabbard.

PERSONS REPRESENTED

LEAR, king of Britain.
KING OF FRANCE.
DUKE OF BURGUNDY.
DUKE OF CORNWALL.
DUKE OF ALBANY.
EARL OF KENT.
EARL OF GLOSTER.
EDGAR, son to Gloster.
EDMUND, bastard son to Gloster.
CURAN, a courtier.
OLD MAN, tenant to Gloster.
PHYSICIAN.
FOOL.
OSWALD, steward to Goneril.
OFFICER, employed by Edmund.
GENTLEMAN, attendant on Cordelia.
HERALD.
SERVANTS to Cornwall.

GONERIL, }
REGAN, } daughters to Lear.
CORDELIA, }

Knights attending on the King, Officers, Messengers, Soldiers, and Attendants.

SCENE, Britain.

A sleeping potion; which so took effect
As I intended, for it wrought on her
The form of death: meantime I writ to Romeo,
That he should hither come as this dire night,
To help to take her from her borrow'd grave,
Being the time the potion's force should cease;
But he which bore my letter, friar John,
Was stay'd by accident, and yesternight
Return'd my letter back: then all alone,
At the prefixed hour of her waking,
Came I to take her from her kindred's vault;
Meaning to keep her closely at my cell,
Till I conveniently could send to Romeo:
But, when I came, some minute ere the time
Of her awakening, here untimely lay
The noble Paris and true Romeo dead.
She wakes; and I entreated her come forth.
And bear this work of Heaven with patience;
But then a noise did scare me from the tomb;
And she, too desperate, would not go with me.
But, as it seems, did violence on herself.
All this I know; and to the marriage
Her nurse is privy: and, if aught in this
Miscarried by my fault, let my old life
Be sacrificed, some hour before his time,
Unto the rigor of severest law.

Prince. We still have known thee for a holy man.—
Where's Romeo's man? what can he say in this?

Bal. I brought my master news of Juliet's death;
And then in post he came from Mantua,

Beyond all manner of so much I love you.

Cor. What shall Cordelia do? Love, and be silent. [*aside.*

Lear. Of all these bounds, even from this line to this,
With shadowy forests and with champains[1] rich'd,
With plenteous rivers and wide-skirted meads,
We make thee lady: to thine and Albany's issue
Be this perpetual.—What says our second daughter,
Our dearest Regan, wife to Cornwall? Speak.

Re. I am made of that self metal as my sister,
And prize me at her worth. In my true heart
I find, she names my very deed of love;
Only she comes too short;—that I profess
Myself an enemy to all other joys,
Which the most precious square[2] of sense possesses;
And find, I am alone felicitate
In your dear highness' love.

Cor. Then poor Cordelia! [*aside.*
And yet not so; since, I am sure, my love 's
More richer than my tongue.

Lear. To thee and thine, hereditary ever,
Remain this ample third of our fair kingdom;
No less in space, validity,[3] and pleasure,
Than that confirm'd on Goneril.—Now, our joy,
Although the last, not least; to whose young love
The vines of France, and milk of Burgundy

---

[1] Open plains. [2] Comprehension.
[3] [illegible]

Can I demand.

Mon. But I can give thee more:
For I will raise her statue in pure gold;
That, while Verona by that name is known,
There shall no figure at such rate be set,
As that of true and faithful Juliet.

Cap. As rich shall Romeo by his lady lie;
Poor sacrifices of our enmity!

Prince. A glooming peace this morning with it brings:
The sun, for sorrow, will not show his head.
Go hence, to have more talk of these sad things;
Some shall be pardon'd, and some punished:
For never was a story of more woe
Than this of Juliet and her Romeo. [*Exeunt.*

END OF VOL. XIII.

Or cease your quest of love?
Bur. Most royal majesty,
I crave no more than hath your highness offer'd,
Nor will you tender less.
Lear. Right noble Burgundy,
When she was dear to us, we did hold her so;
But now her price is fallen. Sir, there she stands:
If aught within that little, seeming[1] substance,
Or all of it, with our displeasure pieced,
And nothing more, may fitly like your grace,
She 's there, and she is yours.
Bur. I know no answer.
Lear. Sir,
Will you, with those infirmities she owes,[2]
Unfriended, new-adopted to our hate,
Dower'd with our curse, and stranger'd with our oath,
Take her, or leave her?
Bur. Pardon me, royal sir;
Election makes not up[3] on such conditions.
Lear. Then leave her, sir; for, by the power that made me,
I tell you all her wealth.—For you, great king. [*to France.*
I would not from your love make such a stray,
To match you where I hate; therefore beseech you

[1] Beautiful. [2] Owns, is possessed of.
[3] Comes not to a decision.

your liking a more worthier way,
a wretch whom Nature is ashamed
ɔ acknowlege hers.
'. This is most strange!
, that even but now was your best object,
ment of your praise, balm of your age,
st, most dearest, should, in this trice of
time,
a thing so monstrous, to dismantle
folds of favor! Sure, her offence
of such unnatural degree,
nsters it, or your fore-vouch'd affection
to taint;[1] which to believe of her,
a faith, that reason without miracle
ver plant in me.
I yet beseech your majesty,
I want that glib and oily art,
k and purpose not; since what I well
intend,
before I speak) that you make known,
vicious blot, murder, or foulness,
aste action, or dishonor'd step,
h deprived me of your grace and favor:
for want of that, for which I am richei;
bliciting eye, and such a tongue
m glad I have not, though, not to have it,
t me in your liking.
Better thou

---

[1] Reproach. [2] Because.

Hadst not been born, than not to have pleased me better.

France. Is it no more but this? a tardiness in nature,
Which often leaves the history unspoke,
That it intends to do?—My lord of Burgundy,
What say you to the lady? Love is not love,
When it is mingled with respects, that stand
Aloof from the intire point. Will you have her?
She is herself a dowry.

Bur. Royal Lear,
Give but that portion which yourself proposed,
And here I take Cordelia by the hand,
Duchess of Burgundy.

Lear. Nothing: I have sworn; I am firm.

Bur. I am sorry then, you have so lost a father,
That you must lose a husband.

Cor. Peace be with Burgundy
Since that respects of fortune are his love,
I shall not be his wife.

France. Fairest Cordelia, that art most rich, being poor;
Most choice, forsaken; and most loved, despised;
Thee and thy virtues here I seise upon:
Be it lawful, I take up what 's cast away.
Gods, gods! 'tis strange, that from their cold'st neglect
My love should kindle to inflamed respect.
Thy dowerless daughter, king, thrown to my chance,
Is queen of us, of ours, and our fair France.





read; for so much as I have perused, I find it not fit for your overlooking.

Glos. Give me the letter, sir.

Edm. I shall offend, either to detain or give it. The contents, as in part I understand them, are to blame.

Glos. Let 's see, let 's see.

Edm. I hope, for my brother's justification, he wrote this but as an essay[1] or taste of my virtue.

Glos. [*reads.*] 'This policy, and reverence of age, makes the world bitter to the best of our times; keeps our fortunes from us, till our oldness cannot relish them. I begin to find an idle and fond[2] bondage in the oppression of aged tyranny; who sways, not as it hath power, but as it is suffered. Come to me, that of this I may speak more. If our father would sleep till I waked him, you should enjoy half his revenue for ever, and live the beloved of your brother, EDGAR.'—Humph!—conspiracy!—'Sleep till I waked him,—you should enjoy half his revenue.'—My son Edgar! Had he a hand to write this? a heart and brain to breed it ?—When came this to you? Who brought it?

Edm. It was not brought me, my lord; there 's e cunning of it: I found it thrown in at the case-nt of my closet.

Glos. You know the character to be your bro-rs?

[1] Trial. [2] Weak and foolish.

Edm. If the matter were good, my lord, I durst swear it were his; but, in respect of that, I would fain think it were not.

Glos. It is his.

Edm. It is his hand, my lord; but, I hope, his heart is not in the contents.

Glos. Hath he never heretofore sounded you in this business?

Edm. Never, my lord: but I have often heard him maintain it to be fit, that sons at perfect age, and fathers declining, the father should be as ward to the son, and the son manage his revenue.

Glos. O villain, villain!—his very opinion in the letter! — Abhorred villain! Unnatural, detested, brutish villain! worse than brutish!—Go, sirrah, seek him; I 'll apprehend him;—abominable villain! —Where is he?

Edm. I do not well know, my lord. If it shall please you to suspend your indignation against my brother till you can derive from him better testimony of his intent, you shall run a certain course where,[1] if you violently proceed against him, mistaking his purpose, it would make a great gap in your own honor, and shake in pieces the heart of his obedience. I dare pawn down my life for him, that he hath writ this to feel my affection to your honor, and to no other pretence[2] of danger.

Glos. Think you so?

---

[1] Whereas. [2] Design.

dispositions as he bears, this last surrender of his will but offend us.

Re. We shall farther think of it.

Gon. We must do something, and i' the heat.

[*Exeunt*

SCENE II.

A hall in the Earl of Gloster's castle.

Enter EDMUND, *with a letter.*

Edm. Thou, Nature, art my goddess; to thy law
My services are bound. Wherefore should I
Stand in the plague of custom; and permit
The curiosity of nations [1] to deprive me,
For that I am some twelve or fourteen moon-shines
Lag of a brother? Why bastard? wherefore base?
When my dimensions are as well compact,
My mind as generous, and my shape as true,
As honest madam's issue? Why brand they us
With base? with baseness? bastardy? base, base?
Who, in the lusty stealth of nature, take
More composition and fierce quality,
Than doth, within a dull, stale, tired bed,
Go to the creating a whole tribe of fops,
Got 'tween asleep and wake?—Well then,
Legitimate Edgar, I must have your land.
Our father's love is to the bastard Edmund

[1] The scrupulous nicety of civil institutions.

ness, treachery, and all ruinous disorders follow us disquietly to our graves!—Find out this villain, Edmund! it shall lose thee nothing: do it carefully.—And the noble and true-hearted Kent banished! his offence, honesty!—Strange! strange! [*Exit.*

Edm. This is the excellent foppery of the world! that, when we are sick in fortune, (often the surfeit of our own behavior) we make guilty of our disasters, the sun, the moon, and the stars; as if we were villains by necessity; fools by heavenly compulsion; knaves, thieves, and treachers[1] by spherical predominance; drunkards, liars, and adulterers by an enforced obedience of planetary influence; and all that we are evil in by a divine thrusting on. An admirable evasion of whoremaster man, to lay his goatish disposition to the charge of a star! My father compounded with my mother under the dragon's tail, and my nativity was under *ursa major*; so that it follows, I am rough and lecherous. Tut, I should have been that I am, had the maidenliest star in the firmament twinkled on my bastardizing. Edgar——

Enter EDGAR.

and pat he comes, like the catastrophe of the old comedy. My cue is villanous melancholy, with a sigh

[1] Traitors

like Tom o' Bedlam. O, these eclipses do portend these divisions! fa, sol, la, mi.[1]

Edg. How now, brother Edmund? What serious contemplation are you in?

Edm. I am thinking, brother, of a prediction I ead this other day, what should follow these clipses.

Edg. Do you busy yourself with that?

Edm. I promise you, the effects he writes of, ucceed unhappily; as of unnaturalness between the hild and the parent; death, dearth, dissolutions of ncient amities; divisions in state, menaces and ialedictions against king and nobles; needless iffidences, banishment of friends, dissipation of ohorts, nuptial breaches, and I know not what.

Edg. How long have you been a sectary astroomical?

Edm. Come, come; when saw you my father ıst?

Edg. Why, the night gone by.

Edm. Spake you with him?

Edg. Ay, two hours together.

Edm. Parted you in good terms? Found you no ispleasure in him, by word or countenance?

Edg. None at all.

Edm. Bethink yourself, wherein you may have ffended him; and, at my entreaty, forbear his pre-

---

[1] These sounds are deemed unnatural and offensive in usic.

sense, till some little time hath qualified the heat of his displeasure, which at this instant so rageth in him, that with the mischief of your person it would scarcely allay.

Edg. Some villain hath done me wrong.

Edm. That 's my fear. I pray you, have a continent[1] forbearance, till the speed of his rage goes slower; and, as I say, retire with me to my lodging, from whence I will fitly bring you to hear my lord speak. Pray you, go: there 's my key: if you do stir abroad, go armed.

Edg. Armed, brother?

Edm. Brother, I advise you to the best; go armed: I am no honest man, if there be any good meaning towards you: I have told you what I have seen and heard but faintly, nothing like the image and horror of it. Pray you, away.

Edg. Shall I hear from you anon?

Edm. I do serve you in this business.—

[*Exit Edgar.*

A credulous father, and a brother noble,
Whose nature is so far from doing harms,
That he suspects none: on whose foolish honesty
My practices ride easy!—I see the business.—
Let me, if not by birth, have lands by wit:
All with me 's meet, that I can fashion fit. [*Exit.*

---

[1] Temperate.

SCENE III.

A room in the Duke of Albany's palace.

Enter GONERIL *and* STEWARD.

Gon. Did my father strike my gentleman for
ing of his fool?

Stew. Ay, madam.

Gon. By day and night, he wrongs me; every hour
flashes into one gross crime or other,
t sets us all at odds: I 'll not endure it:
knights grow riotous, and himself upbraids us
every trifle.—When he returns from hunting,
ill not speak with him: say, I am sick:
ou come slack of former services,
shall do well; the fault of it I 'll answer.

Stew. He 's coming, madam; I hear him. [*horns within.*

Gon. Put on what weary negligence you please,
and your fellows; I 'd have it come to question:
e dislike it, let him to my sister,
ose mind and mine, I know, in that are one,
to be over-ruled. Idle old man,
t still would manage those authorities
t he hath given away!—Now, by my life,
fools are babes again; and must be used
th checks, as flatteries,—when they are seen abused.

Remember what I have said.

Stew. Very well, madam.

Gon. And let his knights have colder looks among you:
What grows of it, no matter; advise your fellows so:
I would breed from hence occasions, and I shall,
That I may speak: I 'll write straight to my sister,
To hold my very course. Prepare for dinner.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

A hall in the same.

Enter KENT, *disguised.*

Kent. If but as well I other accents borrow,
That can my speech diffuse,[1] my good intent
May carry through itself to that full issue
For which I rased my likeness. Now, banish'd Kent,
If thou canst serve where thou dost stand condemn'd,
(So may it come!) thy master, whom thou lovest,
Shall find thee full of labors.

Horns within. Enter LEAR, *Knights, and Attendants.*

Lear. Let me not stay a jot for dinner; go, get it ready. [*Exit an Attendant.*] How now? what art thou?

---

[1] Disorder, disguise.

Kent. A man, sir.

Lear. What dost thou profess? What wouldst ou with us?

Kent. I do profess to be no less than I seem; to rve him truly that will put me in trust; to love m that is honest; to converse with him that is se, and says little; to fear judgment; to fight ıen I cannot choose; and to eat no fish.

Lear. What art thou?

Kent. A very honest-hearted fellow, and as poor the king.

Lear. If thou be as poor for a subject as he is r a king, thou art poor enough. What wouldst ou?

Kent. Service.

Lear. Who wouldst thou serve?

Kent. You.

Lear. Dost thou know me, fellow?

Kent. No, sir; but you have that in your counıance, which I would fain call master.

Lear. What's that?

Kent. Authority.

Lear. What services canst thou do?

Kent. I can keep honest counsel, ride, run, mar a rious tale in telling it, and deliver a plain message ıntly: that which ordinary men are fit for, I am alified in; and the best of me is diligence.

Lear. How old art thou?

Kent. Not so young, sir, to love a woman for ıging; nor so old, to dote on her for any thing: I ve years on my back forty-eight.

lubber's length again, tarry; but away: go to: have you wisdom? so. [*pushes the Steward out.*

Lear. Now, my friendly knave, I thank thee: there's earnest of thy service. [*giving Kent money.*

Enter FOOL.

Fool. Let me hire him too:—here's my coxcomb. [*giving Kent his cap.*

Lear. How now, my pretty knave? how dost thou?

Fool. Sirrah, you were best take my coxcomb.

Kent. Why, fool?

Fool. Why? For taking one's part that is out of favor. Nay, an thou canst not smile as the wind sits, thou'lt catch cold shortly. There, take my coxcomb: why, this fellow has banished two of his daughters, and did the third a blessing against his will. If thou follow him, thou must needs wear my coxcomb.—How now, nuncle? Would I had two coxcombs and two daughters!

Lear. Why, my boy?

Fool. If I gave them all my living, I'd keep my coxcombs myself: there's mine; beg another of thy daughters.

Lear. Take heed, sirrah: the whip.

Fool. Truth's a dog that must to kennel; he must be whipped out, when lady, the brach,[1] may stand by the fire and stink.

---

[1] Bitch hound.

Lear. A pestilent gall to me!

Fool. Sirrah, I 'll teach thee a speech.

Lear. Do.

Fool. Mark it, nuncle:—

'Have more than thou showest,
Speak less than thou knowest,
Lend less than thou owest,[1]
Ride more than thou goest,
Learn more than thou trowest,[2]
Set less than thou throwest;
Leave thy drink and thy whore,
And keep in-a-door,
And thou shalt have more
Than two tens to a score.'

Lear. This is nothing, fool.

Fool. Then 'tis like the breath of an unfeed lawyer; you gave me nothing for't: can you make no use of nothing, nuncle?

Lear. Why, no, boy; nothing can be made out of nothing.

Fool. Pr'ythee, tell him, so much the rent of his land comes to; he will not believe a fool. [*to Kent.*

Lear. A bitter fool!

Fool. Dost thou know the difference, my boy, between a bitter fool and a sweet fool?

Lear. No, lad; teach me.

Fool. 'That lord, that counsel'd thee
To give away thy land,

---

[1] Ownest, possessest. [2] Believest

Come place him here by me,—
  Or do thou for him stand:
The sweet and bitter fool
  Will presently appear;
The one in motley here,
  The other found out there.'

Lear. Dost thou call me fool, boy?

Fool. All thy other titles thou hast given away; that thou wast born with.

Kent. This is not altogether fool, my lord.

Fool. No, faith, lords and great men will not let me: if I had a monopoly out, they would have part on 't: and ladies too, they will not let me have all fool to myself; they 'll be snatching. Give me an egg, nuncle, and I 'll give thee two crowns.

Lear. What two crowns shall they be?

Fool. Why, after I have cut the egg i' the middle, and eat up the meat, the two crowns of the egg. When thou clovest thy crown i' the middle, and gavest away both parts, thou borest thine ass on thy back over the dirt. Thou hadst little wit in thy bald crown, when thou gavest thy golden one away. If I speak like myself in this, let him be whipped that first finds it so.

'Fools had ne'er less grace [1] in a year, [*singing.*
  For wise men are grown foppish;
And know not how their wits to wear,
  Their manners are so apish.'

---

[1] Favor.

Lear. When were you wont to be so full of ongs, sirrah?

Fool. I have used it, nuncle, ever since thou nadest thy daughters thy mother; for when thou gavest them the rod, and puttest down thine own breeches,

'Then they for sudden joy did weep, [*singing.*
And I for sorrow sung,
That such a king should play bo-peep,
And go the fools among.'

Pr'ythee, nuncle, keep a schoolmaster that can teach hy fool to lie: I would fain learn to lie.

Lear. If you lie, sirrah, we 'll have you whipped.

Fool. I marvel, what kin thou and thy daughters re: they 'll have me whipped for speaking true; hou 'lt have me whipped for lying; and sometimes am whipped for holding my peace. I had rather e any kind of thing than a fool; and yet I would ot be thee, nuncle: thou hast pared thy wit o' both ides, and left nothing in the middle. Here comes ne o' the parings.

Enter GONERIL.

Lear. How now, daughter? What makes that rontlet[1] on? Methinks, you are too much of late ' the frown.

---

[1] A forehead-cloth worn formerly by ladies, to which Lear ompares the frowning brow of Goneril.

Fool. Thou wast a pretty fellow, when thou hadst no need to care for her frowning; now thou art an O[1] without a figure. I am better than thou art now; I am a fool, thou art nothing.—Yes, forsooth, I will hold my tongue; so your face [*to Gon.*] bids me, though you say nothing. Mum, mum!

'He that keeps nor crust nor crum,
Weary of all, shall want some.'—

That 's a shealed peascod.[2] [*pointing to Lear.*

Gon. Not only, sir, this your all-licensed fool,
But other of your insolent retinue
Do hourly carp and quarrel, breaking forth
In rank and not to be endured riots. Sir,
I had thought, by making this well known unto you,
To have found a safe redress; but now grow fearful,
By what yourself too late have spoke and done,
That you protect this course, and put it on
By your allowance; which if you should, the fault
Would not escape censure, nor the redresses sleep;
Which, in the tender of a wholesome weal,[3]
Might in their working do you that offence,
Which else were shame, that then necessity
Will call discreet proceeding.

Fool. For you trow, nuncle,

'The hedge-sparrow fed the cuckoo so long,
That it had its head bit off by its young.'

---

[1] A real cipher. [2] A mere husk which contains nothing.
[3] Well-governed state.

out went the candle, and we were left darkling.

[L]ear. Are you our daughter?

[G]on. Come, sir, I would, you would make use of good wisdom whereof I know you are fraught; put away these dispositions, which of late trans[form] you from what you rightly are.

[F]ool. May not an ass know when the cart draws [the] horse? Whoop, Jug! I love thee.[1]

[L]ear. Does any here know me?—Why this is not [Lea]r. Does Lear walk thus? speak thus? Where [are] his eyes? Either his notion weakens, or his [disc]ernings are lethargied.—Sleeping or waking?— sure 'tis not so.—Who is it that can tell me [who] I am?—Lear's shadow? I would learn that; by the marks of sovereignty, knowlege, and [reas]on, I should be false persuaded I had daughters.

[F]ool. Which they will make an obedient father.

[L]ear. Your name, fair gentlewoman?

[G]on. Come, sir;
[Thi]s admiration is much o' the favor[2]
[Of o]ther your new pranks. I do beseech you
[To] understand my purposes aright.
[As] you are old and reverend, you should be wise:
[Her]e do you keep a hundred knights and squires;
[Me]n so disorder'd, so debauch'd, and bold,
[Tha]t this our court, infected with their manners,
[Sho]ws like a riotous inn: epicurism and lust
[Mak]e it more like a tavern or a brothel,

---

[1] The burthen of an old song. [2] Complexion

Than a graced palace. The shame itself doth speak
For instant remedy: be then desired
By her, that else will take the thing she begs,
A little to disquantity your train;
And the remainder, that shall still depend,[1]
To be such men as may besort your age,
Which know themselves and you.

Lear. Darkness and devils!—
Saddle my horses; call my train together.—
Degenerate bastard! I'll not trouble thee:
Yet have I left a daughter.

Gon. You strike my people; and your disorder'd rabble
Make servants of their betters.

Enter ALBANY.

Lear. Woe, that too late repents.—O, sir, are you come?
Is it your will? [*To Alb.*] Speak, sir.—Prepare my horses.
Ingratitude! thou marble-hearted fiend,
More hideous, when thou show'st thee in a child,
Than the sea-monster!

Alb. Pray, sir, be patient.

Lear. Detested kite! thou liest: [*to Goneril.*
My train are men of choice and rarest parts,
That all particulars of duty know;
And in the most exact regard support

---

[1] Continue in service.

ʼorships of their name.—O most small fault,
ugly didst thou in Cordelia show!
h, like an engine,[1] wrench'd my frame of nature
the fix'd place; drew from my heart all love,
ıdded to the gall. O Lear, Lear, Lear!
ıt this gate, that let thy folly in, [*striking his head.*
hy dear judgment out!—Go, go, my people.
. My lord, I am guiltless, as I am ignorant
ıat hath moved you.
ır. It may be so, my lord.—Hear, Nature, hear;
goddess, hear! Suspend thy purpose, if
didst intend to make this creature fruitful:
ıer womb convey sterility;
p in her the organs of increase;
rom her derogate[2] body never spring
e to honor her! If she must teem,
e her child of spleen, that it may live,
e a thwart disnatured torment to her:
stamp wrinkles in her brow of youth;
cadent[3] tears fret channels in her cheeks;
all her mother's pains and benefits
ıghter and contempt; that she may feel
sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
ve a thankless child!—Away, away! [*Exit.*

---

[1] A rack. [2] Degraded. [3] Falling.

Alb. Now, gods, that we adore, whereof comes
this?

Gon. Never afflict yourself to know the cause;
But let his disposition have that scope
That dotage gives it.

Re-enter LEAR.

Lear. What, fifty of my followers at a clap?
Within a fortnight?

Alb. What's the matter, sir?

Lear. I'll tell thee:—Life and death! I am
ashamed
That thou hast power to shake my manhood thus;
[*to Goneril.*
That these hot tears, which break from me perforce,
Should make thee worth them.—Blasts and fogs
upon thee!
The untented[1] woundings of a father's curse
Pierce every sense about thee!—Old fond eyes,
Beweep this cause again, I'll pluck you out;
And cast you, with the waters that you lose,
To temper clay.—Ha! is it come to this?
Let it be so.—Yet have I left a daughter,
Who, I am sure, is kind and comfortable.
When she shall hear this of thee, with her nails
She'll flay thy wolfish visage. Thou shalt find,
That I'll resume the shape which thou dost think

[1] Undressed.

I have cast off for ever; thou shalt, I warrant thee.
[*Exeunt Lear, Kent, and Attendants.*

Gon. Do you mark that, my lord?

Alb. I cannot be so partial, Goneril,
To the great love I bear you,——

Gon. Pray you, content.—What, Oswald, ho!
You, sir, more knave than fool, after your master.
[*to the Fool.*

Fool. Nuncle Lear, nuncle Lear, tarry, and take the fool with thee.

'A fox, when one has caught her,
And such a daughter,
Should sure to the slaughter,
If my cap would buy a halter;
So the fool follows after.' [*Exit.*

Gon. This man hath had good counsel.—A hundred knights!
'Tis politic and safe to let him keep
At point[1] a hundred knights. Yes, that on every dream,
Each buz, each fancy, each complaint, dislike,
He may enguard his dotage with their powers,
And hold our lives in mercy.—Oswald, I say!

Alb. Well, you may fear too far.

Gon. Safer than trust too far:
Let me still take away the harms I fear,
Not fear still to be taken. I know his heart:
What he hath utter'd, I have writ my sister;

---

[1] Completely armed.

If she sustain him and his hundred knights,
When I have show'd the unfitness,——How now,
Oswald?

Enter STEWARD.

What, have you writ that letter to my sister?
Stew. Ay, madam.
Gon. Take you some company, and away to horse:
Inform her full of my particular fear;
And thereto add such reasons of your own,
As may compact it more. Get you gone;
And hasten your return. [*Exit Stew.*] No, no, my lord,
This milky gentleness, and course of yours,
Though I condemn it not; yet, under pardon,
You are much more attask'd[1] for want of wisdom,
Than praised for harmful mildness.
Alb. How far your eyes may pierce, I cannot tell:
Striving to better, oft we mar what 's well.
Gon. Nay, then——
Alb. Well, well; the event. [*Exeunt.*

---

[1] Liable to reprehension.

SCENE V.

Court before the same.

Enter LEAR, KENT, *and* FOOL.

Lear. Go you before to Gloster with these letters: acquaint my daughter no farther with any thing you know, than comes from her demand out of the letter. If your diligence be not speedy, I shall be there before you.

Kent. I will not sleep, my lord, till I have delivered your letter. [*Exit.*

Fool. If a man's brains were in his heels, were 't not in danger of kibes?

Lear. Ay, boy.

Fool. Then, I pr'ythee, be merry; thy wit shall not go slipshod.

Lear. Ha, ha, ha!

Fool. Shalt see, thy other daughter will use thee kindly; for though she 's as like this as a crab is like an apple, yet I can tell what I can tell.

Lear. Why, what canst thou tell, my boy?

Fool. She will taste as like this as a crab does to a crab. Thou canst tell why one's nose stands i' the middle of his face?

Lear. No.

Fool. Why, to keep his eyes on either side his nose; that what a man cannot smell out, he may spy into.

Lear. I did her wrong:——

Fool. Canst tell how an oyster makes his shell?

Lear. No.

Fool. Nor I neither; but I can tell why a snail has a house.

Lear. Why?

Fool. Why, to put his head in; not to give it away to his daughters, and leave his horns without a case.

Lear. I will forget my nature.—So kind a father!—Be my horses ready?

Fool. Thy asses are gone about 'em. The reason why the seven stars are no more than seven, is a pretty reason.

Lear. Because they are not eight?

Fool. Yes, indeed: thou wouldst make a good fool.

Lear. To take it again perforce!—Monster ingratitude!

Fool. If thou wert my fool, nuncle, I 'd have thee beaten for being old before thy time.

Lear. How 's that?

Fool. Thou shouldst not have been old before thou hadst been wise.

Lear. O let me not be mad, not mad, sweet Heaven!
Keep me in temper: I would not be mad!

Enter GENTLEMAN.

How now? Are the horses ready?

Gen. Ready, my lord.

Lear. Come, boy.

Fool. She that is maid now, and laughs at my departure,
Shall not be a maid long, unless things be cut shorter. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.

A court within the castle of the Earl of Gloster.

Enter EDMUND *and* CURAN, *meeting.*

Edm. Save thee, Curan.

Curan. And you, sir. I have been with your father; and given him notice, that the duke of Cornwall, and Regan his duchess, will be here with him to-night.

Edm. How comes that?

Curan. Nay, I know not. You have heard of the news abroad; I mean, the whispered ones, for they are yet but ear-kissing arguments?

Edm. Not I: pray you, what are they?

Curan. Have you heard of no likely wars toward 'twixt the dukes of Cornwall and Albany?

Edm. Not a word.

Curan. You may then, in time. Fare you well, sir. [*Exit*

Edm. The duke be here to-night? The better Best!

This weaves itself perforce into my business!
My father hath set guard to take my brother;
And I have one thing, of a queasy[1] question,
Which I must act.—Briefness and fortune, work!—
Brother, a word;—descend:—brother, I say!

Enter EDGAR.

My father watches.—O sir, fly this place;
Intelligence is given where you are hid;
You have now the good advantage of the night.
Have you not spoken 'gainst the duke of Cornwall?
He 's coming hither; now, i' the night, i' the haste,
And Regan with him. Have you nothing said
Upon his party 'gainst the duke of Albany?
Advise yourself.[2]

Edg. I am sure on 't, not a word.

Edm. I hear my father coming.—Pardon me:
In cunning, I must draw my sword upon you.
Draw: seem to defend yourself: now quit you well.
Yield:—come before my father:—light, ho, here!—
Fly, brother!—torches! torches!—so, farewell.
[*Exit Edgar.*
Some blood drawn on me would beget opinion
[*wounds his arm.*
Of my more fierce endeavor: I have seen drunkards
Do more than this in sport.—Father! father!
Stop, stop! No help?

---

[1] Delicate. [2] Consider, recollect yourself

Enter GLOSTER, *and Servants with torches.*

Glos. Now, Edmund, where 's the villain?

Edm. Here stood he in the dark, his sharp sword out,
Iumbling of wicked charms, conjuring the moon
'o stand his auspicious mistress.

Glos. But where is he?

Edm. Look, sir, I bleed.

Glos. Where is the villain, Edmund?

Edm. Fled this way, sir, when by no means he could——

Glos. Pursue him, ho!—Go after. [*Exit Servant.*] By no means,—what?

Edm. Persuade me to the murder of your lordship;
ut that I told him, the revenging gods
'gainst parricides did all their thunders bend;
poke, with how manifold and strong a bond
he child was bound to the father. Sir, in fine,
eeing how loathly opposite I stood
o his unnatural purpose, in fell motion,
Vith his prepared sword, he charges home
Iy unprovided body; lanced mine arm:
ut when he saw my best alarum'd spirits,
old in the quarrel's right, roused to the encounter,
r whether gasted [1] by the noise I made,
ull suddenly he fled.

---

[1] Frighted.

Glos. Let him fly far:
Not in this land shall he remain uncaught;
And found,——Despatch.—The noble duke my
master,
My worthy arch[1] and patron, comes to-night:
By his authority I will proclaim it,
That he, which finds him, shall deserve our thanks,
Bringing the murderous coward to the stake;
He, that conceals him, death.

Edm. When I dissuaded him from his intent,
And found him pight[2] to do it, with curst[3] speech
I threaten'd to discover him: he replied;—
'Thou unpossessing bastard! dost thou think,
If I would stand against thee, would the reposal
Of any trust, virtue, or worth in thee
Make thy words faith'd? No; what I should deny,
(As this I would; ay, though thou didst produce
My very character[4]) I'd turn it all
To thy suggestion, plot, and damned practice:
And thou must make a dullard of the world,
If they not thought the profits of my death
Were very pregnant and potential spurs
To make thee seek it.'

Glos. Strong and fasten'd villain!
Would he deny his letter?—I never got him.
[*trumpets within.*
Hark, the duke's trumpets! I know not why he
comes.

---

[1] Chief.
[2] Pight for pitched, resolved.
[3] Severe, angry.
[4] Hand-writing.

All ports I 'll bar; the villain shall not 'scape;
The duke must grant me that: besides, his picture
I will send far and near, that all the kingdom
May have due note of him; and of my land,
Loyal and natural boy, I 'll work the means
To make thee capable.[1]

Enter CORNWALL, REGAN, *and Attendants.*

Corn. How now, my noble friend? since I came hither,
(Which I can call but now) I have heard strange news.

Re. If it be true, all vengeance comes too short,
Which can pursue the offender. How dost, my lord?

Glos. O, madam, my old heart is crack'd, is crack'd!

Re. What, did my father's godson seek your life?
He whom my father named? your Edgar?

Glos. O, lady, lady, shame would have it hid!

Re. Was he not companion with the riotous knights
That tend upon my father?

Glos. I know not, madam:
It is too bad, too bad.

Edm. Yes, madam, he was.

Re. No marvel then, though he were ill affected:
'Tis they have put him on the old man's death,

---

[1] i. e. capable of succeeding to my estate.

To have the waste and spoil of his revenues.
I have this present evening from my sister
Been well inform'd of them; and with such cautions,
That, if they come to sojourn at my house,
I 'll not be there.

Corn. Nor I, assure thee, Regan.—
Edmund, I hear that you have shown your father
A child-like office.

Edm. 'Twas my duty, sir.

Glos. He did bewray his practice;[1] and receivec
This hurt you see, striving to apprehend him.

Corn. Is he pursued?

Glos. Ay, my good lord, he is.

Corn. If he be taken, he shall never more
Be fear'd of doing harm: make your own purpose,
How in my strength you please.—For you, Edmund,
Whose virtue and obedience doth this instant
So much commend itself, you shall be ours;
Natures of such deep trust we shall much need:
You we first seise on.

Edm. I shall serve you, sir,
Truly, however else.

Glos. For him I thank your grace.

Corn. You know not why we came to visit you,——

Re. Thus out of season, threading dark-eyed night.
Occasions, noble Gloster, of some poize,[2]

---

[1] He discovered his wicked design
[2] Weight, moment.

Wherein we must have use of your advice.
Our father he hath writ, so hath our sister,
Of differences, which I best thought it fit
To answer from our home: the several messengers
From hence attend despatch. Our good old friend
Lay comforts to your bosom; and bestow
Your needful counsel to our business,
Which craves the instant use.

Glos. I serve you, madam:
Your graces are right welcome. [*Exeunt*

SCENE II.

Before Gloster's castle.

Enter KENT *and* STEWARD, *severally.*

Stew. Good dawning to thee, friend! art of the house?

Kent. Ay.

Stew. Where may we set our horses?

Kent. I' the mire.

Stew. Pr'ythee, if thou love me, tell me.

Kent. I love thee not.

Stew. Why, then I care not for thee.

Kent. If I had thee in Lipsbury pinfold, I would make thee care for me.

Stew. Why dost thou use me thus? I know thee not.

Kent. Fellow, I know thee.

Stew. What dost thou know me for?

Kent A knave; a rascal; an eater of broken

meats; a base, proud, shallow, beggarly, three-suited, hundred-pound, filthy worsted-stocking knave; a lily-livered, action-taking knave; a whoreson, glass-gazing, superserviceable, finical rogue; one-trunk-inheriting slave; one that wouldst be a bawd, in way of good service, and art nothing but the composition of a knave, beggar, coward, pander, and the son and heir of a mongrel bitch; one whom I will beat into clamorous whining, if thou deniest the least syllable of thy addition.[1]

Stew. Why, what a monstrous fellow art thou, thus to rail on one, that is neither known of thee, nor knows thee!

Kent. What a brazen-faced varlet art thou to deny thou knowest me! Is it two days ago, since I tripped up thy heels and beat thee before the king? Draw, you rogue; for, though it be night, the moon shines: I 'll make a sop o' the moonshine of you. Draw, you whoreson cullionly barber-monger; draw.
[*drawing his sword.*

Stew. Away; I have nothing to do with thee.

Kent. Draw, you rascal: you come with letters against the king; and take vanity the puppet's part,[2] against the royalty of her father. Draw, you rogue, or I 'll so carbonado your shanks:—draw, you rascal; come your ways.

Stew. Help, ho! murder! help.

---

[1] Titles.
[2] A character in the old moralities.

Kent. Strike, you slave! stand, rogue, stand! you neat slave, strike! [*beating him.*

Stew. Help, ho! murder! murder!

Enter EDMUND, CORNWALL, REGAN, GLOSTER, *and Servants.*

Edm. How now? What's the matter? Part.

Kent. With you, goodman boy, if you please; come, I'll flesh you: come on, young master.

Glos. Weapons! arms! What's the matter here?

Corn. Keep peace, upon your lives;
He dies, that strikes again. What is the matter?

Re. The messengers from our sister and the king.

Corn. What is your difference? speak.

Stew. I am scarce in breath, my lord.

Kent. No marvel, you have so bestirred your valor. You cowardly rascal, Nature disclaims in thee; a tailor made thee.

Corn. Thou art a strange fellow: a tailor make a man?

Kent. Ay, a tailor, sir: a stone-cutter or a painter could not have made him so ill, though they had been but two hours at the trade.

Corn. Speak yet, how grew your quarrel?

Stew. This ancient ruffian, sir, whose life I have spared,
At suit of his gray beard,——

Kent. Thou whoreson zed! thou unnecessary letter!—My lord, if you will give me leave, I will

tread this unbolted[1] villain into mortar, and daub the wall of a jakes with him.—Spare my gray beard, you wagtail?

Corn. Peace, sirrah!
You beastly knave, know you no reverence?

Kent. Yes, sir; but anger has a privilege.

Corn. Why art thou angry?

Kent. That such a slave as this should wear a sword,
Who wears no honesty. Such smiling rogues as these,
Like rats, oft bite the holy cords atwain,
Which are too intrinse[2] t' unloose; smoothe every passion
That in the natures of their lords rebels;
Bring oil to fire, snow to their colder moods;
Renege,[3] affirm, and turn their halcyon beaks
With every gale and vary of their masters,[4]
As knowing naught, like dogs, but following.—
A plague upon your epileptic visage!
Smile you my speeches, as I were a fool?
Goose, if I had you upon Sarum plain,
I 'd drive ye cackling home to Camelot.

Corn. What, art thou mad, old fellow?

Glos. How fell you out?
Say that.

---

[1] Unrefined, unsifted. [2] Perplexed. [3] Deny.

[4] The halcyon, or king-fisher, when dried, and hung up by a thread, was formerly supposed to turn his bill to the point whence the wind blew.

nt. No contraries hold more antipathy
I and such a knave.
rn. Why dost thou call him knave? What's his offence?
nt. His countenance likes me not.
rn. No more, perchance, does mine, or his, or hers.
nt. Sir, 'tis my occupation to be plain:
e seen better faces in my time,
stands on any shoulder that I see
re me at this instant.
rn. This is some fellow,
, having been praised for bluntness, doth affect
ucy roughness, and constrains the garb,
e from his nature. He cannot flatter, he!—
onest mind and plain,—he must speak truth:
hey will take it, so; if not, he's plain.
e kind of knaves I know, which in this plainness
or more craft, and more corrupter ends,
twenty silly ducking observants,
stretch their duties nicely.
nt. Sir, in good sooth, in sincere verity,
r the allowance of your grand aspect,
se influence, like the wreath of radiant fire
lickering Phœbus' front,——
rn. What mean'st by this?
nt. To go out of my dialect, which you dis-
nend so much. I know, sir, I am no flatterer:
hat beguiled you in a plain accent was a plain

knave; which, for my part, I will not be, though
should win your displeasure to entreat me to it.

Corn. What was the offence you gave him?

Stew. I never gave him any:
It pleased the king his master, very late,
To strike at me, upon his misconstruction;
When he, conjunct, and flattering his displeasure,
Tripp'd me behind; being down, insulted, rail'd,
And put upon him such a deal of man,
That worthy'd him, got praises of the king,
For him attempting who was self-subdued;
And, in the fleshment of this dread exploit,
Drew on me here again.

Kent. None of these rogues and cowards
But Ajax is their fool.[1]

Corn. Fetch forth the stocks, ho!
You stubborn ancient knave, you reverend braggart
We'll teach you——

Kent. Sir, I am too old to learn:
Call not your stocks for me: I serve the king,
On whose employment I was sent to you.
You shall do small respect, show too bold malice
Against the grace and person of my master,
Stocking his messenger.

Corn. Fetch forth the stocks:
As I've life and honor, there shall he sit till noon.

Re. Till noon! till night, my lord; and all night too.

---

[1] i. e. Ajax is a fool to them.

Kent. Why, madam, if I were your father's dog,
You should not use me so.

Re. Sir, being his knave, I will.
[*stocks brought out.*

Corn. This is a fellow of the self-same color
Our sister speaks of.—Come, bring away the stocks.

Glos. Let me beseech your grace not to do so:
His fault is much, and the good king his master
Will check him for 't: your purposed low correction
Is such, as basest and contemned'st wretches,
For pilferings and most common trespasses,
Are punish'd with. The king must take it ill,
That he 's so slightly valued in his messenger,
Should have him thus restrain'd.

Corn. I 'll answer that.

Re. My sister may receive it much more worse,
To have her gentleman abused, assaulted,
For following her affairs.—Put in his legs.
[*Kent is put in the stocks*
Come, my good lord; away.
[*Exeunt Regan and Cornwall.*

Glos. I am sorry for thee, friend; 'tis the duke's pleasure,
Whose disposition, all the world well knows,
Will not be rubb'd nor stopp'd. I 'll entreat for thee.

Kent. Pray, do not, sir: I have watch'd and travell'd hard;
Some time I shall sleep out, the rest I 'll whistle
A good man's fortune may grow out at heels.
Give you good morrow!

Glos. The duke's to blame in this: 'twill be ill taken. [*Exit*

Kent. Good king, that must approve the common saw!
Thou out of heaven's benediction comest
To the warm sun!
Approach, thou beacon to this under globe,
That by thy comfortable beams I may
Peruse this letter. Nothing almost sees miracles,
But misery. I know, 'tis from Cordelia,
Who hath most fortunately been inform'd
Of my obscured course; and shall find time
From this enormous state,—seeking to give
Losses their remedies.—All weary and o'erwatch'd,
Take vantage, heavy eyes, not to behold
This shameful lodging.
Fortune, good night; smile once more; turn thy wheel! [*he sleeps.*

SCENE III.

A part of the heath.

Enter EDGAR.

Edg. I heard myself proclaim'd;
And, by the happy hollow of a tree,
Escaped the hunt. No port is free; no place,
That guard, and most unusual vigilance,
Does not attend my taking. While I may scape,
I will preserve myself; and am bethought
To take the basest and most poorest shape,

ıat ever penury, in contempt of man,
.ought near to beast: my face I 'll grime with filth;
Blanket my loins; elf all my hair in knots;[1]
And with presented nakedness outface
The winds and persecutions of the sky.
The country gives me proof and precedent
Of Bedlam beggars, who, with roaring voices,
Strike in their numb'd and mortified bare arms
Pins, wooden pricks, nails, sprigs of rosemary;
And with this horrible object, from low farms,
Poor pelting villages, sheepcotes, and mills,
Sometime with lunatic bans,[2] sometime with prayers,
Enforce their charity.—Poor Turlygood! poor Tom!
That 's something yet;—Edgar I nothing am.
[*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Before Gloster's castle.

Enter LEAR, FOOL, *and* GENTLEMAN.

Lear. 'Tis strange, that they should so depart from home,
And not send back my messenger.
Gen. As I learn'd,
The night before there was no purpose in them
Of this remove.

---

[1] Hair thus knotted was vulgarly supposed to be the work of elves and fairies in the night. [2] Curses.

Kent. Hail to thee, noble master!

Lear. How!
Makest thou this shame thy pastime?

Kent. No, my lord.

Fool. Ha, ha! look! he wears cruel[1] garter[s]. Horses are tied by the head, dogs and bears by t[he] neck, monkeys by the loins, and men by the leg[s]: when a man is over-lusty at legs, then he wea[rs] wooden nether-stocks.[2]

Lear. What's he, that hath so much thy pla[ce] mistook,
To set thee here?

Kent. It is both he and she,
Your son and daughter.

Lear. No.

Kent. Yes.

Lear. No, I say.

Kent. I say, yea.

Lear. No, no; they would not.

Kent. Yes, they have.

Lear. By Jupiter, I swear, no.

Kent. By Juno, I swear, ay.

Lear. They durst not do't;
They could not, would not do't: 'tis worse tha[n] murder,
To do upon respect such violent outrage.
Resolve me, with all modest haste, which way

---

[1] A quibble is here intended on the word crewel, whic[h] signifies worsted. [2] The old word for stockings.

ı mightst deserve, or they impose this usage,
ing from us.

ent. My lord, when at their home
l commend your highness' letters to them,
I was risen from the place that show'd
duty kneeling, came there a reeking post,
v'd in his haste, half breathless, panting forth
n Goneril his mistress salutations;
ver'd letters, spite of intermission,
ch presently they read; on whose contents,
y summon'd up their meiny,[1] straight took horse;
manded me to follow, and attend
leisure of their answer; gave me cold looks;
meeting here the other messenger,
ose welcome, I perceived, had poison'd mine,
ng the very fellow that of late
lay'd so saucily against your highness)
ing more man than wit about me, drew:
aised the house with loud and coward cries:
r son and daughter found this trespass worth
shame which here it suffers.

ool. Winter 's not gone yet, if the wild geese
hat way.

'Fathers, that wear rags,
Do make their children blind;
But fathers, that bear bags,
Shall see their children kind.

---

[1] Train, retinue.

Fortune, that arrant whore,
Ne'er turns the key to the poor.'—
But, for all this, thou shalt have as many dolors[1] for thy daughters as thou canst tell in a year.

Lear. O, how this mother[2] swells up toward my heart!
Hysterica passio! down, thou climbing sorrow;
Thy element 's below!—Where is this daughter?

Kent. With the earl, sir, here within.

Lear. Follow me not;
Stay here. [*Exit*.

Gen. Made you no more offence than what you speak of?

Kent. None.
How chance the king comes with so small a train?

Fool. An thou hadst been set i' the stocks for that question, thou hadst well deserved it.

Kent. Why, fool?

Fool. We 'll set thee to school to an ant, to teach thee there 's no laboring in the winter. All that follow their noses are led by their eyes, but blind men; and there 's not a nose among twenty, but can smell him that 's stinking. Let go thy hold when a great wheel runs down a hill, lest it break thy neck with following it; but the great one that goes up the hill, let him draw thee after. When a wise man gives thee better counsel, give me mine

---

[1] A quibble between dolors and dollars.
[2] i. e. the disease called by that name.

again: I would have none but knaves follow it, since a fool gives it.

'That, sir, which serves and seeks for gain,
And follows but for form,
Will pack, when it begins to rain,
And leave thee in the storm.

'But I will tarry; the fool will stay,
And let the wise man fly:
The knave turns fool, that runs away;
The fool no knave, perdy.'[1]

Kent. Where learned you this, fool?

Fool. Not i' the stocks, fool.

Re-enter LEAR, *with* GLOSTER.

Lear. Deny to speak with me? They are sick? they are weary?
They have travell'd hard to-night? Mere fetches;
The images of revolt and flying off!
Fetch me a better answer.

Glos. My dear lord,
You know the fiery quality of the duke;
How unremoveable and fix'd he is
In his own course.

Lear. Vengeance! plague! death! confusion!—
Fiery? what quality? Why, Gloster, Gloster,
I'd speak with the duke of Cornwall and his wife.

---

[1] A corruption of the French oath *par Dieu*.

Glos. Well, my good lord, I have inform'd them so.

Lear. Inform'd them! Dost thou understand me, man?

Glos. Ay, my good lord.

Lear. The king would speak with Cornwall; the dear father
Would with his daughter speak, commands her service:
Are they inform'd of this?—My breath and blood!—
Fiery? the fiery duke?—Tell the hot duke, that——
No, but not yet:—may be, he is not well:
Infirmity doth still neglect all office,
Whereto our health is bound; we are not ourselves,
When nature, being oppress'd, commands the mind
To suffer with the body: I'll forbear;
And am fallen out with my more headier will,
To take the indisposed and sickly fit
For the sound man.—Death on my state! wherefore [*looking on Kent.*
Should he sit here? This act persuades me,
That this remotion [1] of the duke and her
Is practice [2] only. Give me my servant forth:
Go, tell the duke and his wife I'd speak with them,
Now, presently: bid them come forth and hear me,
Or at their chamber-door I'll beat the drum,

---

[1] i. e. removal from their own house. [2] Artifice

Till it cry, 'Sleep to death.'

Glos. I'd have all well betwixt you. [*Exit.*

Lear. O me, my heart, my rising heart!—but, down.

Fool. Cry to it, nuncle, as the cockney did to the eels, when she put them i' the paste alive: she rapped 'em o' the coxcombs with a stick, and cried, 'Down, wantons, down!' 'Twas her brother, that, in pure kindness to his horse, buttered his hay.

Enter CORNWALL, REGAN, GLOSTER, *and Servants.*

Lear. Good morrow to you both.

Corn. Hail to your grace!
[*Kent is set at liberty.*

Re. I am glad to see your highness.

Lear. Regan, I think you are; I know what reason
I have to think so: if thou shouldst not be glad,
I would divorce me from thy mother's tomb,
Sepulchring an adulteress.—O, are you free?—
[*to Kent.*
Some other time for that.—Beloved Regan,
Thy sister's naught: O Regan, she hath tied
Sharp-tooth'd unkindness, like a vulture, here.—
[*points to his heart.*
I can scarce speak to thee: thou'lt not believe,
Of how depraved a quality——O Regan!

Re. I pray you, sir, take patience: I have hope,
You less know how to value her desert,
Than she to scant her duty.

Lear. Say, how is that?

Re. I cannot think, my sister in the least
Would fail her obligation: if, sir, perchance,
She have restrain'd the riots of your followers,
'Tis on such ground, and to such wholesome end,
As clears her from all blame.

Lear. My curses on her!

Re. O, sir, you are old;
Nature in you stands on the very verge
Of her confine: you should be ruled, and led
By some discretion, that discerns your state
Better than you yourself: therefore, I pray you,
That to our sister you do make return;
Say, you have wrong'd her, sir.

Lear. Ask her forgiveness?
Do you but mark how this becomes the house?[1]
'Dear daughter, I confess that I am old;
Age is unnecessary: on my knees I beg, [*kneeling.*
That you'll vouchsafe me raiment, bed, and food.'

Re. Good sir, no more; these are unsightly tricks:
Return you to my sister.

Lear. Never, Regan:
She hath abated me of half my train;
Look'd black upon me; struck me with her tongue,
Most serpent-like, upon the very heart.
All the stored vengeances of Heaven fall
On her ingrateful top! Strike her young bones,

---

[1] The order of families.

You taking airs, with lameness!

Corn. Fie, fie, fie!

Lear. You nimble lightnings, dart your blinding flames
Into her scornful eyes! Infect her beauty,
You fen-suck'd fogs, drawn by the powerful sun,
To fall and blast her pride!

Re. O the bless'd gods!
So will you wish on me, when the rash mood is on.

Lear. No, Regan, thou shalt never have my curse:
Thy tender-hefted[1] nature shall not give
Thee o'er to harshness; her eyes are fierce, but thine
Do comfort, and not burn: 'tis not in thee
To grudge my pleasures, to cut off my train,
To bandy hasty words, to scant my sizes,[2]
And, in conclusion, to oppose the bolt
Against my coming in: thou better know'st
The offices of nature, bond of childhood,
Effects of courtesy, dues of gratitude:
Thy half o' the kingdom hast thou not forgot,
Wherein I thee endow'd.

Re. Good sir, to the purpose.
[*trumpets within.*

Lear. Who put my man i' the stocks?

Corn. What trumpet 's that?

---

[1] 'Hefted seems to mean the same as heaved. 'Tender-hefted,' i. e. whose bosom is agitated by tender passions.'—Steevens.

[2] To contract my allowances.

Enter STEWARD.

Re. I know 't, my sister's: this approves her letter,
That she would soon be here.—Is your lady come?
Lear. This is a slave, whose easy-borrow'd pride
Dwells in the fickle grace of her he follows.—
Out, varlet, from my sight!
Corn. What means your grace?
Lear. Who stock'd my servant? Regan, I have good hope
Thou didst not know of 't.—Who comes here? O heavens,

Enter GONERIL.

If you do love old men, if your sweet sway
Allow[1] obedience, if yourselves are old,
Make it your cause; send down, and take my part!—
Art not ashamed to look upon this beard?— [*to Goneril.*
O, Regan, wilt thou take her by the hand?
Gon. Why not by the hand, sir? How have I offended?
All 's not offence, that indiscretion finds,
And dotage terms so.
Lear. O, sides, you are too tough!

---

[1] Approve.

Will you yet hold?—How came my man i' the stocks?

Corn. I set him there, sir; but his own disorders
Deserved much less advancement.

Lear. You! did you?

Re. I pray you, father, being weak, seem so.
If, till the expiration of your month,
You will return and sojourn with my sister,
Dismissing half your train, come then to me:
I am now from home, and out of that provision
Which shall be needful for your entertainment.

Lear. Return to her, and fifty men dismiss'd?
No, rather I abjure all roofs, and choose
To wage against the enmity o' the air;
To be a comrade with the wolf and owl,—
Necessity's sharp pinch!—Return with her?
Why, the hot-blooded France, that dowerless took
Our youngest-born;—I could as well be brought
To knee his throne, and, squire-like, pension beg
To keep base life afoot.—Return with her?
Persuade me rather to be slave and sumpter[1]
To this detested groom. [*looking on the Steward.*

Gon. At your choice, sir.

Lear. I pr'ythee, daughter, do not make me mad:
I will not trouble thee, my child; farewell:
We 'll no more meet, no more see one another:
But yet thou art my flesh, my blood, my daughter;
Or, rather, a disease that 's in my flesh,

---

[1] A horse that carries necessaries on a journey.

Which I must needs call mine: thou art a boil,
A plague-sore, an embossed[1] carbuncle,
In my corrupted blood: but I 'll not chide thee;
Let shame come when it will, I do not call it:
I do not bid the thunder-bearer shoot,
Nor tell tales of thee to high-judging Jove:
Mend when thou canst; be better at thy leisure:
I can be patient; I can stay with Regan,
I, and my hundred knights.

Re. Not altogether so, sir;
I look'd not for you yet, nor am provided
For your fit welcome. Give ear, sir, to my sister:
For those that mingle reason with your passion,
Must be content to think you old, and so——
But she knows what she does.

Lear. Is this well spoken now?

Re. I dare avouch it, sir. What, fifty followers?
Is it not well? What should you need of more,
Yea, or so many; sith[2] that both charge and danger
Speak 'gainst so great a number? How, in one house,
Should many people, under two commands,
Hold amity? 'Tis hard; almost impossible.

Gon. Why might not you, my lord, receive attendance
From those that she calls servants, or from mine?

Re. Why not, my lord? If then they chanced to slack you,

---

[1] Swollen. [2] Since.

We could control them. If you will come to me
(For now I spy a danger) I entreat you
To bring but five and twenty; to no more
Will I give place or notice.

Lear. I gave you all——

Re. And in good time you gave it.

Lear. Made you my guardians, my depositaries;
But kept a reservation to be follow'd
With such a number. What, must I come to you
With five and twenty, Regan? said you so?

Re. And speak it again, my lord; no more with me.

Lear. Those wicked creatures yet do look well-favor'd,
When others are more wicked; not being the worst,
Stands in some rank of praise.—I 'll go with thee:
[*to Goneril.*
Thy fifty yet doth double five and twenty,
And thou art twice her love.

Gon. Hear me, my lord;
What need you five and twenty, ten, or five,
To follow in a house, where twice so many
Have a command to tend you?

Re. What need one?

Lear. O, reason not the need: our basest beggars
Are in the poorest thing superfluous:
Allow not nature more than nature needs,
Man's life is cheap as beast's: thou art a lady;
If only to go warm were gorgeous,
Why, nature needs not what thou gorgeous wear'st,

Which scarcely keeps thee warm.—But, for true need,—
You Heavens, give me that patience, patience I need!
You see me here, you gods, a poor old man,
As full of grief as age; wretched in both!
If it be you that stir these daughters' hearts
Against their father, fool me not so much
To bear it tamely; touch me with noble anger:
O, let not women's weapons, water-drops,
Stain my man's cheeks!—No, you unnatural hags,
I will have such revenges on you both,
That all the word shall——I will do such things,—
What they are, yet I know not; but they shall be
The terrors of the earth. You think, I'll weep.
No, I'll not weep:
I have full cause of weeping; but this heart
Shall break into a hundred thousand flaws,
Or ere I'll weep:—O, fool, I shall go mad!

[*Exeunt Lear, Gloster, Kent, and Fool.*

Corn. Let us withdraw; 'twill be a storm.

[*storm heard at a distance.*

Re. This house
Is little; the old man and his people cannot
Be well bestow'd.

Gon. 'Tis his own blame; hath put himself from rest,
And must needs taste his folly.

Re. For his particular, I'll receive him gladly,
But not one follower.

Gon. So am I purposed.

Where is my lord of Gloster?

Re-enter GLOSTER.

Corn. Follow'd the old man forth: he is return'd.

Glos. The king is in high rage.

Corn. Whither is he going?

Glos. He calls to horse; but will I know not whither.

Corn. 'Tis best to give him way he leads himself.

Gon. My lord, entreat him by no means to stay

Glos. Alack, the night comes on, and the bleak winds
Do sorely ruffle: for many miles about
There 's scarce a bush.

Re. O, sir, to wilful men,
The injuries, that they themselves procure,
Must be their schoolmasters. Shut up your doors:
He is attended with a desperate train;
And what they may incense him to, being apt
To have his ear abused, wisdom bids fear.

Corn. Shut up your doors, my lord; 'tis a wild night;
My Regan counsels well; come out o' the storm.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.

A heath.

A storm is heard, with thunder and lightning. Enter KENT *and* GENTLEMAN, *meeting.*

Kent. Who's here, beside foul weather?

Gen. One minded like the weather, most unquietly.

Kent. I know you: where's the king?

Gen. Contending with the fretful element:
Bids the wind blow the earth into the sea,
Or swell the curled waters 'bove the main,
That things might change or cease; tears his white hair,
Which the impetuous blasts, with eyeless rage,
Catch in their fury, and make nothing of:
Strives in his little world of man to outscorn
The to-and-fro-conflicting wind and rain.
This night, wherein the cub-drawn bear[1] would couch,
The lion and the belly-pinched wolf
Keep their fur dry, unbonneted he runs,
And bids what will take all.

Kent. But who is with him?

[1] i. e. a bear, whose dugs are drawn dry by its young.

n. None but the fool, who labors to outjest
ieart-struck injuries.

ent. Sir, I do know you;
dare, upon the warrant of my art,
mend a dear thing to you. There is division,
ough as yet the face of it be cover'd
i mutual cunning, 'twixt Albany and Cornwall;
have (as who have not, that their great stars
ned and set high?) servants, who seem no
less;
ch are to France the spies and speculations
ligent of our state; what hath been seen,
er in snuffs and packings [1] of the dukes:
ie hard rein which both of them have borne
nst the old kind king; or something deeper.
reof, perchance, these are but furnishings; [2]
true it is, from France there comes a power
this scatter'd kingdom; who already,
in our negligence, have secret feet
ome of our best ports, and are at point
how their open banner.—Now to you:
i my credit you dare build so far
nake your speed to Dover, you shall find
e that will thank you, making just report
ow unnatural and bemadding sorrow
king hath cause to plain.
a gentleman of blood and breeding;

---

nuffs are dislikes, and packings underhand contrivances,
amples.

And, from some knowlege and assurance, offer
This office to you.

Gen. I will talk farther with you.

Kent. No, do not.
For confirmation that I am much more
Than my outwall, open this purse, and take
What it contains. If you shall see Cordelia,
(As fear not but you shall) show her this ring;
And she will tell you who your fellow is
That yet you do not know. Fie on this storm!
I will go seek the king.

Gen. Give me your hand: have you no more to say?

Kent. Few words, but to effect, more than all yet:
That, when we have found the king, (in which your pain
That way; I 'll this) he that first lights on him,
Holla the other. [*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE II.

Another part of the heath. Storm continues.

Enter LEAR *and* FOOL.

Lear. Blow, wind, and crack your cheeks! rage! blow!
You cataracts, and hurricanoes, spout
Till you have drench'd our steeples, drown'd the cocks!
You sulphurous and thought-executing fires,

Vaunt-couriers [1] to oak-cleaving thunderbolts,
Singe my white head! And thou, all-shaking thunder,
Strike flat the thick rotundity o' the world;
Crack nature's moulds, all germens spill at once,
That make ingrateful man!

Fool. O nuncle, court holy-water [2] in a dry house is better than this rain-water out o' door. Good nuncle, in, and ask thy daughters' blessing: here's a night pities neither wise men nor fools.

Lear. Rumble thy bellyfull! Spit, fire! spout, rain!
Nor rain, wind, thunder, fire, are my daughters:
I tax not you, you elements, with unkindness;
I never gave you kingdom, call'd you children;
You owe me no subscription; [3] why then let fall
Your horrible pleasure: here, I stand, your slave,
A poor, infirm, weak, and despised old man:
But yet I call you servile ministers,
That have with two pernicious daughters join'd
Your high-engender'd battles 'gainst a head
So old and white as this. O! O! 'tis foul!

Fool. He that has a house to put his head in, has a good head-piece.

'The cod-piece that will house,
Before the head has any,
The head and he shall louse:—
So beggars marry many.

---

[1] *Avant-couriers*, French.
[2] A proverbial phrase for fair words. [3] Obedience

'The man that makes his toe
What he his heart should make,
Shall of a corn cry woe,
And turn his sleep to wake.'

For there was never yet fair woman, but she made mouths in a glass.

Enter KENT.

Lear. No, I will be the pattern of all patience; I will say nothing.

Kent. Who 's there?

Fool. Marry, here 's grace and a cod-piece, that 's a wise man and a fool.

Kent. Alas, sir, are you here? things that love night
Love not such nights as these; the wrathful skies
Gallow[1] the very wanderers of the dark,
And make them keep their caves: since I was man
Such sheets of fire, such bursts of horrid thunder,
Such groans of roaring wind and rain, I never
Remember to have heard: man's nature cannot carry
The affliction nor the fear.

Lear. Let the great gods,
That keep this dreadful pother o'er our heads,
Find out their enemies now. Tremble, thou wretch,
That hast within thee undivulged crimes,
Unwhipp'd of justice: hide thee, thou bloody hand,

[1] scare or frighten.

u perjured, and thou simular[1] man of virtue.
t art incestuous: caitiff, to pieces shake,
t under covert and convenient seeming
: practised on man's life! Close pent-up guilts,
: your concealing continents, and cry
se dreadful summoners grace.—I am a man
e sinn'd against than sinning.

ent. Alack bare-headed!
cious my lord, hard by here is a hovel;
e friendship will it lend you 'gainst the tempest:
ose you there; while I to this hard house,
re hard than is the stone whereof 'tis raised;
ch even but now, demanding[2] after you,
ied me to come in) return, and force
r scanted courtesy.

ear. My wits begin to turn.—
e on, my boy: how dost, my boy? Art cold?
cold myself.—Where is this straw, my fellow?
art of our necessities is strange,
: can make vile things precious.—Come, your hovel.
fool and knave, I have one part in my heart
:'s sorry yet for thee.

ool. 'He that has a little tiny wit,—
With heigh, ho, the wind and the rain,—
Must make content with his fortunes fit;
For the rain it raineth every day.'

---

[1] Counterfeit. [2] Inquiring.

True, my good boy.—Come, bring us to this hovel. [*Exeunt Lear and Kent.*

[illegible] This is a brave night to cool a courtezan [illegible] a prophecy ere I go:—

[illegible]n priests are more in word than matter;
[illegible]n brewers mar their malt with water;
When nobles are their tailors' tutors;
No he[illegible] wenches' suitors;
When eve[illegible]r is right;
No squire in [illegible] no poor knight;
When slanders do not live in tongues;
Nor cutpurses come not to throngs;
When usurers tell their gold i' the field;
And bawds and whores do churches build;—
Then shall the realm of Albion
Come to great confusion:
Then comes the time, who lives to see 't,
That going shall be used with feet.'

This prophecy Merlin shall make; for I live before his time. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

A room in Gloster's castle.

Enter GLOSTER *and* EDMUND.

Glos. Alack, alack, Edmund, I like not this unnatural dealing. When I desired their leave that I might pity him, they took from me the use of mine own house; charged me, on pain of their perpetual displeasure, neither to speak of him, entreat for him, or any way sustain him.

Edm. Most savage and unnatural!

Glos. Go to; say you nothing: there is division between the dukes; and a worse matter than that: I have received a letter this night;—'tis dangerous to be spoken;—I have locked the letter in my closet: these injuries the king now bears will be revenged home; there is part of a power already footed: we must incline to the king. I will seek him, and privily relieve him: go you, and maintain talk with the duke, that my charity be not of him perceived: if he ask for me, I am ill, and gone to bed. If I die for it, as no less is threatened me, the king my old master must be relieved. There is some strange thing toward, Edmund; pray you, be careful. [*Exit.*

Edm. This courtesy, forbid thee, shall the duke
Instantly know; and of that letter too.
This seems a fair deserving, and must draw me
That which my father loses; no less than all:
The younger rises, when the old doth fall. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

A part of the heath, with a hovel.

Enter LEAR, KENT, *and* FOOL.

Kent. Here is the place, my lord; good my lord, enter:
The tyranny of the open night 's too rough
For nature to endure. [*storm still.*

Lear. Let me alone.

Kent. Good my lord, enter here.

Lear. Wilt break my heart?

Kent. I 'd rather break mine own: good my lord, enter.

Lear. Thou think'st 'tis much, that this contentious storm
Invades us to the skin: so 'tis to thee;
But where the greater malady is fix'd,
The lesser is scarce felt: thou 'dst shun a bear;
But if thy flight lay toward the raging sea,
Thou 'dst meet the bear i' the mouth. When the mind 's free,
The body 's delicate: the tempest in my mind
Doth from my senses take all feeling else,
Save what beats there.—Filial ingratitude!
Is it not as this mouth should tear this hand,
For lifting food to 't?—But I will punish home:—
No, I will weep no more.—In such a night
To shut me out!—Pour on; I will endure:—
In such a night as this! O Regan, Goneril!—
Your old kind father, whose frank heart gave you all,——
O, that way madness lies; let me shun that;
No more of that.

Kent. Good my lord, enter here.

Lear. Pr'ythee, go in thyself; seek thine own ease:
This tempest will not give me leave to ponder
On things would hurt me more:—but I 'll go in:
In, boy; go first.—[*to the Fool.*] You houseless poverty,—

Nay, get thee in: I 'll pray, and then I 'll sleep.—
[*Fool goes in.*

Poor naked wretches, wheresoe'er you are,
That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm,
How shall your houseless heads and unfed sides,
Your loop'd and window'd raggedness, defend you
From seasons such as these? O, I have ta'en
Too little care of this! Take physic, pomp;
Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel;
That thou mayst shake the superflux to them,
And show the heavens more just.

Edg. [*within.*] Fathom and half, fathom and half! poor Tom!

[*the Fool runs out from the hovel.*

Fool. Come not in here, nuncle; here 's a spirit. Help me, help me!

Kent. Give me thy hand.—Who 's there?

Fool. A spirit, a spirit; he says his name 's poor Tom.

Kent. What art thou that dost grumble there i' the straw?
Come forth.

Enter EDGAR, *disguised as a madman.*

Edg. Away! the foul fiend follows me!
Through the sharp hawthorn blows the cold wind.—
Humph! go to thy cold bed, and warm thee.

Lear. Hast thou given all to thy two daughters?
And art thou come to this?

Edg. Who gives any thing to poor Tom? whom

the foul fiend hath led through fire and through flame, through ford and whirlpool, over bog and quagmire; that hath laid knives under his pillow, and halters in his pew; set ratsbane by his porridge; made him proud of heart, to ride on a bay trotting-horse over four-inched bridges, to course his own shadow for a traitor.—Bless thy five wits! Tom's a-cold.—O, do de, do de, do de. Bless thee from whirlwinds, starblasting, and taking![1] Do poor Tom some charity, whom the foul fiend vexes: there could I have him now, and there, and there, and there again, and there. [*storm continues.*

Lear. What, have his daughters brought him to this pass?—
Couldst thou save nothing? Didst thou give them all?

Fool. Nay, he reserved a blanket, else we had been all shamed.

Lear. Now, all the plagues that in the pendulous air
Hang fated o'er men's faults, light on thy daughters!

Kent. He hath no daughters, sir.

Lear. Death, traitor! nothing could have subdued nature
To such a lowness but his unkind daughters.
Is it the fashion, that discarded fathers
Should have thus little mercy on their flesh?
Judicious punishment! 'twas this flesh begot

---

[1] To take is to blast, or strike with malignant influence.

Those pelican daughters.

Edg. Pillicock sat on pillicock's-hill;—
Halloo, halloo, loo, loo!

Fool. This cold night will turn us all to fools and madmen.

Edg. Take heed o' the foul fiend: obey thy parents; keep thy word justly; swear not; commit not with man's sworn spouse; set not thy sweet heart on proud array. Tom 's a-cold.

Lear. What hast thou been?

Edg. A serving-man, proud in heart and mind; that curled my hair, wore gloves in my cap,[1] served the lust of my mistress's heart, and did the act of darkness with her; swore as many oaths as I spake words, and broke them in the sweet face of heaven: one, that slept in the contriving of lust, and waked to do it: wine loved I deeply; dice dearly; and in woman out-paramoured the Turk: false of heart, light of ear, bloody of hand; hog in sloth, fox in stealth, wolf in greediness, dog in madness, lion in prey. Let not the creaking of shoes nor the rustling of silks betray thy poor heart to women: keep thy foot out of brothels, thy hand out of plackets, thy pen from lenders' books, and defy the foul fiend.—
Still through the hawthorn blows the cold wind.
Says suum, mun, ha no nonny, dolphin my boy, my boy, sessa; let him trot by. [*storm still continues.*

[1] It was formerly the custom for lovers to wear gloves in their hats, as the favors of their mistresses.

Lear. Why, thou were better in thy grave, than to answer with thy uncovered body this extremity of the skies.—Is man no more than this? Consider him well: thou owest the worm no silk, the beast no hide, the sheep no wool, the cat no perfume.—Ha! here 's three of us are sophisticated; thou art the thing itself: unaccommodated man is no more but such a poor, bare, forked animal as thou art.—Off, off, you lendings: come; unbutton here.

[*tearing off his clothes.*

Fool. Pr'ythee, nuncle, be contented; this is a naughty night to swim in. Now a little fire in a wild field were like an old lecher's heart; a small spark, all the rest of his body cold.—Look, here comes a walking fire.

Edg. This is the foul fiend Flibbertigibbet: he begins at curfew, and walks till the first cock: he gives the web and the pin,[1] squints the eye, and makes the hare-lip; mildews the white wheat, and hurts the poor creature of earth.

'Saint Withold[2] footed thrice the wold;[3]
He met the night-mare, and her nine-fold;
Bid her alight,
And her troth plight;
And, aroint[4] thee, witch, aroint thee!'

---

[1] Diseases of the eye.
[2] A saint, said to protect his devotees from the disease called the night-mare. [3] Open plain.
[4] Avaunt.



Kent. How fares your grace?

Enter GLOSTER, *with a torch.*

Lear. What's he?

Kent. Who's there? What is't you seek?

Glos. What are you there? Your names?

Edg. Poor Tom; that eats the swimming frog, the toad, the tadpole, the wall-newt, and the water;[1] that in the fury of his heart, when the foul fiend rages, eats cow-dung for sallets; swallows the old rat, and the ditch-dog; drinks the green mantle of the standing pool; who is whipped from tithing[2] to tithing, and stocked, punished, and imprisoned; who hath had three suits to his back, six shirts to his body, horse to ride, and weapon to wear;—

'But mice, and rats, and such small deer,
Have been Tom's food for seven long year.'

Beware my follower:—peace, Smolkin;[3] peace, thou fiend!

Glos. What, hath your grace no better company?

Edg. The prince of darkness is a gentleman;
Modo he's call'd, and Mahu.[4]

Glos. Our flesh and blood, my lord is grown so vile,

---

[1] i. e. the water-newt.
[2] A tithing is a division of a county.
[3] Name of a spirit. [4] The chief devil.

That it doth hate what gets it.

Edg. Poor Tom 's a-cold.

Glos. Go in with me; my duty cannot suffer
To obey in all your daughters' hard commands:
Though their injunction be to bar my doors,
And let this tyrannous night take hold upon you;
Yet have I ventured to come seek you out,
And bring you where both fire and food is ready.

Lear. First let me talk with this philosopher.—
What is the cause of thunder?

Kent. Good my lord, take his offer;
Go into the house.

Lear. I 'll talk a word with this same learned Theban.—
What is your study?

Edg. How to prevent the fiend, and to kill vermin.

Lear. Let me ask you one word in private.

Kent. Importune him once more to go, my lord:
His wits begin to unsettle.

Glos. Canst thou blame him?
His daughters seek his death.—Ah, that good Kent!
He said it would be thus:—poor banish'd man!—
Thou say'st, the king grows mad: I 'll tell thee, friend,
I am almost mad myself: I had a son,
Now outlaw'd from my blood; he sought my life,
But lately, very late; I loved him, friend,—
No father his son dearer: true to tell thee,

[*storm continues.*

The grief hath crazed my wits. What a night 's
this!
I do beseech your grace,——

Lear. O, cry you mercy;
Noble philosopher, your company.

Edg. Tom 's a-cold.

Glos. In, fellow, there, to the hovel: keep thee
warm.

Lear. Come, let 's in all.

Kent. This way, my lord.

Lear. With him:
I will keep still with my philosopher.

Kent. Good my lord, soothe him; let him take
the fellow.

Glos. Take him you on.

Kent. Sirrah, come on; go along with us.

Lear. Come, good Athenian.

Glos. No words, no words
Hush.

Edg. 'Child[1] Rowland to the dark tower came;
His word was still,—Fie, foh, and fum;
I smell the blood of a British man.'

[*Exeunt.*

---

[1] Child is an old term for knight.

SCENE V.

A room in Gloster's castle.

Enter CORNWALL *and* EDMUND.

Corn. I will have my revenge ere I depart his house.

Edm. How, my lord, I may be censured, that nature thus gives way to loyalty, something fears me to think of.

Corn. I now perceive, it was not altogether your brother's evil disposition made him seek his death; but a provoking merit, set a-work by a reproveable badness in himself.

Edm. How malicious is my fortune, that I must repent to be just! This is the letter he spoke of, which approves him an intelligent party to the advantages of France. O heavens! that this treason were not, or not I the detector!

Corn. Go with me to the duchess.

Edm. If the matter of this paper be certain, you have mighty business in hand.

Corn. True or false, it hath made thee earl of Gloster. Seek out where thy father is, that he may be ready for our apprehension.

Edm. [*aside.*] If I find him comforting the king, it will stuff his suspicion more fully.—I will persevere in my course of loyalty, though the conflict be sore between that and my blood.

Corn. I will lay trust upon thee; and thou shalt find a dearer father in my love. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

A chamber in a farm-house adjoining the castle.

Enter GLOSTER, LEAR, KENT, FOOL, *and* EDGAR.

Glos. Here is better than the open air; take it thankfully: I will piece out the comfort with what addition I can: I will not be long from you.

Kent. All the power of his wits has given way to his impatience.—The gods reward your kindness!

[*Exit Gloster.*

Edg. Frateretto calls me, and tells me, Nero is an angler in the lake of darkness. Pray, innocent,[1] and beware the foul fiend.

Fool. Pr'ythee, nuncle, tell me whether a madman be a gentleman or a yeoman?

Lear. A king, a king!

Fool. No, he 's a yeoman that has a gentleman to his son; for he 's a mad yeoman that sees his son a gentleman before him.

Lear. To have a thousand with red burning spits
Come whizzing in upon them!

Edg. The foul fiend bites my back.

Fool. He 's mad, that trusts in the tameness of a wolf, a horse's health, a boy's love, or a whore's oath.

Lear. It shall be done; I will arraign them straight.—

---

[1] Fools were formerly called innocents.

Come, sit thou here, most learned justicer;——
[*to Edgar.*
Thou, sapient sir, sit here. [*to the Fool.*]—Now,
you she foxes!——

Edg. Look, where he stands and glares!—
Wantest thou eyes at trial, madam?

'Come o'er the bourn,[1] Bessy, to me.'

Fool. 'Her boat hath a leak,
And she must not speak
Why she dares not come over to thee.'

Edg. The foul fiend haunts poor Tom in the voice of a nightingale. Hopdance cries in Tom's belly for two white herring. Croak not, black angel: I have no food for thee.

Kent. How do you, sir? Stand you not so
amazed.—
Will you lie down and rest upon the cushions?

Lear. I'll see their trial first: bring in the evidence.—
Thou robed man of justice, take thy place;—
[*to Edgar.*
And thou, his yoke-fellow of equity, [*to the Fool.*
Bench by his side: you are of the commission.
Sit you too. [*to Kent.*

Edg. Let us deal justly.

'Sleepest, or wakest thou, jolly shepherd?
Thy sheep be in the corn;

---

[1] Brook or rivulet.

And for one blast of thy minikin[1] mouth,
Thy sheep shall take no harm.'

Pur! the cat is gray.

Lear. Arraign her first; 'tis Goneril. I here take my oath before this honorable assembly, she kicked the poor king her father.

Fool. Come hither, mistress: is your name Goneril?

Lear. She cannot deny it.

Fool. Cry you mercy; I took you for a joint-stool.

Lear. And here 's another, whose warp'd looks proclaim
What store her heart is made of.—Stop her there!
Arms, arms, sword, fire!—Corruption in the place!—
False justicer, why hast thou let her 'scape?

Edg. Bless thy five wits!

Kent. O pity!—Sir, where is the patience now,
That you so oft have boasted to retain?

Edg. My tears begin to take his part so much,
They 'll mar my counterfeiting. [*aside.*

Lear. The little dogs and all,
Tray, Blanch, and Sweetheart, see, they bark at me.

Edg. Tom will throw his head at them.—Avaunt, you curs!

'Be thy mouth or black or white,
Tooth that poisons if it bite;

---

[1] Small. A term of endearment.

Mastiff, greyhound, mongrel grim,
Hound or spaniel, brach or lym;[1]
Or bobtail tike, or trundle-tail;
Tom will make them weep and wail;
For, with throwing thus my head,
Dogs leap the hatch, and all are fled.'

Do de, de, de. Sessa. Come, march to wakes and fairs, and market towns.—Poor Tom, thy horn is dry.

Lear. Then let them anatomise Regan, see what breeds about her heart: is there any cause in nature, that makes these hard hearts?—You, sir, I entertain you for one of my hundred; only, I do not like the fashion of your garments: you will say, they are Persian attire; but let them be changed. [*to Edgar*.

Kent. Now, good my lord, lie here, and rest awhile.

Lear. Make no noise, make no noise; draw the curtains: so, so, so: we'll go to supper i' the morning: so, so, so.

Fool. And I'll go to bed at noon.

Re-enter GLOSTER.

Glos. Come hither, friend: where is the king my master?

Kent. Here, sir; but trouble him not: his wits are gone.

---

[1] A brach signifies a bitch hound; a lym, a blood-hound.

Glos. Good friend, I pr'ythee take him in thy arms:
I have o'erheard a plot of death upon him.
There is a litter ready; lay him in 't,
And drive towards Dover, friend, where thou shalt meet
Both welcome and protection. Take up thy master:
If thou shouldst dally half an hour, his life,
With thine, and all that offer to defend him,
Stand in assured loss. Take up, take up;
And follow me, that will to some provision
Give thee quick conduct.

Kent. Oppress'd nature sleeps.
This rest might yet have balm'd thy broken senses;
Which, if convenience will not allow,
Stand in hard cure.—Come, help to bear thy master;
Thou must not stay behind. [*to the Fool.*

Glos. Come, come, away.

[*Exeunt Kent, Gloster, and the Fool, bearing off the King.*

Edg. When we our betters see bearing our woes,
We scarcely think our miseries our foes.
Who alone suffers, suffers most i' the mind,
Leaving free things [1] and happy shows behind:
But then the mind much sufferance doth o'erskip,
When grief hath mates, and bearing fellowship.

---

[1] States clear from distress.

How light and portable my pain seems now,
When that, which makes me bend, makes the king
bow;
He childed, as I father'd!—Tom, away:
Mark the high noises;[1] and thyself bewray,[2]
When false opinion, whose wrong thought defiles
thee,
In thy just proof, repeals and reconciles thee.
What will hap more to-night, safe 'scape the king!
Lurk, lurk. [*Exit.*

SCENE VII.

A room in Gloster's castle.

Enter CORNWALL, REGAN, GONERIL, EDMUND, *and Servants.*

Corn. Post speedily to my lord your husband; show him this letter: the army of France is landed. Seek out the villain Gloster.

[*Exeunt some of the Servants.*

Re. Hang him instantly.

Gon. Pluck out his eyes.

Corn. Leave him to my displeasure.—Edmund, keep you our sister company: the revenges we are bound to take upon your traitorous father are not fit for your beholding. Advise the duke, where you are going, to a most festinate[3] preparation; we are bound to the like. Our posts shall be swift, and

---

[1] The great events that are approaching.
[2] Discover. [3] Hasty.

intelligent betwixt us. Farewell, dear sister;—farewell, my lord of Gloster.

Enter STEWARD.

How now? Where 's the king?

Stew. My lord of Gloster hath convey'd him hence:
Some five or six and thirty of his knights,
Hot questrists [1] after him, met him at gate;
Who, with some other of the lord's dependents,
Are gone with him towards Dover, where they boast
To have well-armed friends.

Corn. Get horses for your mistress.

Gon. Farewell, sweet lord, and sister.

[*Exeunt Goneril and Edmund.*

Corn. Edmund, farewell.—Go, seek the traitor Gloster;
Pinion him like a thief; bring him before us:

[*Exeunt other Servants.*

Though well we may not pass upon his life
Without the form of justice; yet our power
Shall do a courtesy [2] to our wrath, which men
May blame, but not control.—Who 's there? The traitor?

Re-enter Servants, with GLOSTER.

Re. Ingrateful fox! 'tis he.

---

[1] Inquirers. [2] Bend.

Corn. Bind fast his corky arms.
Glos. What mean your grac
friends, consider
You are my guests: do me no foul
Corn. Bind him, I say. [
Re. Hard, hard.—
Glos. Unmerciful lady as you ar
Corn. To this chair bind him.—
find—— [*Regan*
Glos. By the kind gods, 'tis mos
To pluck me by the beard.
Re. So white, and such a traitor
Glos.
These hairs, which thou dost ravish
Will quicken and accuse thee: I a
With robbers' hands my hospitable
You should not ruffle thus. What
Corn. Come, sir, what letters ha
France?
Re. Be simple-answer'd, for we k
Corn. And what confederacy hav
traitors
Late footed in the kingdom?
Re. To whose hands have you
king?
Speak.
Glos. I have a letter guessingly s
Which came from one that's of a n

---

[1] Features.

And not from one opposed.

Corn. Cunning.

Re. And false.

Corn. Where hast thou sent the king?

Glos. To Dover.

Re. Wherefore
To Dover? Wast thou not charged at peril——

Corn. Wherefore to Dover? Let him first answer that.

Glos. I am tied to the stake, and I must stand the course.

Re. Wherefore to Dover?

Glos. Because I would not see thy cruel nails
Pluck out his poor old eyes, nor thy fierce sister
In his anointed flesh stick boarish fangs.
The sea, with such a storm as his bare head
In hell-black night endured, would have buoy'd up,
And quench'd the stelled[1] fires; yet, poor old heart,
He holp the heavens to rain.
If wolves had at thy gate howl'd that stern time,
Thou shouldst have said, 'Good porter, turn the key;'
All cruels else subscribed:[2]—but I shall see
The winged vengeance overtake such children.

Corn. See it shalt thou never.—Fellows, hold the chair:

---

[1] Starry.

[2] Yielded, submitted to the necessity of the occasion.

Upon these eyes of thine I 'll set my foot.

[*Gloster is held down in his chair, while Cornwall plucks out one of his eyes, and sets his foot on it.*

Glos. He, that will think to live till he be old, Give me some help.—O cruel! O ye gods!

Re. One side will mock another: the other too.

Corn. If you see vengeance,——

Ser. Hold your hand, my lord:
I have served you ever since I was a child;
But better service have I never done you,
Than now to bid you hold.

Re. How now, you dog?

Ser. If you did wear a beard upon your chin,
I 'd shake it on this quarrel. What do you mean?

Corn. My villain! [*draws, and runs at him.*

Ser. Nay, then come on, and take the chance of anger.

[*draws. They fight. Cornwall is wounded.*

Re. Give me thy sword.—[*to another Ser.*] A peasant stand up thus!

[*snatches a sword, comes behind, and stabs him.*

Ser. O, I am slain!—My lord, you have one eye left
To see some mischief on him:—O! [*dies.*

Corn. Lest it see more, prevent it.—Out, vile jelly!
Where is thy lustre now?

[*tears out Gloster's other eye, and throws it on the ground.*

Glos. All dark and comfortless.—Where 's my son Edmund?
Edmund, enkindle all the sparks of nature,
To quit [1] this horrid act.
Re. Out, treacherous villain!
Thou call'st on him that hates thee: it was he
That made the overture [2] of thy treasons to us;
Who is too good to pity thee.
Glos. O my follies!
Then Edgar was abused.
Kind gods, forgive me that, and prosper him!
Re. Go, thrust him out at gates, and let him smell
His way to Dover.—How is 't, my lord? How look you?
Corn. I have received a hurt:—follow me, lady.—
Turn out that eyeless villain: throw this slave
Upon the dunghill.—Regan, I bleed apace:
Untimely comes this hurt. Give me your arm.
[*Exit Cornwall, led by Regan; Servants unbind Gloster, and lead him out.*
1 *Ser.* I 'll never care what wickedness I do,
If this man comes to good.
2 *Ser.* If she live long,
And, in the end, meet the old course of death,
Women will all turn monsters.

---

[1] Requite. [2] Discovery.

1 *Ser.* Let's follow the old earl, and get the bedlam[1]
To lead him where he would; his roguish madness
Allows itself to any thing.

2 *Ser.* Go thou; I'll fetch some flax, and whites of eggs,
To apply to his bleeding face. Now, Heaven help him! [*Exeunt severally.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

The heath.

Enter EDGAR.

Edg. Yet better thus, and known to be contemn'd,
Than still contemn'd and flatter'd.[2] To be worst,
The lowest, and most dejected thing of fortune,
Stands still in esperance,[3] lives not in fear:
The lamentable change is from the best;
The worst returns to laughter. Welcome then,
Thou unsubstantial air, that I embrace!
The wretch, that thou hast blown unto the worst,
Owes nothing to thy blasts.—But who comes here?

---

[1] Bedlamite, madman.

[2] It is better to be thus contemned and know it, than to be flattered by those who secretly contemn us. [3] Hope.

Enter GLOSTER, *led by an* OLD MAN.

My father, poorly led?—World, world, O world!
But that thy strange mutations make us hate thee,
Life would not yield to age.

O. Man. O my good lord, I have been your tenant, and your father's tenant, these fourscore years.

Glos. Away, get thee away; good friend, be gone:
Thy comforts can do me no good at all;
Thee they may hurt.

O. Man. Alack, sir, you cannot see your way.

Glos. I have no way, and therefore want no eyes;
I stumbled when I saw. Full oft 'tis seen,
Our means secure us;[1] and our mere defects
Prove our commodities.—Ah, dear son Edgar,
The food of thy abused father's wrath!
Might I but live to see thee in my touch,
I 'd say, I had eyes again!

O. Man. How now? Who 's there?

Edg. [*aside.*] O gods! Who is 't can say, 'I am at the worst?'
I am worse than e'er I was.

O. Man. 'Tis poor mad Tom.

Edg. [*aside.*] And worse I may be yet: the worst is not,

---

[1] Our mediocrity of condition becomes our security.

So long as we can say, 'This is the worst.'

O. Man. Fellow, where goest?

Glos. Is it a beggar-man?

O. Man. Madman and beggar too.

Glos. He has some reason, else he could not beg.
I' the last night's storm I such a fellow saw,
Which made me think a man a worm: my son
Came then into my mind; and yet my mind
Was then scarce friends with him: I have heard more since.
As flies to wanton boys, are we to the gods;
They kill us for their sport.

Edg. How should this be?—
Bad is the trade must play the fool to sorrow,
Angering itself and others. [*aside.*]—Bless thee, master!

Glos. Is that the naked fellow?

O. Man. Ay, my lord.

Glos. Then, prythee, get thee gone. If, for my sake,
Thou wilt o'ertake us, hence a mile or twain,
I' the way to Dover, do it for ancient love;
And bring some covering for this naked soul,
Whom I'll entreat to lead me.

O. Man. Alack, sir, he's mad.

Glos. 'Tis the times' plague, when madmen lead the blind:
Do as I bid thee, or rather do thy pleasure;
Above the rest, be gone.

O. Man. I'll bring him the best 'parel that I have,

Come on 't what will. [*Exit.*

Glos Sirrah, naked fellow!

Edg. Poor Tom 's a-cold.—I cannot daub[1] it farther. [*aside.*

Glos. Come hither, fellow.

Edg. [*aside.*] And yet I must.—Bless thy sweet eyes, they bleed.

Glos. Knowest thou the way to Dover?

Edg. Both stile and gate, horseway and footpath. Poor Tom hath been scared out of his good wits. Bless the good man from the foul fiend! Five fiends have been in poor Tom at once; of lust, as Obidicut; Hobbididance, prince of dumbness; Mahu, of stealing; Modo, of murder; and Flibbertigibbet, of mopping and mowing,[2] who since possesses chambermaids and waiting-women. So, bless thee, master!

Glos. Here, take this purse, thou whom the heaven's plagues
Have humbled to all strokes: that I am wretched,
Makes thee the happier.—Heavens, deal so still!
Let the superfluous and lust-dieted man,
That slaves your ordinance,[3] that will not see
Because he doth not feel, feel your power quickly;
So distribution should undo excess,
And each man have enough.—Dost thou know Dover?

---

[1] Disguise. [2] Of making wry mouths.

[3] i. e. who makes your ordinance subject to him, instead of acting in obedience to it.

Edg. Ay, master.

Glos. There is a cliff, whose high and bending head
Looks fearfully in the confined deep:
Bring me but to the very brim of it,
And I 'll repair the misery thou dost bear
With something rich about me: from that place
I shall no leading need.

Edg. Give me thy arm;
Poor Tom shall lead thee. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Before the Duke of Albany's palace.

Enter GONERIL *and* EDMUND; STEWARD *meeting them.*

Gon. Welcome, my lord: I marvel, our mild husband
Not met us on the way.—Now, where 's your master?

Stew. Madam, within; but never man so changed.
I told him of the army that was landed;
He smiled at it: I told him, you were coming;
His answer was, 'The worse:' of Gloster's treachery,
And of the loyal service of his son,
When I inform'd him, then he call'd me sot;
And told me, I had turn'd the wrong side out.
What most he should dislike, seems pleasant to him;
What like, offensive.

Gon. Then shall you go no farther.
[*to Edmund.*
It is the cowish terror of his spirit,
That dares not undertake: he 'll not feel wrongs,
Which tie him to an answer: our wishes, on the way,
May prove effects.[1] Back, Edmund, to my brother;
Hasten his musters, and conduct his powers:
I must change arms at home, and give the distaff
Into my husband's hands. This trusty servant
Shall pass between us: ere long you are like to hear,
If you dare venture in your own behalf,
A mistress's command. Wear this; spare speech;
[*giving a favor.*
Decline your head: this kiss, if it durst speak,
Would stretch thy spirits up into the air.
Conceive, and fare thee well.

Edm. Yours in the ranks of death.

Gon. My most dear Gloster!
[*Exit Edmund.*
O, the difference of man and man!
To thee a woman's services are due;
My fool usurps my bed.

Stew. Madam, here comes my lord.
[*Exit Steward.*

---

[1] i. e. the wishes we have expressed on our journey may be carried into effect.

Enter ALBANY.

Gon. I have been worth the whistle.[1]
Alb. O Goneril!
You are not worth the dust which the rude wind
Blows in your face. I fear your disposition:
That nature, which contemns its origin,
Cannot be border'd certain in itself;[2]
She that herself will sliver and disbranch
From her material sap, perforce must wither,
And come to deadly use.
Gon. No more; the text is foolish.
Alb. Wisdom and goodness to the vile seem vile:
Filths savor but themselves. What have you done?
Tigers, not daughters, what have you perform'd?
A father, and a gracious aged man,
Whose reverence the head-lugg'd bear would lick,
Most barbarous, most degenerate! have you madded.
Could my good brother suffer you to do it?
A man, a prince, by him so benefited?
If that the Heavens do not their visible spirits
Send quickly down to tame these vile offences,
'Twill come,
Humanity must perforce prey on itself,
Like monsters of the deep.
Gon. Milk-liver'd man!
That bear'st a cheek for blows, a head for wrongs;

---

[1] Worth calling for.
[2] Cannot be restrained within any certain bounds.

Who hast not in thy brows an eye discerning
Thine honor from thy suffering; that not know'st,
Fools do those villains pity, who are punish'd
Ere they have done their mischief! Where's thy drum?
France spreads his banners in our noiseless land;
With plumed helm thy slayer begins threats;
Whilst thou, a moral fool, sit'st still, and criest,
'Alack! why does he so?'

Alb. See thyself, devil!
Proper deformity seems not in the fiend
So horrid as in woman.

Gon. O vain fool!

Alb. Thou changed and self-cover'd thing, for shame,
Bemonster not thy feature. Were it my fitness
To let these hands obey my blood,
They are apt enough to dislocate and tear
Thy flesh and bones. Howe'er thou art a fiend,
A woman's shape doth shield thee.

Gon. Marry, your manhood now!——

Enter MESSENGER.

Alb. What news?

Mes. O, my good lord, the duke of Cornwall's dead;
Slain by his servant, going to put out
The other eye of Gloster.

Alb. Gloster's eyes!

Mes. A servant that he bred, thrill'd with remorse,

Opposed against the act, bending his sword
To his great master; who, thereat enraged,
Flew on him, and amongst them fell'd him dead;
But not without that harmful stroke, which since
Hath pluck'd him after.

Alb. This shows you are above,
You justicers, that these our nether crimes
So speedily can venge!—But, O poor Gloster!
Lost he his other eye?

Mes. Both, both, my lord.—
This letter, madam, craves a speedy answer;
'Tis from your sister.

Gon. [*Aside.*] One way I like this well;
But being widow, and my Gloster with her,
May all the building in my fancy pluck
Upon my hateful life: another way,
The news is not so tart.—I'll read, and answer.
[*Exit.*

Alb. Where was his son, when they did take his eyes?

Mes. Come with my lady hither.

Alb. He is not here.

Mes. No, my good lord: I met him back again.

Alb. Knows he the wickedness?

Mes. Ay, my good lord; 'twas he inform'd against him;
And quit the house of purpose, that their punishment
Might have the freer course.

Alb. Gloster, I live
To thank thee for the love thou show'dst the king,

And to revenge thine eyes.—Come hither, friend;
Tell me what more thou knowest. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The French camp, near Dover.

Enter KENT *and* GENTLEMAN.

Kent. Why the king of France is so suddenly gone back know you the reason?

Gen. Something he left imperfect in the state,
Which since his coming forth is thought of; which
Imports to the kingdom so much fear and danger,
That his personal return was most required
And necessary.

Kent. Who hath he left behind him general?

Gen. The mareschal of France, Monsieur le Fer.

Kent. Did your letters pierce the queen to any demonstration of grief?

Gen. Ay, sir; she took them, read them in my presence;
And now and then an ample tear trill'd down
Her delicate cheek: it seem'd she was a queen
Over her passion; who, most rebel-like,
Sought to be king o'er her.

Kent. O, then it moved her?

Gen. Not to a rage: patience and sorrow strove
Who should express her goodliest. You have seen
Sunshine and rain at once: her smiles and tears
Were like a better May. Those happy smiies
That play'd on her ripe lip, seem'd not to know

What guests were in her eyes, which parted thence,
As pearls from diamonds dropp'd: in brief, sorrow
Would be a rarity most beloved, if all
Could so become it.

Kent. Made she no verbal question?[1]

Gen. Faith, once or twice she heaved the name of 'father'
Pantingly forth, as if it press'd her heart;
Cried, 'Sisters! sisters!—Shame of ladies! sisters!
Kent! father! sisters! What? i' the storm? i' the night?
Let pity not be believed!'[2]—There she shook
The holy water from her heavenly eyes,
And clamor moisten'd: then away she started
To deal with grief alone.

Kent. It is the stars,
The stars above us, govern our conditions;[3]
Else one self mate and mate could not beget
Such different issues.—You spoke not with her since?

Gen. No.

Kent. Was this before the king return'd?

Gen. No, since.

Kent. Well, sir, the poor distress'd Lear is i' the town;
Who sometime, in his better tune, remembers
What we are come about, and by no means

---

[1] i. e. did she enter into no conversation with you?
[2] Let not pity be supposed to exist. [3] Dispositions.

Will yield to see his daughter.

Gen. Why, good sir?

Kent. A sovereign shame so elbows him;—his own unkindness,
That stripp'd her from his benediction, turn'd her
To foreign casualties, gave her dear rights
To his dog-hearted daughters;—these things sting
His mind so venomously, that burning shame
Detains him from Cordelia.

Gen. Alack, poor gentleman!

Kent. Of Albany's and Cornwall's powers you heard not?

Gen. 'Tis so; they are afoot.

Kent. Well, sir, I 'll bring you to our master Lear,
And leave you to attend him: some dear cause [1]
Will in concealment wrap me up awhile:
When I am known aright, you shall not grieve
Lending me this acquaintance. I pray you, go
Along with me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

The same. A tent.

Enter CORDELIA, PHYSICIAN, *and Soldiers.*

Cor. Alack, 'tis he: why, he was met even now
As mad as the vex'd sea; singing aloud;
Crown'd with rank fumiter,[2] and furrow weeds.

---

[1] Important business. [2] Fumitory.

With harlocks,[1] hemlock, nettles, cuckoo-flowers,
Darnel, and all the idle weeds that grow
In our sustaining corn: a century send forth;
Search every acre in the high-grown field,
And bring him to our eye. [*Exit an Officer.*]—
What can man's wisdom do,
In the restoring his bereaved sense?
He, that helps him, take all my outward worth.

Phy. There is means, madam:
Our foster-nurse of Nature is repose,
The which he lacks: that to provoke in him,
Are many simples operative, whose power
Will close the eye of anguish.

Cor. All bless'd secrets,
All you unpublish'd virtues of the earth,
Spring with my tears! be aidant, and remediate,
In the good man's distress!—Seek, seek for him;
Lest his ungovern'd rage dissolve the life
That wants the means to lead it.

Enter MESSENGER.

Mes. Madam, news;
The British powers are marching hitherward.

Cor. 'Tis known before; our preparation stands
In expectation of them.—O dear father,
It is thy business that I go about;
Therefore great France
My mourning and important[2] tears hath pitied.

---

[1] Charlocks. [2] For importunate.

lown [1] ambition doth our arms incite,
love, dear love, and our aged father's right.
may I hear and see him! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

A room in Gloster's castle.

Enter REGAN *and* STEWARD.

. But are my brother's powers set forth?

ew. Ay, madam.

. Himself

rson there?

ew. Madam, with much ado:
sister is the better soldier.

. Lord Edmund spake not with your lord at home?

ew. No, madam.

. What might import my sister's letter to him?

ew. I know not, lady.

. Faith, he is posted hence on serious matter.
is great ignorance, Gloster's eyes being out,
t him live; where he arrives, he moves
earts against us. Edmund, I think, is gone,
ty of his misery, to despatch
ighted life; moreover, to descry
strength o' the enemy.

ew. I must needs after him, madam, with my letter.

---

[1] Inflated swelling.

Re. Our troops set forth to-morrow: stay with us;
The ways are dangerous.

Stew. I may not, madam;
My lady charged my duty in this business.

Re. Why should she write to Edmund? Might not you
Transport her purposes by word? Belike,
Something—I know not what:—I'll love thee much,
Let me unseal the letter.

Stew. Madam, I had rather——

Re. I know, your lady does not love her husband;
I am sure of that: and, at her late being here,
She gave strange œiliads,[1] and most speaking looks
To noble Edmund: I know, you are of her bosom.

Stew. I, madam?

Re. I speak in understanding; you are; I know it:
Therefore, I do advise you, take this note.[2]
My lord is dead: Edmund and I have talk'd;
And more convenient is he for my hand,
Than for your lady's: you may gather more.[3]
If you do find him, pray you, give him this;
And when your mistress hears thus much from you,
I pray, desire her call her wisdom to her.
So, fare you well.
If you do chance to hear of that blind traitor,
Preferment falls on him that cuts him off.

---

1 Significant glances. 2 Observe what I am saying.
3 i. e. you may infer more than I have told you.

Stew. Would I could meet him, madam! I would show
What party I do follow.

Re. Fare thee well. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

The country near Dover.

Enter GLOSTER, *and* EDGAR, *dressed like a peasant.*

Glos. When shall we come to the top of that same hill?

Edg. You do climb up it now: look, how we labor.

Glos. Methinks, the ground is even.

Edg. Horrible steep:
Hark, do you hear the sea?

Glos. No, truly.

Edg. Why, then your other senses grow imperfect
By your eyes' anguish.

Glos. So may it be, indeed:
Methinks, thy voice is alter'd; and thou speak'st
In better phrase and matter than thou didst.

Edg. You are much deceived; in nothing am I changed
But in my garments.

Glos. Methinks, you are better spoken.

Edg. Come on, sir; here's the place: stand still.—How fearful
And dizzy 'tis, to cast one's eyes so low!

The crows and choughs, that wing the midway air,
Show scarce so gross as beetles: half-way down
Hangs one that gathers samphire;[1] dreadful trade!
Methinks, he seems no bigger than his head:
The fishermen, that walk upon the beach,
Appear like mice; and yon tall anchoring bark,
Diminish'd to her cock;[2] her cock, a buoy
Almost too small for sight: the murmuring surge,
That on the unnumber'd idle pebbles chafes,
Cannot be heard so high.—I 'll look no more;
Lest my brain turn, and the deficient sight
Topple[3] down headlong.

Glos. Set me where you stand.

Edg. Give me your hand: you are now within a foot
Of the extreme verge: for all beneath the moon
Would I not leap upright.

Glos. Let go my hand.
Here, friend, is another purse; in it, a jewel
Well worth a poor man's taking: fairies, and gods,
Prosper it with thee! Go thou farther off;
Bid me farewell, and let me hear thee going.

Edg. Now fare you well, good sir. [*seems to go.*

Glos. With all my heart.

Edg. Why I do trifle thus with his despair,
Is done to cure it.

Glos. O, you mighty gods!

---

[1] A plant gathered for pickling. [2] Her cock-boat.
[3] Tumble.

This world I do renounce; and, in your sights,
Shake patiently my great affliction off:
If I could bear it longer, and not fall
To quarrel with your great opposeless wills,
My snuff, and loathed part of nature, should
Burn itself out. If Edgar live, O, bless him!—
Now, fellow, fare thee well.

[he leaps, and falls along.

Edg. Gone, sir? farewell.—
And yet I know not how conceit may rob
The treasury of life, when life itself
Yields to the theft.[1] Had he been where he thought,
By this had thought been past.—Alive, or dead?
Ho, you, sir! friend!—Hear you, sir?—speak!
Thus might he pass indeed:[2] yet he revives.
What are you, sir?

Glos. Away, and let me die.

Edg. Hadst thou been aught but gossamer, feathers, air,
So many fathom down precipitating,
Thou hadst shiver'd like an egg: but thou dost breathe;
Hast heavy substance; bleed'st not; speak'st; art sound.
Ten masts at each make not the altitude,
Which thou hast perpendicularly fell.

---

[1] i. e. when life is willing to be destroyed.
[2] Thus might he die in reality.

s a miracle: speak yet again.
. But have I fallen, or no?
g. From the dread summit of this chalky bourn:
k up a-height; the shrill-gorged lark so far
ot be seen or heard: do but look up.
os. Alack, I have no eyes.
etchedness dep [illegible] benefit,
nd itself by dea[illegible]s yet some comfort,
n misery could beg[illegible]e tyrant's rage,
And frustrate his proud will.
Edg. Give me your arm:
Up:—so;—how is 't? Feel you your legs? You stand.
Glos. Too well, too well.
Edg. This is above all strangeness.
Upon the crown o' the cliff, what thing was that
Which parted from you?
Glos. A poor unfortunate beggar.
Edg. As I stood here below, methought, his eyes
Were two full moons: he had a thousand noses,
Horns whelk'd,[1] and waved like the enridged sea.
It was some fiend: therefore, thou happy father,
Think that the clearest[2] gods, who make them honors
Of men's impossibilities, have preserved thee.
Glos. I do remember now: henceforth I 'll bear
Affliction, till it do cry out itself,

---

[1] Twisted. [2] Purest.

'Enough, enough,' and, 'die.' That thing you speak of,
I took it for a man; often 'twould say,
'The fiend, the fiend:' he led me to that place.

Edg. Bear free and patient thoughts.—But who comes here?

Enter LEAR, *fantastically dressed up with flowers.*

The safer sense will ne'er accommodate
His master thus.

Lear. No, they cannot touch me for coining; I am the king himself.

Edg. O thou side-piercing sight!

Lear. Nature 's above art in that respect.—There 's your press-money. That fellow handles his bow like a crow-keeper:[1] draw me a clothier's yard.[2] Look, look, a mouse! Peace, peace; this piece of toasted cheese will do 't.—There 's my gauntlet; I 'll prove it on a giant.—Bring up the brown bills.[3]—O, well flown, bird!—i' the clout,[4] i' the clout: hewgh! Give the word.

Edg. Sweet marjoram.

Lear. Pass.

Glos. I know that voice.

Lear. Ha! Goneril!—with a white beard!—They flattered me like a dog; and told me, I had

---

[1] A scarecrow. [2] An arrow of a yard in length.
[3] Battle-axes.
[4] The clout is the white mark at which archers aim.

white hairs in my beard ere the black ones were there. To say Ay, and No, to every thing I said! Ay and No too was no good divinity. When the rain came to wet me once, and the wind to make me chatter; when the thunder would not peace at my bidding; there I found them, there I smelt them out. Go to; they are not men o' their words: they told me I was every thing; 'tis a lie; I am not ague-proof.

Glos. The trick[1] of that voice I do well remember:
Is 't not the king?

Lear. Ay, every inch a king:
When I do stare, see, how the subject quakes.
I pardon that man's life: what was thy cause?—
Adultery.—
Thou shalt not die: die for adultery! No:
The wren goes to 't, and the small gilded fly
Does lecher in my sight.
Let copulation thrive, for Gloster's bastard son
Was kinder to his father, than my daughters
Got 'tween the lawful sheets.
To 't, luxury, pell-mell, for I lack soldiers.—
Behold yon simpering dame,
Whose face between her forks presageth snow;
That minces virtue, and does shake the head
To hear of pleasure's name;
The fitchew,[2] nor the soiled horse, goes to 't

[1] Peculiarity. [2] Polecat.

With a more riotous appetite.
Down from the waist they are centaurs
Though women all above:
But to the girdle do the gods inherit,
Beneath is all the fiends'; there 's hell, there 's darkness,
here is the sulphurous pit, burning, scalding, tench, consumption.—Fie, fie, fie! pah; pah! Give me an ounce of civet, good apothecary, to weeten my imagination: there 's money for thee.

Glos. O, let me kiss that hand!

Lear. Let me wipe it first; it smells of mortality.

Glos. O ruin'd piece of nature! This great world
hall so wear out to naught.—Dost thou know me?

Lear. I remember thine eyes well enough. Dost hou squiny at me? No, do thy worst, blind Cupid; 'll not love.—Read thou this challenge; mark but e penning of it.

Glos. Were all the letters suns, I could not see one.

Edg. I would not take this from report;—it is,
l my heart breaks at it.

ear. Read.

los. What, with the case of eyes?

ar. O, ho, are you there with me? No eyes in head, nor no money in your purse? Your eyes a heavy case, your purse in a light: yet you w this world goes.

. I see it feelingly.

. What, art mad? A man may see how this

world goes with no eyes: look with thine ears.
See how yon justice rails upon yon simple thief.
Hark, in thine ear: change places; and, handy-dandy, which is the justice, which is the thief?—
Thou hast seen a farmer's dog bark at a beggar?

Glos. Ay, sir.

Lear. And the creature run from the cur? There thou mightst behold the great image of authority; a dog 's obeyed in office.

Thou rascal beadle, hold thy bloody hand:
Why dost thou lash that whore? Strip thine own back;
Thou hotly lust'st to use her in that kind
For which thou whipp'st her. The usurer hangs the cozener.
Through tatter'd clothes small vices do appear;
Robes and furr'd gowns hide all. Plate sin with gold,
And the strong lance of justice hurtless breaks;
Arm it in rags, a pigmy's straw doth pierce it.
None does offend, none, I say, none; I 'll able 'em
Take that of me, my friend, who have the power
To seal the accuser's lips. Get thee glass eyes;
And, like a scurvy politician, seem
To see the things thou dost not.—Now, now, now, now:
Pull off my boots:—harder, harder; so.

Edg. O, matter and impertinency mix'd!
Reason in madness!

Lear. If thou wilt weep my fortunes, take my eyes.

I know thee well enough; thy name is Gloster:
Thou must be patient; we came crying hither.
Thou know'st, the first time that we smell the air,
We wawl and cry:—I will preach to thee; mark me.

Glos. Alack, alack the day!

Lear. When we are born, we cry, that we are come
To this great stage of fools.—This a good block?—
It were a delicate stratagem, to shoe
A troop of horse with felt: I 'll put it in proof;
And when I have stolen upon these sons-in-law,
Then, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill.

Enter GENTLEMAN, *with Attendants.*

Gen. O, here he is; lay hand upon him.—Sir,
Your most dear daughter——

Lear. No rescue? What, a prisoner? I am even
he natural fool of fortune.—Use me well;
ou shall have ransom. Let me have a surgeon:
am cut to the brains.

Gen. You shall have any thing.

Lear. No seconds? All myself?
hy, this would make a man a man of salt,[1]
use his eyes for garden water-pots,
and for laying autumn's dust.

Gen. Good sir,——

[1] i. e. a man of tears.

Lear. I will die bravely, like a bridegroom. What?
I will be jovial; come, come; I am a king,
My masters; know you that?

Gen. You are a royal one, and we obey you.

Lear. Then there's life in it. Nay, an you get it, you shall get it by running. Sa, sa, sa, sa.

[*Exit, running; Attendants follow.*

Gen. A sight most pitiful in the meanest wretch:
Past speaking of in a king! — Thou hast one daughter,
Who redeems Nature from the general curse
Which twain have brought her to.

Edg. Hail, gentle sir.

Gen. Sir, speed you: what's your will?

Edg. Do you hear aught, sir, of a battle toward?

Gen. Most sure, and vulgar: every one hears that,
Which can distinguish sound.

Edg. But, by your favor,
How near's the other army?

Gen. Near, and on speedy foot; the main descry
Stands on the hourly thought.[1]

Edg. I thank you, sir: that's all.

Gen. Though that the queen on special cause is here,
Her army is moved on.

Edg. I thank you, sir.

[*Exit Gentleman.*

---

[1] The main body is expected to be descried every hour

Glos. You ever-gentle gods, take my breath from me:
Let not my worser spirit[1] tempt me again
To die before you please!

Edg. Well pray you, father.

Glos. Now, good sir, what are you?

Edg. A most poor man, made lame by Fortune's blows;
Who, by the art of known and feeling sorrows,
Am pregnant to good pity. Give me your hand;
I 'll lead you to some biding.

Glos. Hearty thanks:
The bounty and the benizon[2] of heaven
To boot, and boot![3]

Enter STEWARD.

Stew. A proclaim'd prize! Most happy!
That eyeless head of thine was first framed flesh
To raise my fortunes.—Thou old unhappy traitor,
Briefly thyself remember: the sword is out
That must destroy thee.

Glos. Now let thy friendly hand
Put strength enough to it. [*Edgar opposes.*

Stew. Wherefore, bold peasant,
Darest thou support a publish'd traitor? Hence;
Lest that the infection of his fortune take
Like hold on thee. Let go his arm.

---

[1] Evil genius. [2] Blessing.
[3] Reward.

Edg. Chi'll not let go, zir, without vurther 'casion.

Stew. Let go, slave, or thou diest.

Edg. Good gentleman, go your gait, and let poor volk pass. And ch'ud ha' been zwaggered out of my life, 'twould not ha' been zo long as 'tis by a vortnight. Nay, come not near the old man; keep out, che vor'ye, or ise try whether your costard[1] or my bat be the harder: ch'ill be plain with you.

Stew. Out, dunghill!

Edg. Ch'ill pick your teeth, zir. Come; no matter vor your foins.[2]

[*they fight; and Edgar knocks him down.*

Stew. Slave, thou hast slain me.—Villain, take my purse.
If ever thou wilt thrive, bury my body;
And give the letters, which thou find'st about me,
To Edmund earl of Gloster; seek him out
Upon the British party:—O, untimely death!
[*dies.*

Edg. I know thee well: a serviceable villain;
As duteous to the vices of thy mistress,
As badness would desire.

Glos. What, is he dead?

Edg. Sit you down, father; rest you.—
Let 's see his pockets: these letters, that he speaks of,
May be my friends.—He 's dead; I am only sorry

---

[1] Head. [2] Thrusts.

He had no other death's-man.—Let us see.—
Leave, gentle wax; and, manners, blame us not:
To know our enemies' minds, we 'd rip their hearts;
Their papers, is more lawful.

[*reads.*] 'Let our reciprocal vows be remembered. You have many opportunities to cut him off: if your will want not, time and place will be fruitfully offered. There is nothing done, if he return the conqueror: then am I the prisoner, and his bed my jail; from the loathed warmth whereof deliver me, and supply the place for your labor.

'Your wife, (so I would say) and your
affectionate servant,
'GONERIL.'

O undistinguish'd space of woman's will!
A plot upon her virtuous husband's life;
And the exchange, my brother!—Here, in the sands,
Thee I 'll rake up,[1] the post unsanctified
Of murderous lechers; and, in the mature time,
With this ungracious paper strike the sight
Of the death-practised duke: for him 'tis well,
That of thy death and business I can tell.
[*Exit Edgar, dragging out the body.*

Glos. The king is mad. How stiff is my vile sense,

[1] I will cover thee.

To stand against the deep dread-bolted thunder,
In the most terrible and nimble stroke
Of quick, cross lightning? to watch (poor perdu![1])
With this thin helm?[2] Mine enemy's dog,
Though he had bit me, should have stood that night
Against my fire. And wast thou fain, poor father,
To hovel thee with swine, and rogues forlorn,
In short and musty straw? Alack, alack!
'Tis wonder, that thy life and wits at once
Had not concluded all.—He wakes; speak to him.

Phy. Madam, do you; 'tis fittest.

Cor. How does my royal lord? How fares your majesty?

Lear. You do me wrong, to take me out o' the grave.—
Thou art a soul in bliss; but I am bound
Upon a wheel of fire, that mine own tears
Do scald like molten lead.

Cor. Sir, do you know me?

Lear. You are a spirit, I know: when did you die?

Cor. Still, still, far wide!

Phy. He 's scarce awake; let him alone awhile.

Lear. Where have I been? Where am I?—Fair daylight?
I am mightily abused: I should even die with pity,
To see another thus.—I know not what to say.

---

[1] In allusion to the forlorn hope of an army, called in French *enfans perdus.*

[2] Thin covering of hair.



Starling sc.

KING LEAR.

Cordelia Lear and Kent.

Act IV. Scene VII.

I will not swear, these are my hands:—let 's see;
I feel this pin prick. Would I were assured
Of my condition!

Cor. O, look upon me, sir,
And hold your hands in benediction o'er me:—
No, sir, you must not kneel.

Lear. Pray, do not mock me:
I am a very foolish fond old man,
Fourscore and upward; and, to deal plainly,
I fear I am not in my perfect mind.
Methinks, I should know you, and know this man;
Yet I am doubtful: for I am mainly ignorant
What place this is; and all the skill I have
Remembers not these garments; nor I know not
Where I did lodge last night. Do not laugh at me;
For, as I am a man, I think this lady
To be my child Cordelia.

Cor. And so I am, I am.

Lear. Be your tears wet? Yes, faith. I pray, weep not:
If you have poison for me, I will drink it.
I know, you do not love me; for your sisters
Have, as I do remember, done me wrong:
You have some cause, they have not.

Cor. No cause, no cause.

Lear. Am I in France?

Kent. In your own kingdom, sir.

Lear. Do not abuse me.

Phy. Be comforted, good madam: the great rage,
You see, is cured in him · and yet it is danger

[illegible] the time he has lost.[1]
[illegible] trouble him no more
[illegible].

[illegible] Will [illegible] your highness walk?

[illegible] You must bear with me:
[illegible] forgive: I am old and foolish.

[illegible] *Cordelia, Physician, and Attendants.*

[illegible] sir.
[illegible] of Cornwall was so slain?

[illegible] Most certain, sir.

[illegible] of his people?

[illegible] As 'tis said,
[illegible] of Gloster.

[illegible] They say, Edgar,
[illegible] is with the earl of Kent
[illegible].

[illegible]
[illegible] o' the kingdom
[illegible]
[illegible] is like to be a bloody.

[illegible] *Exit.*

[illegible] and period will be throughly
[illegible],
[illegible] this day's battle 's fought. [*Exit.*

[illegible] the interval of his insanity to his apprehen-
[2] Decision.

ACT V.

SCENE I.

The camp of the British forces, near Dover.

Enter, with drums and colors, EDMUND, REGAN, *Officers, Soldiers, and others.*

Edm. Know of the duke, if his last purpose hold;
Or, whether since he is advised by aught
To change the course: he 's full of alteration,
And self-reproving: bring his constant pleasure.[1]
[*to an Officer, who goes out.*

Re. Our sister's man is certainly miscarried.

Edm. 'Tis to be doubted, madam.

Re. Now, sweet lord,
You know the goodness I intend upon you.
Tell me,—but truly,—but then speak the truth:—
Do you not love my sister?

Edm. In honor'd love.

Re. But have you never found my brother's way
To the forefended[2] place?

Edm. That thought abuses you.[3]

Re. I am doubtful that you have been conjunct
And bosom'd with her, as far as we call hers.

Edm. No, by mine honor, madam.

---

[1] His settled resolution. [2] Forbidden.
[3] i. e. you are deceived.

Re. I never shall endure her. Dear my lord,
Be not familiar with her.
Edm. Fear me not:
She, and the duke her husband,——

Enter ALBANY, GONERIL, *and Soldiers.*

Gon. I had rather lose the battle, than that sister
Should loosen him and me. [*aside.*
Alb. Our very loving sister, well be met.—
Sir, this I hear: the king is come to his daughter,
With others, whom the rigor of our state
Forced to cry out. Where I could not be honest,
I never yet was valiant: for this business,
It toucheth us as France invades our land,
Not bolds the king;[1] with others, whom, I fear,
Most just and heavy causes make oppose.[2]
Edm. Sir, you speak nobly.
Re. Why is this reason'd?
Gon. Combine together 'gainst the enemy:
For these domestic and particular broils
Are not to question here.
Alb. Let us then determine
With the ancient of war on our proceedings.
Edm. I shall attend you presently at your tent.
Re. Sister, you 'll go with us?
Gon. No.
Re. 'Tis most convenient: pray you, go with us.

---

[1] i. e. not as it emboldens the king to assert his former title.
[2] Opposition.

Gon. O ho, I know the riddle. [*aside.*] I will go.

As they are going out, enter EDGAR *disguised.*

Edg. If e'er your grace had speech with man so poor,
Hear me one word.

Alb. I 'll overtake you.—Speak.
[*Exeunt Edmund, Regan, Goneril, Officers, Soldiers, and Attendants.*

Edg. Before you fight the battle, ope this letter.
If you have victory, let the trumpet sound
For him that brought it: wretched though I seem,
I can produce a champion, that will prove
What is avouched there: if you miscarry,
Your business of the world hath so an end,
And machination ceases. Fortune love you!

Alb. Stay till I have read the letter.

Edg. I was forbid it.
When time shall serve, let but the herald cry,
And I 'll appear again. [*Exit.*

Alb. Why, fare thee well; I will o'erlook thy paper.

Re enter EDMUND.

Edm. The enemy 's in view; draw up your powers.
Here is the guess of their true strength and forces
By diligent discovery; but your haste
Is now urged on you.

Alb. We will greet the time.[1] [*Exit.*

Edm. To both these sisters have I sworn my love;
Each jealous of the other, as the stung
Are of the adder. Which of them shall I take?
Both, one, or neither? Neither can be enjoy'd,
If both remain alive: to take the widow,
Exasperates, makes mad her sister Goneril;
And hardly shall I carry out my side,[2]
Her husband being alive. Now then, we'll use
His countenance for the battle; which being done,
Let her, who would be rid of him, devise
His speedy taking off. As for the mercy
Which he intends to Lear and to Cordelia,——
The battle done, and they within our power,
Shall never see his pardon: for my state
Stands on me to defend, not to debate. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

A field between the two camps.

Alarums within. Enter, with drum and colors, LEAR, CORDELIA, *and their forces; and exeunt.*

Enter EDGAR *and* GLOSTER.

Edg. Here, father, take the shadow of this tree
For your good host; pray that the right may thrive:

---

[1] Be ready to meet the occasion.

[2] Make my party good.

If ever I return to you again,
I 'll bring you comfort.

Glos. Grace go with you, sir!

[*Exit Edgar.*

Alarums; afterwards a retreat. Re-enter EDGAR.

Edg. Away, old man; give me thy hand; away:
King Lear hath lost, he and his daughter ta'en:
Give me thy hand; come on.

Glos. No farther, sir; a man may rot even here.

Edg. What, in ill thoughts again? Men must endure
Their going hence, even as their coming hither:
Ripeness[1] is all. Come on.

Glos. And that 's true too.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The British camp, near Dover.

Enter, in conquest, with drum and colors, EDMUND; LEAR *and* CORDELIA *as prisoners; Officers, Soldiers, &c.*

Edm. Some officers take them away: good guard;
Until their greater pleasures first be known
That are to censure them.[2]

---

[1] i. e. to be ready, prepared.
[2] Pass judgment on them.

Cor. We are not the first,
Who, with best meaning, have incurr'd the worst.
For thee, oppressed king, am I cast down;
Myself could else outfrown false Fortune's frown.—
Shall we not see these daughters and these sisters?

Lear. No, no, no, no! Come, let 's away to prison.
We two alone will sing like birds i' the cage.
When thou dost ask me blessing, I 'll kneel down,
And ask of thee forgiveness: so we 'll live,
And pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and laugh
At gilded butterflies, and hear poor rogues
Talk of court news; and we 'll talk with them too,—
Who loses, and who wins; who 's in, who 's out;—
And take upon us the mystery of things,
As if we were God's spies: and we 'll wear out,
In a wall'd prison, packs and sects of great ones,
That ebb and flow by the moon.

Edm. Take them away.

Lear. Upon such sacrifices, my Cordelia,
The gods themselves throw incense. Have I caught thee?
He, that parts us, shall bring a brand from heaven,
And fire us hence, like foxes. Wipe thine eyes:
The goujeers shall devour them, flesh and *fell*,[1]
Ere they shall make us weep: we 'll see them starve first.

---

[1] Skin.

Come. [*Exeunt Lear and Cordelia, guarded.*

Edm. Come hither, captain; hark.
Take thou this note; [*giving a paper.*] go, follow them to prison.
One step I have advanced thee; if thou dost
As this instructs thee, thou dost make thy way
To noble fortunes. Know thou this;—that men
Are as the time is: to be tender-minded
Does not become a sword: thy great employment
Will not bear question; either say, thou 'lt do 't,
Or thrive by other means.

Off. I 'll do 't, my lord.

Edm. About it; and write happy, when thou hast done.
Mark,—I say, instantly; and carry it so,
As I have set it down.

Off. I cannot draw a cart, nor eat dried oats:
If it be man's work, I will do it. [*Exit Officer.*

Florish. Enter ALBANY, GONERIL, REGAN, *Officers, and Attendants.*

Alb. Sir, you have shown to-day your valiant strain,
And Fortune led you well: you have the captives
Who were the opposites of this day's strife:
We do require them of you; so to use them,
As we shall find their merits and our safety
May equally determine.

Edm. Sir, I thought it fit
To send the old and miserable king

To some retention, and appointed guard;
Whose age has charms in it, whose title more,
To pluck the common bosom on his side,
And turn our impress'd lances in our eyes
Which do command them: with him I sent the queen;
My reason all the same: and they are ready,
To-morrow, or at further space, to appear
Where you shall hold your session. At this time
We sweat and bleed: the friend hath lost his friend;
And the best quarrels, in the heat, are cursed
By those that feel their sharpness.
The question of Cordelia and her father
Requires a fitter place.

Alb. Sir, by your patience,
I hold you but a subject of this war,
Not as a brother.

Re. That's as we list to grace him.
Methinks, our pleasure might have been demanded,
Ere you had spoke so far. He led our powers;
Bore the commission of my place and person;
The which immediacy[1] may well stand up,
And call itself your brother.

Gon. Not so hot:
In his own grace he doth exalt himself,
More than in your advancement.

Re. In my rights,

---

[1] Plenary delegation of authority.

By me invested, he compeers the best.

Gon. That were the most, if he should husband you.

Re. Jesters do oft prove prophets.

Gon. Holla, holla!
That eye that told you so look'd but asquint.[1]

Re. Lady, I am not well; else I should answer
From a full-flowing stomach.—General,
Take thou my soldiers, prisoners, patrimony;
Dispose of them, of me; the walls are thine:[2]
Witness the world, that I create thee here
My lord and master.

Gon. Mean you to enjoy him?

Alb. The let-alone lies not in your good will.

Edm. Nor in thine, lord.

Alb. Half-blooded fellow, yes.

Re. Let the drum strike, and prove my title thine.
[*to Edmund.*

Alb. Stay yet; hear reason.—Edmund, I arrest thee
On capital treason; and, in thy arrest,
This gilded serpent. [*pointing to Goneril.*] For your claim, fair sister,
I bar it in the interest of my wife:
'Tis she is sub-contracted to this lord,
And I, her husband, contradict your bans.
If you will marry, make your love to me;

---

[1] In allusion to a proverb, 'Love, being jealous, makes a good eye look asquint.'

[2] i. e. I surrender at discretion.

My lady is bespoke.

Gon. An interlude!

Alb. Thou art arm'd, Gloster. Let the trumpet sound:

If none appear to prove upon thy person,
Thy heinous, manifest, and many treasons,
There is my pledge: [*throwing down a glove.*] I'll prove it on thy heart,
Ere I taste bread, thou art in nothing less
Than I have here proclaim'd thee.

Re. Sick, O, sick!

Gon. If not, I'll ne'er trust poison. [*aside.*

Edm. There's my exchange: [*throwing down a glove.*] what in the world he is
That names me traitor, villain-like he lies.
Call by thy trumpet: he that dares approach,
On him, on you, (who not?) I will maintain
My truth and honor firmly.

Alb. A herald, ho!

Edm. A herald, ho, a herald!

Alb. Trust to thy single virtue;[1] for thy soldiers,
All levied in my name, have in my name
Took their discharge.

Re. This sickness grows upon me.

Enter HERALD.

Alb. She is not well; convey her to my tent.
[*Exit Regan, led.*

---

[1] Valor.

Come hither, herald: let the trumpet sound;
And read out this.

Off. Sound, trumpet. [*a trumpet sounds.*

Her. [*reads*] 'If any man of quality or degree, within the lists of the army, will maintain upon Edmund, supposed earl of Gloster, that he is a manifold traitor, let him appear at the third sound of the trumpet: he is bold in his defence.'

Edm. Sound. [1 *trumpet.*
Her. Again. [2 *trumpet.*
Her. Again. [3 *trumpet.*
[*trumpet answers within*

Enter EDGAR, *armed, preceded by a trumpet.*

Alb. Ask him his purposes, why he appears
Upon this call o' the trumpet.
Her. What are you?
Your name, your quality; and why you answer
This present summons?
Edg. Know, my name is lost,
By treason's tooth bare-gnawn, and canker-bit:
Yet am I noble as the adversary
I come to cope withal.
Alb. Which is that adversary?
Edg. What's he that speaks for Edmund earl of Gloster?
Edm. Himself: what say'st thou to him?
Edg. Draw thy sword;
That, if my speech offend a noble heart,

Thy arm may do thee justice: here is mine.
Behold, it is the privilege of mine honors,
My oath, and my profession: I protest,
Maugre[1] thy strength, youth, place, and eminence,
Despite thy victor sword, and fire-new fortune,
Thy valor, and thy heart;—thou art a traitor;
False to thy gods, thy brother, and thy father;
Conspirant 'gainst this high illustrious prince;
And, from the extremest upward of thy head,
To the descent and dust beneath thy feet,
A most toad-spotted traitor. Say thou, No,
This sword, this arm, and my best spirits are bent
To prove upon thy heart, whereto I speak,
Thou liest.

Edm. In wisdom, I should ask thy name;
But, since thy outside looks so fair and warlike,
And that thy tongue some 'say[2] of breeding breathes,
What safe and nicely I might well delay
By rule of knighthood, I disdain and spurn.
Back do I toss these treasons to thy head;
With the hell-hated lie o'erwhelm thy heart;
Which, (for they yet glance by, and scarcely bruise)
This sword of mine shall give them instant way,
Where they shall rest for ever.—Trumpets, speak.

[*alarums. They fight. Edmund falls*

Alb. O, save him, save him!

Gon. This is mere practice,[3] Gloster:

---

[1] Notwithstanding. [2] Sample.
[3] Stratagems.

e law of arms, thou wast not bound to answer
ıknown opposite: thou art not vanquish'd,
ozen'd and beguiled.

,. Shut your mouth, dame,
ith this paper shall I stop it.—Hold, sir.—
worse than any name, read thine own evil:—
aring, lady; I perceive, you know it.

[gives the letter to Edmund.

ı. Say, if I do; the laws are mine, not thine
shall arraign me for 't?

. Most monstrous!
'st thou this paper?

ı. Ask me not what I know.

[Exit Goneril.

. Go after her: she 's desperate; govern her.

[to an Officer, who goes out.

n. What you have charged me with, that have
I done;
ıore, much more: the time will bring it out;
ast, and so am I. But what art thou,
ıast this fortune on me? If thou art noble,
ɔrgive thee.

/. Let 's exchange charity.
ıo less in blood than thou art, Edmund;
e, the more thou hast wrong'd me.
ıme is Edgar, and thy father's son.
ods are just, and of our pleasant vices
instruments to scourge us:
ark and vicious place where thee he got,
ıim his eyes.

n. Thou hast spoken right; 'tis true,

The wheel is come full circle: I am here.
Alb. Methought, thy very gait did prophesy
A royal nobleness.—I must embrace thee.
Let sorrow split my heart, if ever I
Did hate thee or thy father!
Edg. Worthy prince, I know't.
Alb. Where have you hid yourself?
How have you known the miseries of your father?
Edg. By nursing them, my lord. List a brief tale;
And, when 'tis told, O, that my heart would burst!
The bloody proclamation to escape,
That follow'd me so near, (O, our lives' sweetness!
That with the pain of death we'd hourly die,
Rather than die at once!) taught me to shift
Into a madman's rags; to assume a semblance
That very dogs disdain'd: and in this habit
Met I my father with his bleeding rings,
Their precious stones new lost: became his guide,
Led him, begg'd for him, saved him from despair;
Never (O fault!) reveal'd myself unto him,
Until some half-hour past, when I was arm'd,
Not sure, though hoping of this good success,
I ask'd his blessing, and from first to last
Told him my pilgrimage: but his flaw'd heart,
(Alack, too weak the conflict to support!)
'Twixt two extremes of passion, joy and grief,
Burst smilingly.
Edm. This speech of yours hath moved me,
And shall, perchance, do good; but speak you on:
You look as you had something more to say.

Alb. If there be more, more woful, hold it in;
For I am almost ready to dissolve,
Hearing of this.

Edg. This would have seem'd a period
To such as love not sorrow; but another,
To amplify too much, would make much more,
And top extremity.
Whilst I was big in clamor, came there a man,
Who having seen me in my worst estate,
Shunn'd my abhorr'd society; but then, finding
Who 'twas that so endured, with his strong arms
He fasten'd on my neck, and bellow'd out
As he'd burst heaven; threw me on my father;
Told the most piteous tale of Lear and him,
That ever ear received; which in recounting.
His grief grew puissant, and the strings of life
Began to crack: twice then the trumpet sounded,
And there I left him tranced.

Alb. But who was this?

Edg. Kent, sir, the banish'd Kent; who in disguise
Follow'd his enemy king, and did him service
Improper for a slave.

Enter GENTLEMAN *hastily, with a bloody knife.*

Gen. Help! help! O, help!

Edg. What kind of help?

Alb. Speak, man.

Edg. What means that bloody knife?

Gen. 'Tis hot, it smokes;

It came even from the heart of——

Alb. Who, man? speak.

Gen. Your lady, sir, your lady: and her sister
By her is poison'd; she hath confess'd it.

Edm. I was contracted to them both; all three
Now marry in an instant.

Alb. Produce their bodies, be they alive or dead!
This judgment of the Heavens, that makes us tremble,
Touches us not with pity. [*Exit Gen.*

Enter KENT.

Edg. Here comes Kent, sir.

Alb. O! it is he.
The time will not allow the compliment,
Which very manners urges.

Kent. I am come
To bid my king and master aye[1] good night:
Is he not here?

Alb. Great thing of us forgot!—
Speak, Edmund, where 's the king, and where's Cordelia?——
Seest thou this object, Kent?

[*the bodies of Goneril and Regan are brought in.*

Kent. Alack, why thus?

Edm. Yet Edmund was beloved:
The one the other poison'd for my sake,

---

[1] For ever

d noble friends, know our intent.
co : to this great decay [1] may come,
be ed : for us, we will resign,
ng t e of this old majesty,
m bsolute power : you, to your rights;
[*to Edgar and Kent.*
boot,[2] and such addition as your honors
more friends shall taste
wages of their all foes
cup of their deservings.—O, see, see!

Lear. And my poor fool [3] is hang'd! No, no, no life:
Why should a dog, a horse, a rat, have life,
And thou no breath at all? O, thou wilt come no more,
Never, never, never, never, never!—
Pray you, undo this button: thank you, sir.—
Do you see this? Look on her,—look,—her lips,—
Look there, look there! [*he dies.*

Edg. He faints!—My lord, my lord,——

Kent. Break, heart; I pr'ythee, break!

Edg. Look up, my lord.

Kent. Vex not his ghost. O, let him pass! he hates him,
That would upon the rack of this tough world
Stretch him out longer.

Edg. O, he is gone, indeed.

---

[1] i. e. Lear. [2] Increase.
[3] An expression of tenderness for his dead Cordelia.

Kent. The wonder is, he hath endured so long:
He but usurp'd his life.

Alb. Bear them from hence: our present business
Is general woe. Friends of my soul, you twain
[*to Kent and Edgar.*
Rule in this realm, and the gored state sustain.

Kent. I have a journey, sir, shortly to go;
My master calls, and I must not say, No.

Alb. The weight of this sad time we must obey;
Speak what we feel, not what we ought to say.
The oldest hath borne most: we, that are young,
Shall never see so much, nor live so long.
[*Exeunt, with a dead march.*

That heaven's vault should crack.—O, she is gone for ever!—
I know when one is dead, and when one lives;
She 's dead as earth.—Lend me a looking-glass;
If that her breath will mist or stain the stone,
Why, then she lives.

Kent. Is this the promised end?[1]

Edg. Or image of that horror?

Alb. Fall, and cease![2]

Lear. This feather stirs; she lives: if it be so,
It is a chance that does redeem all sorrows
That ever I have felt.

Kent. O, my good master! [*kneeling.*

Lear. Pr'ythee, away.

Edg. 'Tis noble Kent, your friend.

Lear. A plague upon you, murderers, traitors all!
I might have saved her; now she 's gone for ever!—
Cordelia, Cordelia, stay a little.—Ha!
What is 't thou say'st?—Her voice was ever soft,
Gentle, and low; an excellent thing in woman.—
I kill'd the slave that was a hanging thee.

Off. 'Tis true, my lords, he did.

Lear. Did I not, fellow?
I have seen the day, with my good biting falchion
I would have made them skip: I am old now,
And these same crosses spoil me.—Who are you?

---

[1] i. e. the end of the world, foretold by our Saviour.
[2] i. e. die. Albany here addresses Lear.

Mine eyes are none o' the best: I 'll tell you straight.

Kent. If Fortune brag of two she loved and hated,
One of them we behold.

Lear. This is a dull sight. Are you not Kent?

Kent. The same;
Your servant Kent: where is your servant Caius?

Lear. He 's a good fellow, I can tell you that;
He 'll strike, and quickly too: he 's dead and rotten.

Kent. No, my good lord; I am the very man;——

Lear. I 'll see that straight.

Kent. That, from your first of difference and decay,
Have follow'd your sad steps.

Lear. You are welcome hither.

Kent. Nor no man else; all 's cheerless, dark, and deadly.
Your eldest daughters have foredoom'd themselves,
And desperately are dead.

Lear. Ay, so I think.

Alb. He knows not what he says; and vain it is
That we present us to him.

Edg. Very bootless.[1]

Enter OFFICER.

Off. Edmund is dead, my lord.

Alb. That 's but a trifle here.—

[1] Useless.

HISTORICAL NOTICE

OF

ROMEO AND JULIET.

The story on which this play is founded, is related as a true one in Girolamo de la Corte's History of Verona. In 1562, Mr. Arthur Brooke published a poem on 'the Tragicall Historie of Romeus and Juliett;' the materials for which he chiefly obtained from a French translation, by Boisteau, of an Italian novel by Luigi da Porto, a gentleman of Vicenza, who died in 1529. A prose translation of Boisteau's work was also published in 1567, by Painter, in his Palace of Pleasure; and on the incidents of these two works Shakspeare is supposed to have constructed this interesting tragedy. Malone imagines that the present piece was designed in 1591, and finished in 1596; but Chalmers refers it to 1592, and Dr. Drake to 1593. There are four early editions of it in quarto, namely those of 1597, 1599, 1609, and one without date; the first of which is less copious than the others; since each successive edition appears to have been revised, with additions to particular passages.

'This play,' says Dr. Johnson, 'is one of the most pleasing of our author's performances. The scenes are busy and various, the incidents numerous and important, the catastrophe irresistibly affecting, and the process of the action carried on with such probability,

at least with such congruity to popular opinions, as tragedy requires.

'Here is one of the few attempts of Shakspeare to exhibit the conversation of gentlemen, to represent the airy sprightliness of juvenile elegance. Dryden mentions a tradition, which might easily reach his time, of a declaration made by Shakspeare, that 'he was obliged to kill Mercutio in the third act, lest he should have been killed by him:' yet he thinks him 'no such formidable person, but that he might have lived through the play, and died in his bed,' without danger to the poet. Dryden well knew, had he been in quest of truth, in a pointed sentence, that more regard is commonly had to the words than the thought, and that it is very seldom to be rigorously understood. Mercutio's wit, gaiety, and courage, will always procure him friends that wish him a longer life; but his death is not precipitated, he has lived out the time [illegible] the play [illegible] continued [illegible] sallies are perhaps [illegible] was not very [illegible] humour, but acute, [illegible] sublime.

[illegible] the [illegible] in which the [illegible] he has, with great subtilty of dis[illegible] her at once [illegible] and secret, [illegible] insolent, trusty and dishonest.

[illegible] comic scenes are happily wrought, but his pa[illegible] strains are always polluted with some unexpected [illegible]. His persons, however distressed, have a [illegible] them in their misery; a miserable conceit'

ARGUMENT.

The violent feuds subsisting at Verona between the powerful families of the Capulets and Montagues form no obstruction to the establishment of a mutual attachment between Romeo, the only son of Montague, and Juliet, the heiress of the house of Capulet. A secret marriage appears to realise their fond anticipations of felicity, when Tybalt, a nephew of Capulet, rouses the indignation of the young bridegroom by the murder of his friend Mercutio, and falls a sacrifice to his resentment in single combat. This outrage subjects Romeo to a sentence of banishment by the prince; while the unsuspecting relatives of Juliet, attributing her grief to the loss of her cousin, resolve to divert her melancholy by an immediate marriage with Count Paris. Finding her parents inexorable to every entreaty of delay, the unfortunate lady repairs to the cell of Friar Laurence, who had married her; and receives from his hands a powerful soporific, causing a temporary suspension of the vital functions for two and forty hours. On the day appointed for the nuptials, Juliet is discovered stiff and cold, and is conveyed, amidst the tears of her family, to the cemetery of her ancestors. The good friar, in the mean time, despatches a messenger to the residence of Romeo at Mantua, arranging his secret return to his native city before the expiration of Juliet's sleep. But the destiny of the lovers is misfortune: the letter of Friar Laurence never reaches its destination; and the distracted husband, learning from another source the death of his mistress, hastens to Verona, forces an entrance in the obscurity of night to the monument of the Capulets, takes poison, and expires; soon after which the friar arrives to await the recovery of Juliet from her trance, who, reviving to a sense of her hopeless woe, and seeing the dead body of Romeo stretched before her, finds means to terminate her existence by plunging the dagger of her husband into her heart. The rival families now too late bewail their miserable infatuation, and, at the intercession of the prince, bury their animosities in a treaty of peace and alliance.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Escalus, prince of Verona.
Paris, a young nobleman, kinsman to the prince.
Montague, } heads of two houses, at variance with each other.
Capulet, }
Old Man, uncle to Capulet.
Romeo, son to Montague.
Mercutio, kinsman to the prince, and friend to Romeo.
Benvolio, nephew to Montague, and friend to Romeo.
Tybalt, nephew to Lady Capulet.
Friar Laurence, a Franciscan.
Friar John, of the same order.
Balthasar, servant to Romeo.
[illegible] } servants to Capulet.
[illegible] servant to Montague.
[illegible]
[illegible] to Paris; Peter; an Officer.

[illegible] wife to Montague.
[illegible] wife to Capulet.
[illegible] to Capulet.
[illegible]

[illegible] Verona; several Men and Women, relations to [illegible]; Maskers, Guards, Watchmen, and Attendants.

[illegible] the greater part of the play, in Verona; once in the fifth act, at Mantua.

PROLOGUE.

Two households, both alike in dignity,
In fair Verona, where we lay our scene,
From ancient grudge break to new mutiny,
Where civil blood makes civil hands unclean.
From forth the fatal loins of these two foes
A pair of star-cross'd lovers take their life;
Whose misadventured piteous overthrows
Do, with their death, bury their parents' strife.
The fearful passage of their death-mark'd love,
And the continuance of their parents' rage,
Which, but their children's end, naught could remove,
Is now the two hours' traffic of our stage;
The which if you with patient ears attend,
What here shall miss, our toil shall strive to mend.

ROMEO AND JULIET.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

A public place.

Enter SAMPSON *and* GREGORY, *armed with swords and bucklers.*

Samp. Gregory, o' my word, we 'll not carry coals.[1]

Gre. No, for then we should be colliers.

Samp. I mean, an we be in choler, we 'll draw.

Gre. Ay, while you live, draw your neck out of the collar.

Samp. I strike quickly, being moved.

Gre. But thou art not quickly moved to strike.

Samp. A dog of the house of Montague moves me.

Gre. To move is to stir, and to be valiant is to stand to it: therefore, if thou art moved, thou runnest away.

Samp. A dog of that house shall move me to

---

[1] A phrase formerly in use to signify the bearing of injuries.

stand: I will take the wall of any man or maid of Montague's.

Gre. That shows thee a weak slave; for the weakest goes to the wall.

Samp. True: and therefore women, being the weaker vessels, are ever thrust to the wall: therefore I will push Montague's men from the wall, and thrust his maids to the wall.

Gre. The quarrel is between our masters, and us their men.

Samp. 'Tis all one, I will show myself a tyrant: when I have fought with the men I will be cruel with the maids; I will cut off their heads.

Gre. The heads of the maids?

Samp. Ay, the heads of the maids, or their maidenheads; take it in what sense thou wilt.

Gre. They must take it in sense, that feel it.

Samp. Me they shall feel, while I am able to stand: and 'tis known I am a pretty piece of flesh.

Gre. 'Tis well thou art not fish; if thou hadst, thou hadst been poor John.[1] Draw thy tool; here comes two of the house of the Montagues.

Enter ABRAM *and* BALTHASAR.

Samp. My naked weapon is out; quarrel; I will back thee.

Gre. How? turn thy back, and run?

Samp. Fear me not.

Gre. No, marry: I fear thee!

---

[1] Poor John is hake, dried and salted.

Samp. Let us take the law of our sides; let them begin.

Gre. I will frown as I pass by, and let them take it as they list.

Samp. Nay, as they dare. I will bite my thumb at them; which is a disgrace to them, if they bear it.

Abr. Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

Samp. I do bite my thumb, sir.

Abr. Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

Samp. Is the law on our side, if I say Ay?

Gre. No.

Samp. No, sir, I do not bite my thumb at you, sir; but I bite my thumb, sir.

Gre. Do you quarrel, sir?

Abr. Quarrel, sir? no, sir.

Samp. If you do, sir, I am for you; I serve as good a man as you.

Abr. No better.

Samp. Well, sir.

Enter BENVOLIO, *at a distance.*

Gre. Say, better; here comes one of my master's kinsmen.

Samp. Yes, better, sir.

Abr. You lie.

Samp. Draw, if you be men.—Gregory, remember the swashing[1] blow. [*they fight.*

---

[1] Noisy.

Ben. Part, fools; put up your swords: you know not what you do. [*beats down their swords.*

Enter TYBALT.

Ty. What, art thou drawn among these heartless hinds?
Turn thee, Benvolio: look upon thy death.

Ben. I do but keep the peace: put up thy sword,
Or manage it to part these men with me.

Ty. What, drawn, and talk of peace? I hate the word,
As I hate hell, all Montagues, and thee:
Have at thee, coward. [*They fight.*

Enter several Partisans of both houses, who join the fray; then enter CITIZENS, *with clubs.*

1 Cit. Clubs, bills, and partisans! strike! beat them down!
Down with the Capulets! down with the Montagues!

Enter CAPULET, *in his gown; and* LADY CAPULET.

Cap. What noise is this?—Give me my long sword, ho!

L. Cap. A crutch, a crutch!—Why call you for a sword?

Cap. My sword, I say!—Old Montague is come

A bill is a battle-axe, and a partisan a kind of pike.

And florishes his blade in spite of me.

Enter MONTAGUE *and* LADY MONTAGUE.

Mon. Thou villain, Capulet,—hold me not; let me go.

L. Mon. Thou shalt not stir one foot to seek a foe.

Enter PRINCE, *with Attendants.*

Prince. Rebellious subjects, enemies to peace,
Profaners of this neighbor-stained steel,—
Will they not hear?—what, ho! you men, you beasts,—
That quench the fire of your pernicious rage
With purple fountains issuing from your veins;—
On pain of torture, from those bloody hands,
Throw your mistemper'd[1] weapons to the ground,
And hear the sentence of your moved prince.
Three civil brawls, bred of an airy word,
By thee, old Capulet, and Montague,
Have thrice disturb'd the quiet of our streets;
And made Verona's ancient citizens
Cast by their grave beseeming ornaments,
To wield old partisans, in hands as old,
Canker'd with peace, to part your canker'd hate.
If ever you disturb our streets again,
Your lives shall pay the forfeit of the peace.

---

[1] Angry.

For this time, all the rest depart away.
You, Capulet, shall go along with me;
And, Montague, come you this afternoon,
To know our farther pleasure in this case,
To old Free-town, our common judgment-place.
Once more, on pain of death, all men depart.

[*Exeunt Prince, and Attendants; Capulet, Lady Capulet, Tybalt, Citizens, and Servants.*

Mon. Who set this ancient quarrel new abroach?
Speak, nephew, were you by when it began?

Ben. Here were the servants of your adversary,
And yours, close fighting ere I did approach:
I drew to part them: in the instant came
The fiery Tybalt, with his sword prepared;
Which, as he breathed defiance to my ears,
He swung about his head, and cut the winds,
Who, nothing hurt withal, hiss'd him in scorn.
While we were interchanging thrusts and blows,
Came more and more, and fought on part and part,
Till the prince came, who parted either part.

La. Mon. O, where is Romeo?—saw you him to-day?
Right glad I am he was not at this fray.

Ben. Madam, an hour before the worshipp'd sun
Peer'd forth the golden window of the east,
A troubled mind drave me to walk abroad;
Where,—underneath the grove of sycamore,
That westward rooteth from the city's side,—
So early walking did I see your son:
Towards him I made; but he was 'ware of me,
And stole into the covert of the wood.

I, measuring his affections by my own,
That most are busied when they are most alone,
Pursued my humor, not pursuing his,
And gladly shunn'd who gladly fled from me.

Mon. Many a morning hath he there been seen,
With tears augmenting the fresh morning's dew,
Adding to clouds more clouds with his deep sighs:
But all so soon as the all-cheering sun
Should in the farthest east begin to draw
The shady curtains from Aurora's bed,
Away from light steals home my heavy son,
And private in his chamber pens himself;
Shuts up his windows, locks fair daylight out,
And makes himself an artificial night.
Black and portentous must this humor prove,
Unless good counsel may the cause remove.

Ben. My noble uncle, do you know the cause?

Mon. I neither know it, nor can learn of him.

Ben. Have you importuned him by any means?

Mon. Both by myself, and many other friends:
But he, his own affections' counsellor,
Is to himself—I will not say, how true—
But to himself so secret and so close,
So far from sounding and discovery,
As is the bud bit with an envious worm,
Ere he can spread his sweet leaves to the air,
Or dedicate his beauty to the same.
Could we but learn from whence his sorrows grow,
We would as willingly give cure, as know.

Enter ROMEO, *at a distance.*

Ben. See, where he comes. So please you, step aside:
I'll know his grievance, or be much denied.

Mon. I would, thou wert so happy by thy stay,
To hear true shrift.—Come, madam, let 's away.
[*Exeunt Montague and Lady.*

Ben. Good morrow, cousin.

Rom. Is the day so young?

Ben. But new struck nine.

Rom. Ah me! sad hours seem long.
Was that my father that went hence so fast?

Ben. It was.—What sadness lengthens Romeo's hours?

Rom. Not having that, which, having, makes them short.

Ben. In love?

Rom. Out——

Ben. Of love?

Rom. Out of her favour, where I am in love.

Ben. Alas, that love, so gentle in his view,
Should be so tyrannous and rough in proof!

Rom. Alas, that love, whose view is muffled still,
Should, without eyes, see pathways to his will!
Where shall we dine?—O me!—What fray was here?
Yet tell me not, for I have heard it all.
Here's much to do with hate, but more with love:
Why then, O brawling love! O loving hate!
ng, of nothing first create!

O heavy lightness! serious vanity!
Mis-shapen chaos of well-seeming forms!
Feather of lead, bright smoke, cold fire, sick health!
Still-waking sleep, that is not what it is!—
This love feel I, that feel no love in this.
Dost thou not laugh?

Ben. No, coz, I rather weep.

Ro. Good heart, at what?

Ben. At thy good heart's oppression.

Ro. Why, such is love's transgression.[1]
Griefs of my own lie heavy in my breast;
Which thou wilt propagate, to have it press'd
With more of thine: this love, that thou hast shown,
Doth add more grief to too much of mine own.
Love is a smoke raised with the fume of sighs;
Being purged, a fire sparkling in lovers' eyes;
Being vex'd, a sea norish'd with lovers' tears.
What is it else? a madness most discreet,
A choking gall, and a preserving sweet.
Farewell, my coz. [*going.*

Ben. Soft; I will go along;
And if you leave me so, you do me wrong.

Ro. Tut, I have lost myself; I am not here:
This is not Romeo; he 's some other where.

Ben. Tell me, in sadness,[2] who she is you love.

Ro. What, shall I groan, and tell thee?

---

[1] i. e. such is the consequence of unskilful and mistaken kindness. [2] Seriously.

Ben. Groan? why, no;
But sadly tell me, who.

Ro. Bid a sick man in sadness make his will.—
Ah, word ill urged to one that is so ill!—
In sadness, cousin, I do love a woman.

Ben. I aim'd so near, when I supposed you loved.

Ro. A right good marksman!—and she 's fair I love.

Ben. A right fair mark, fair coz, is soonest hit.

Ro. Well, in that hit, you miss: she 'll not be hit
With Cupid's arrow: she hath Dian's wit;
And, in strong proof of chastity well arm'd,
From love's weak childish bow she lives unharm'd.
She will not stay the siege of loving terms,
Nor bide the encounter of assailing eyes,
Nor ope her lap to saint-seducing gold.
O, she is rich in beauty; only poor,
That, when she dies, with beauty dies her store.

Ben. Then she hath sworn, that she will still live chaste?

Ro. She hath, and in that sparing makes huge waste;
For beauty, starved with her severity,
Cuts beauty off from all posterity.
She is too fair, too wise; wisely too fair,
To merit bliss by making me despair:
She hath forsworn to love; and, in that vow,
Do I live dead, that live to tell it now.

Ben. Be ruled by me; forget to think of her.

teach me how I should forget to think.

Ben. By giving liberty unto thine eyes;
Examine other beauties.
Ro. 'Tis the way
To call hers, exquisite, in question more:
These happy masks, that kiss fair ladies' brows,
Being black, put us in mind they hide the fair.
He, that is strucken blind, cannot forget
The precious treasure of his eyesight lost.
Show me a mistress that is passing fair;
What doth her beauty serve, but as a note
Where I may read, who pass'd that passing fair?
Farewell: thou canst not teach me to forget.
Ben. I'll pay that doctrine, or else die in debt.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A street.

Enter CAPULET, PARIS, *and* SERVANT.

Cap. And Montague is bound as well as I,
In penalty alike; and 'tis not hard, I think,
For men so old as we to keep the peace.
Pa. Of honorable reckoning are you both;
And pity 'tis, you lived at odds so long.
But now, my lord, what say you to my suit?
Cap. But saying o'er what I have said before:
My child is yet a stranger in the world;
She hath not seen the change of fourteen years.
Let two more summers wither in their pride,
Ere we may think her ripe to be a bride.
Pa. Younger than she are happy mothers made.

Cap. And too soon marr'd are those so early made.
The earth hath swallow'd all my hopes but she;
She is the hopeful lady of my earth:
But woo her, gentle Paris, get her heart;
My will to her consent is but a part:
An she agree, within her scope of choice
Lies my consent and fair according voice.
This night I hold an old accustom'd feast,
Whereto I have invited many a guest,
Such as I love; and you, among the store,
One more, most welcome, makes my number more.
At my poor house look to behold this night
Earth-treading stars that make dark heaven light:
[illegible] feel
[illegible] heel
[illegible] delight
[illegible] this night
[illegible] see
[illegible] be:
[illegible] one,
[illegible] none.
[illegible] about
[illegible] out.
[illegible] [*Gives a paper.*]
[illegible]
[illegible] stay.
[*Exeunt* [illegible] *Paris.*

[illegible]

Ser. Find them out, whose names are written here? It is written, that the shoemaker should meddle with his yard, and the tailor with his last. the fisher with his pencil, and the painter with his nets; but I am sent to find those persons, whose names are here writ, and can never find what names the writing person hath here writ. I must to the learned.—In good time.

Enter BENVOLIO *and* ROMEO.

Ben. Tut, man! one fire burns out another's burning;
One pain is lessen'd by another's anguish;
Turn giddy, and be holp by backward turning:
One desperate grief cures with another's languish:
Take thou some new infection to thy eye,
And the rank poison of the old will die.

Ro. Your plantain leaf is excellent for that.

Ben. For what, I pray thee?

Ro. For your broken shin.

Ben. Why, Romeo, art thou mad?

Ro. Not mad, but bound more than a madman is;
Shut up in prison, kept without my food,
Whipp'd, and tormented, and——Good-e'en, good fellow.

Ser. God gi' good e'en.—I pray, sir, can you read?

Ro. Ay, mine own fortune in my misery.

Ser. Perhaps you have learn'd it without book:

But I pray, can you read any thing you see?

Ro. Ay, if I know the letters and the language.

Ser. Ye say honestly: rest you merry!

Ro. Stay, fellow; I can read. [*reads.*

'Signior Martino, and his wife and daughters; County Anselme, and his beauteous sisters; the lady widow of Vitruvio; Signior Placentio, and his lovely nieces; Mercutio, and his brother Valentine; mine uncle Capulet, his wife and daughters; my fair niece Rosaline; Livia; Signior Valentio, and his cousin Tybalt; Lucio, and the lively Helena.'

A fair assembly. [*gives back the note.*] Whither should they come?

Ser. Up.

Ro. Whither?

Ser. To supper; to our house.

Ro. Whose house?

Ser. My master's.

Ro. Indeed, I should have asked you that before.

Ser. Now I'll tell you without asking. My master is the great rich Capulet; and if you be not of the house of Montagues, I pray, come and crush a cup of wine.[1] Rest you merry. [*Exit.*

Ben. At this same ancient feast of Capulet's,
Sups the fair Rosaline, whom thou so lovest,
With all the admired beauties of Verona:

---

[1] A cant phrase equivalent to crack a bottle.

Go thither; and, with unattainted eye,
Compare her face with some that I shall show,
And I will make thee think thy swan a crow.

Ro. When the devout religion of mine eye
Maintains such falsehood, then turn tears to fires!
And these, who, often drown'd, could never die,—
Transparent heretics, be burnt for liars!
One fairer than my love! the all-seeing sun
Ne'er saw her match, since first the world begun.

Ben. Tut! you saw her fair, none else being by,
Herself poised with herself in either eye:
But in those crystal scales, let there be weigh'd
Your lady's love against some other maid
That I will show you, shining at this feast,
And she shall scant[1] show well, that now shows best.

Ro. I'll go along, no such sight to be shown,
But to rejoice in splendor of mine own. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A room in Capulet's house.

Enter LADY CAPULET *and* NURSE.

L. Cap. Nurse, where's my daughter? call her forth to me.

---

[1] Scarcely

Nurse. Now, by my maidenhead, at twelve year old,
I bade her come.—What, lamb! what, lady-bird!—
God forbid!—where 's this girl?—what, Juliet!

Enter JULIET.

Jul. How now, who calls?
Nurse. Your mother.
Jul. Madam, I am here.
What is your will?
L. Cap. This is the matter.—Nurse, give leave awhile;
We must talk in secret.—Nurse, come back again:
I have remember'd me; thou shalt hear our counsel.
Thou know'st, my daughter 's of a pretty age.
Nurse. Faith, I can tell her age unto an hour.
L. Cap. She 's not fourteen.
Nurse. I 'll lay fourteen of my teeth,—
And yet, to my teen[1] be it spoken, I have but four,—
She is not fourteen. How long is it now
To Lammas-tide?
L. Cap. A fortnight, and odd days.
Nurse. Even or odd, of all days in the year,
Come Lammas-eve at night, shall she be fourteen.
Susan and she,—God rest all Christian souls!—
Were of an age.—Well, Susan is with God;

---

[1] Sorrow.

She was too good for me: but, as I said,
On Lammas-eve at night shall she be fourteen;
That shall she, marry; I remember it well.
'Tis since the earthquake now eleven years;
And she was wean'd,—I never shall forget it,—
Of all the days of the year, upon that day:
For I had then laid wormwood to my dug,
Sitting in the sun under the dovehouse wall;
My lord and you were then at Mantua:—
Nay, I do bear a brain;—but, as I said,
When it did taste the wormwood on the nipple
Of my dug, and felt it bitter, pretty fool!
To see it tetchy, and fall out with the dug.
Shake, quoth the dovehouse: 'twas no need, I
trow,
To bid me trudge;
And since that time it is eleven years:
For then she could stand alone; nay, by the rood,[1]
She could have run and waddled all about:
For even the day before, she broke her brow:
And then my husband—God be with his soul!
'A was a merry man;—took up the child:
'Yea,' quoth he, 'dost thou fall upon thy face?
Thou wilt fall backward, when thou hast more wit
Wilt thou not, Jule?' and, by my holy-dam,
The pretty wretch left crying, and said 'Ay.'
To see now, how a jest shall come about!
I warrant, an I should live a thousand years,

---

[1] Cross.

I never should forget it: 'Wilt thou not, Jule?' quoth he:
And, pretty fool, it stinted,[1] and said 'Ay.'

L. Cap. Enough of this: I pray thee, hold thy peace.

Nurse. Yes, madam; yet I cannot choose but laugh,
To think it should leave crying, and say 'Ay:'
And yet, I warrant, it had upon its brow
A bump as big as a young cockrel's stone;
A parlous knock; and it cried bitterly.
'Yea,' quoth my husband; 'fall'st upon thy face?
Thou wilt fall backward when thou comest to age;
Wilt thou not, Jule?' it stinted, and said 'Ay.'

Ju. And stint thou too, I pray thee, nurse, say I.

Nurse. Peace; I have done: God mark thee to his grace!
Thou wast the prettiest babe that e'er I nursed:
An I might live to see thee married once,
I have my wish.

L. Cap. Marry, that marry is the very theme
I came to talk of.—Tell me, daughter Juliet,
How stands your disposition to be married?

Ju. It is an honor that I dream not of.

Nurse. An honor! were not I thine only nurse,
I would say, thou hadst suck'd wisdom from thy teat.

---

[1] Left off crying.

L. Cap. Well, think of marriage now; younger than you,
Here in Verona, ladies of esteem,
Are made already mothers: by my count,
I was your mother much upon these years
That you are now a maid. Thus then, in brief;—
The valiant Paris seeks you for his love.
Nurse. A man, young lady! lady, such a man,
As all the world——Why, he's a man of wax.[1]
L. Cap. Verona's summer hath not such a flower.
Nurse. Nay, he's a flower; in faith, a very flower.
L. Cap. What say you? can you love the gentleman?
This night you shall behold him at our feast.
Read o'er the volume of young Paris' face,
And find delight writ there with beauty's pen;
Examine every married lineament,
And see how one another lends content;
And what obscured in this fair volume lies,
Find written in the margin of his eyes.
This precious book of love, this unbound lover,
To beautify him, only lacks a cover.
The fish lives in the sea;[2] and 'tis much pride,
For fair without the fair within to hide:
That book in many's eyes doth share the glory,
That in gold clasps locks in the golden story;

---

[1] i. e. as well made as if he had been modelled in wax.
[2] i. e. is not yet caught, whose skin was wanted to bind him.

So shall you share all that he doth possess,
By having him, making yourself no less.

Nurse. No less? nay, bigger; women grow by men.

L. Cap. Speak briefly, can you like of Paris' love?

Ju. I'll look to like, if looking liking move:
But no more deep will I endart mine eye,
Than your consent gives strength to make it fly.

Enter SERVANT.

Ser. Madam, the guests are come, supper served up, you called, my young lady asked for, the nurse cursed in the pantry, and every thing in extremity. I must hence to wait; I beseech you, follow straight.

L. Cap. We follow thee.—Juliet, the county stays.

Nurse. Go, girl, seek happy nights to happy days. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

A street.

Enter ROMEO, MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO, *with five or six Maskers, Torch-bearers, and others.*

Ro. What, shall this speech be spoke for our excuse,
Or shall we on without apology?

Ben. The date is out of such prolixity:

We 'll have no Cupid hoodwink'd with a scarf,
Bearing a Tartar's painted bow of lath,
Scaring the ladies like a crow-keeper;[1]
Nor no without-book prologue, faintly spoke
After the prompter, for our entrance:
But, let them measure us by what they will,
We 'll measure them a measure,[2] and be gone.

Ro. Give me a torch;[3] I am not for this ambling:
Being but heavy, I will bear the light.

Mer. Nay, gentle Romeo, we must have you dance.

Ro. Not I, believe me: you have dancing shoes,
With nimble soles; I have a soul of lead,
So stakes me to the ground, I cannot move.

Mer. You are a lover; borrow Cupid's wings,
And soar with them above a common bound.

Ro. I am too sore enpierced with his shaft,
To soar with his light feathers; and so bound,
I cannot bound a pitch above dull woe:
Under love's heavy burden do I sink.

Mer. And, to sink in it, should you burden love;
Too great oppression for a tender thing.

Ro. Is love a tender thing? it is too rough,
Too rude, too boisterous; and it pricks like thorn.

Mer. If love be rough with you, be rough with love;

---

[1] A scarecrow.
[2] A dance.
[3] A torch-bearer was formerly an appendage to every troop of maskers.

Prick love for pricking, and you beat love down.—
Give me a case to put my visage in: [*Putting on a mask.*
A visor for a visor! What care I
What curious eye doth quote deformities?
Here are the beetle brows shall blush for me.
Ben. Come, knock, and enter; and no sooner in,
But every man betake him to his legs.
Rom. A torch for me: let wantons, light of heart,
Tickle the senseless rushes with their heels;
For I am proverb'd with a grandsire phrase,—
I'll be a candle-holder, and look on,—
The game was ne'er so fair, and I am done.
Mer. Tut! dun's the mouse, the constable's own word:
If thou art dun, we'll draw thee from the mire
Of this save-reverence love, wherein thou stick'st
Up to the ears.—Come, we burn daylight, ho.
Rom. Nay, that's not so.
Mer. I mean, sir, in delay
We waste our lights in vain, like lamps by day.
Take our good meaning, for our judgment sits
Five times in that ere once in our five wits.
Rom. And we mean well in going to this mask,
But 'tis no wit to go.
Mer. Why, may one ask?
Rom. I dreamt a dream to-night.

[illegible]

[illegible] the use of carpets it was customary to strew [illegible]

Mer. And so did I.
Ro. Well, what was yours?
Mer. That dreamers often lie.
Ro. In bed, asleep, while they do dream things true.
Mer. O, then, I see, queen Mab hath been with you.
She is the fairies' midwife; and she comes
In shape no bigger than an agate-stone
On the fore-finger of an alderman,
Drawn with a team of little atomies [1]
Athwart men's noses as they lie asleep:
Her waggon-spokes made of long spinners' legs;
The cover, of the wings of grasshoppers;
The traces, of the smallest spider's web;
The collars, of the moonshine's watery beams:
Her whip, of cricket's bone; the lash, of film:
Her waggoner, a small gray-coated gnat,
Not half so big as a round little worm
Prick'd from the lazy finger of a maid:
Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut,
Made by the joiner squirrel, or old grub,
Time out of mind the fairies' coach-makers:
And in this state she gallops night by night
Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of love;
On courtiers' knees, that dream on courtesies straight;

---

[1] For atoms.

O'er lawyers' fingers, who straight dream on fees;
O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses dream,
Which oft the angry Mab with blisters plagues,
Because their breaths with sweetmeats tainted are.
Sometimes she gallops o'er a courtier's nose,
And then dreams he of smelling out a suit;*
And sometimes comes she with a tithe-pig's tail,
Tickling a parson's nose as 'a lies asleep,
Then dreams he of another benefice:
Sometime she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,
And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,
Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades,
Of healths five fathom deep; and then anon
Drums in his ear, at which he starts and wakes,
And, being thus frighted, swears a prayer or two,
And sleeps again. This is that very Mab
That plats the manes of horses in the night,
[illegible]
[illegible]
This is the hag, when maids lie on their backs,
That presses them, and learns them first to bear,
Making them women of good carriage.
This, this is she——

Ro. Peace, peace, Mercutio, peace!
Thou talk'st of nothing.

Mer. True, I talk of dreams,
Which are the children of an idle brain,
Begot of nothing but vain fantasy;

---

* Court solicitation.

Which is as thin of substance as the air;
And more inconstant than the wind, who wooes
Even now the frozen bosom of the north;
And, being anger'd, puffs away from thence,
Turning his face to the dew-dropping south.

Ben. This wind, you talk of, blows us from ourselves:
Supper is done, and we shall come too late.

Ro. I fear, too early; for my mind misgives,
Some consequence, yet hanging in the stars,
Shall bitterly begin his fearful date
With this night's revels; and expire the term
Of a despised life, closed in my breast,
By some vile forfeit of untimely death:
But He, that hath the steerage of my course,
Directs my sail!—On, lusty gentlemen.

Ben. Strike, drum. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

A hall in Capulet's house.

Musicians waiting. Enter SERVANTS.

1 *Ser.* Where's Potpan, that he helps not to take away? he shift a trencher! he scrape a trencher!

2 *Ser.* When good manners shall lie all in one or two men's hands, and they unwashed too, 'tis a foul thing.

1 *Ser.* Away with the joint-stools; remove the

court-cupboard;[1] look to the plate. Good thou, save me a piece of marchpane;[2] and, as thou lovest me, let the porter let in Susan Grindstone, and Nell.—Antony! and Potpan!

2 *Ser.* Ay, boy; ready.

1 *Ser.* You are looked for, and called for, asked for, and sought for, in the great chamber.

2 *Ser.* We cannot be here and there too.—Cheerly, boys; be brisk awhile, and the longer liver take all. [*They retire behind.*

Enter CAPULET, &c. *with the Guests and the Maskers.*

Cap. Gentlemen, welcome! ladies, that have their toes
Unplagu'd with corns, will have a bout with you:—
Ah ha, my mistresses! which of you all
Will now deny to dance? she that makes dainty, she,
I'll swear, hath corns. Am I come near you now?
You are welcome, gentlemen! I have seen the day,
That I have worn a visor; and could tell
A whispering tale in a fair lady's ear,
Such as would please;—'tis gone, 'tis gone, 'tis gone.
You are welcome, gentlemen!—Come, musicians, play.

---

[1] A sideboard, on which the plate was placed.
[2] A kind of sweet bread or biscuit.

A hall! a hall![1] give room, and foot it, girls.
[*music plays, and they dance.*
More light, ye knaves; and turn the tables up,
And quench the fire; the room is grown too hot.—
Ah, sirrah, this unlook'd-for sport comes well.
Nay, sit, nay, sit, good cousin Capulet;
For you and I are past our dancing days.
How long is 't now, since last yourself and I
Were in a mask?

2 *Cap.* By 'r lady, thirty years.

1 *Cap.* What, man? 'tis not so much; 'tis not so much:
'Tis since the nuptial of Lucentio,
Come Pentecost as quickly as it will,
Some five and twenty years; and then we mask'd.

2 *Cap.* 'Tis more, 'tis more: his son is elder, sir;
His son is thirty.

1 *Cap.* Will you tell me that?
His son was but a ward two years ago.

Ro. What lady 's that, which doth enrich the hand
Of yonder knight?

Ser. I know not, sir.

Ro. O, she doth teach the torches to burn bright!
It seems she hangs upon the cheek of night
Like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear:
Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear!

---

[1] i. e. give place, make room

So shows a snowy dove trooping with crows,
As yonder lady o'er her fellows shows.
The measure done, I 'll watch her place of stand,
And, touching hers, make happy my rude hand.
Did my heart love till now? forswear it, sight!
For I ne'er saw true beauty till this night.

Ty. This, by his voice, should be a Montague.—
Fetch me my rapier, boy.—What! dares the slave
Come hither, cover'd with an antic face,
To fleer and scorn at our solemnity?
Now, by the stock and honor of my kin,
To strike him dead I hold it not a sin.

1 *Cap.* Why, how now, kinsman? wherefore storm you so?

Ty. Uncle, this is a Montague, our foe;
A villain, that is hither come in spite,
To scorn at our solemnity this night.

1 *Cap.* Young Romeo is 't?

Ty. 'T is he, that villain Romeo.

1 *Cap.* Content thee, gentle coz; let him alone:
He bears him like a portly gentleman;
And, to say truth, Verona brags of him,
To be a virtuous and well-govern'd youth.
I would not, for the wealth of all this town,
Here, in my house, do him disparagement:
Therefore be patient, take no note of him;
It is my will; the which if thou respect,
Show a fair presence, and put off these frowns,
An ill-beseeming semblance for a feast.

Ty. It fits, when such a villain is a guest:
...ndure him.



1 *Cap.* He shall be endured;
What, goodman boy! I say, he shall: go to:—
Am I the master here, or you? go to.
You 'll not endure him!—God shall mend my soul—
You 'll make a mutiny among my guests!
You will set cock-a-hoop! you 'll be the man!

Ty. Why, uncle, 'tis a shame.

1 *Cap.* Go to, go to;
You are a saucy boy:—is 't so, indeed?
This trick may chance to scathe you;[1]—I know what.
You must contrary me! marry, 'tis time——
Well said, my hearts:—you are a princox;[2] go:—
Be quiet, or——More light, more light, for shame!—
I 'll make you quiet: what!—cheerly, my hearts.

Ty. Patience perforce with wilful choler meeting,
Makes my flesh tremble in their different greeting.
I will withdraw; but this intrusion shall,
Now seeming sweet, convert to bitter gall. [*Exit.*

Ro. If I profane with my unworthiest hand [*to Juliet.*
This holy shrine, the gentle fine is this:—
My lips, two blushing pilgrims, ready stand
To smoothe that rough touch with a tender kiss.

Ju. Good pilgrim, you do wrong your hand too much,
Which mannerly devotion shows in this;

---

[1] Do you an injury. [2] Coxcomb.

For saints have hands that pilgrims' hands do touch,
And palm to palm is holy palmers' kiss.
Ro. Have not saints lips, and holy palmers too?
Ju. Ay, pilgrim, lips that they must use in prayer.
Ro. O then, dear saint, let lips do what hands do;
They pray, grant thou, lest faith turn to despair.
Ju. Saints do not move, though grant for prayers' sake.
Ro. Then move not, while my prayer's effect I take.
Thus from my lips, by yours, my sin is purged. [*kissing her.*
Ju. Then have my lips the sin that they have took.
Ro. Sin from my lips? O trespass sweetly urged!
Give me my sin again.
Ju. You kiss by the book.[1]
Nurse. Madam, your mother craves a word with you.
Ro. What is her mother?
Nurse. Marry, bachelor,
Her mother is the lady of the house,
And a good lady, and a wise, and virtuous:
I nursed her daughter, that you talk'd withal.
I tell you, he, that can lay hold of her,
Shall have the chinks.

---

[1] Methodically.

Ro. Is she a Capulet?
O dear account! my life is my foe's debt.
Ben. Away; begone: the sport is at the best.
Ro. Ay, so I fear; the more is my unrest.
1 *Cap.* Nay, gentlemen, prepare not to be gone;
We have a trifling foolish banquet towards.—
Is it ev'n so? Why, then I thank you all;
I thank you, honest gentlemen; good night.
More torches here!—Come on, then let 's to bed.
Ah, sirrah, [*to* 2 *Cap.*] by my fay,[1] it waxes late;
I 'll to my rest. [*Exeunt all but Juliet and Nurse.*
Ju. Come hither, nurse: what is yon gentleman?
Nurse. The son and heir of old Tiberio.
Ju. What 's he, that now is going out of door?
Nurse. Marry, that, I think, be young Petruchio.
Ju. What 's he, that follows there, that would not dance?
Nurse. I know not.
Ju. Go, ask his name: if he be married,
My grave is like to be my wedding bed.
Nurse. His name is Romeo, and a Montague;
The only son of your great enemy.
Ju. My only love sprung from my only hate!
Too early seen unknown, and known too late!
Prodigious birth of love it is to me,
That I must love a loathed enemy.
Nurse. What 's this? what 's this?
Ju. A rhyme I learn'd even now

---

[1] Faith.

Of one I danced withal.

[*one calls within,* 'Juliet.']

Nurse. Anon, anon :—
Come, let's away ; the strangers all are gone.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter CHORUS.

Now old desire doth in his death-bed lie,
And young affection gapes to be his heir ;
That fair, for which love groan'd for, and would die,
With tender Juliet match'd, is now not fair.
Now Romeo is beloved, and loves again,
Alike bewitched by the charm of looks ;
But to his foe supposed he must complain,
And she steal love's sweet bait from fearful hooks :
Being held a foe, he may not have access
To breathe such vows as lovers use to swear ;
And she as much in love, her means much less
To meet her new-beloved any where :
But passion lends them power, time means to meet,
Tempering extremities with extreme sweet. [*Exit.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.

An open place, adjoining Capulet's garden.

Enter ROMEO.

Ro. Can I go forward, when my heart is here?
Turn back, dull earth, and find thy centre out.
[*he climbs the wall, and leaps down within it.*

Enter BENVOLIO *and* MERCUTIO.

Ben. Romeo! my cousin Romeo!
Mer. He is wise;
And, on my life, hath stolen him home to bed.
Ben. He ran this way, and leap'd this orchard wall:
Call, good Mercutio.
Mer. Nay, I'll conjure too.—
Romeo! humors! madman! passion! lover!
Appear thou in the likeness of a sigh,
Speak but one rhyme, and I am satisfied:
Cry but—Ah me! couple but—love and dove;
Speak to my gossip Venus one fair word,
One nickname for her purblind son and heir,
Young Adam Cupid, he that shot so trim,
When king Cophetua loved the beggar-maid.[1]

---

[1] In allusion to the old ballad of the king and the beggar.

He heareth not, he stirreth not, he moveth not;
The ape[1] is dead, and I must conjure him.—
I conjure thee by Rosaline's bright eyes,
By her high forehead, and her scarlet lip,
By her fine foot, straight leg, and quivering thigh,
And the demesnes that there adjacent lie,
That in thy likeness thou appear to us.

Ben. An if he hear thee, thou wilt anger him.

Mer. This cannot anger him: 'twould anger him
To raise a spirit in his mistress' circle
Of some strange nature, letting it there stand
Till she had laid it, and conjured it down;
That were some spite: my invocation
Is fair and honest; and, in his mistress' name,
I conjure only but to raise up him.

Ben. Come, he hath hid himself among those trees,
To be consorted with the humorous[2] night:
Blind is his love, and best befits the dark.

Mer. If love be blind, love cannot hit the mark.
Now will he sit under a medlar tree,
And wish his mistress were that kind of fruit,
As maids call medlars, when they laugh alone.—
O, Romeo, that she were, ah, that she were
An open et cætera, thou a poprin pear!
Romeo, good night:—I'll to my truckle-bed;[3]
This field-bed is too cold for me to sleep.

---

[1] This word, in Shakspeare's time, was used as an expression of tenderness

[2] For humid.

[3] A bed that runs on wheels

Come, shall we go?

Ben. Go, then; for 'tis in vain
To seek him here, that means not to be found.
[*Exeunt*

SCENE II.

Capulet's garden.

Enter ROMEO.

Ro. He jests at scars, that never felt a wound.—
[*Juliet appears above, at a window*
But, soft! what light through yonder window breaks?
It is the east, and Juliet is the sun!—
Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,
Who is already sick and pale with grief,
That thou her maid art far more fair than she:
Be not her maid, since she is envious;
Her vestal livery is but sick and green,
And none but fools do wear it: cast it off.
It is my lady; O, it is my love!
O, that she knew she were!—
She speaks, yet she says nothing: what of that?
Her eye discourses; I will answer it.
I am too bold; 'tis not to me she speaks:
Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven,
Having some business, do entreat her eyes
To twinkle in their spheres till they return.
What if her eyes were there, they in her head?
The brightness of her cheek would shame those stars,

As daylight doth a lamp; her eye in heaven
Would through the airy region stream so bright,
That birds would sing, and think it were not night.
See, how she leans her cheek upon her hand!
O, that I were a glove upon that hand,
That I might touch that cheek!

Ju. Ah me!

Ro. She speaks:
O, speak again, bright angel! for thou art
As glorious to this night, being o'er my head,
As is a winged messenger of heaven
Unto the white-upturned wondering eyes
Of mortals, that fall back to gaze on him,
When he bestrides the lazy-pacing clouds,
And sails upon the bosom of the air.

Ju. O Romeo, Romeo! wherefore art thou Romeo?
Deny thy father, and refuse thy name:
Or, if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love,
And I'll no longer be a Capulet.

Ro. Shall I hear more, or shall I speak at this? [*aside.*

Ju. 'Tis but thy name that is my enemy;—
Thou art thyself though, not a Montague.
What's Montague? it is nor hand, nor foot,
Nor arm, nor face, nor any other part
Belonging to a man. O, be some other name!
What's in a name? that which we call a rose,
By any other name would smell as sweet;
So Romeo would, were he not Romeo call'd,

Retain that dear perfection which he owes,[1]
Without that title. Romeo, doff[2] thy name;
And for that name, which is no part of thee,
Take all myself.

Ro. I take thee at thy word:
Call me but love, and I'll be new baptized:
Henceforth I never will be Romeo.

Ju. What man art thou, that, thus bescreen'd in night,
So stumblest on my counsel?

Ro. By a name
I know not how to tell thee who I am.
My name, dear saint, is hateful to myself,
Because it is an enemy to thee:
Had I it written, I would tear the word.

Ju. My ears have not yet drunk a hundred words
Of that tongue's utterance, yet I know the sound:
Art thou not Romeo, and a Montague?

Ro. Neither, fâir saint, if either thee dislike.

Ju. How camest thou hither, tell me, and wherefore?
The orchard walls are high, and hard to climb;
And the place death, considering who thou art,
If any of my kinsmen find thee here.

Ro. With love's light wings did I o'erperch these walls;
For stony limits cannot hold love out:
And what love can do, that dares love attempt,

---

[1] Owns, possesses. [2] Do off, lay aside.

Therefore thy kinsmen are no let[1] to me.

Ju. If they do see thee, they will murder thee.

Ro. Alack! there lies more peril in thine eye,
Than twenty of their swords: look thou but sweet,
And I am proof against their enmity.

Ju. I would not for the world, they saw thee here.

Ro. I have night's cloak to hide me from their sight;
And, but[2] thou love me, let them find me here.
My life were better ended by their hate,
Than death prorogued, wanting of thy love.

Ju. By whose direction found'st thou out this place?

Ro. By love, who first did prompt me to inquire:
He lent me counsel, and I lent him eyes.
I am no pilot; yet, wert thou as far
As that vast shore wash'd with the farthest sea,
I would adventure for such merchandise.

Ju. Thou know'st the mask of night is on my face;
Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek,
For that which thou hast heard me speak to-night.
Fain would I dwell on form; fain, fain deny
What I have spoke: but farewell compliment!
Dost thou love me? I know, thou wilt say—Ay;
And I will take thy word: yet, if thou swear'st,
Thou mayst prove false: at lovers' perjuries,

---

[1] Hinderance. [2] Unless.

They say, Jove laughs. O, gentle Romeo,
If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully:
Or if thou think'st I am too quickly won,
I 'll frown, and be perverse, and say thee nay,
So thou wilt woo; but, else, not for the world.
In truth, fair Montague, I am too fond,
And therefore thou mayst think my havior light:
But trust me, gentleman, I 'll prove more true
Than those that have more cunning to be strange.[1]
I should have been more strange, I must confess,
But that thou overheard'st, ere I was ware,
My true love's passion: therefore pardon me;
And not impute this yielding to light love,
Which the dark night hath so discovered.

Ro. Lady, by yonder blessed moon I swear,
That tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops,——

Ju. O, swear not by the moon, the inconstant moon,
That monthly changes in her circled orb,
Lest that thy love prove likewise variable.

Ro. What shall I swear by?

Ju. Do not swear at all;
Or, if thou wilt, swear by thy gracious self,
Which is the god of my idolatry,
And I 'll believe thee.

Ro. If my heart's dear love——

Ju. Well, do not swear: although I joy in thee,
I have no joy of this contract to-night:

---

[1] Shy.

It is too rash, too unadvised, too sudden;
Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be,
Ere one can say—It lightens. Sweet, good night!
This bud of love, by summer's ripening breath,
May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet.
Good night, good night! as sweet repose and rest
Come to thy heart, as that within my breast!

Ro. O, wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied?

Ju. What satisfaction canst thou have to-night?

Ro. The exchange of thy love's faithful vow for mine.

Ju. I gave thee mine before thou didst request it;
And yet I would it were to give again.

Ro. Wouldst thou withdraw it? for what purpose, love?

Ju. But to be frank, and give it thee again.
And yet I wish but for the thing I have:
My bounty is as boundless as the sea,
My love as deep: the more I give to thee,
The more I have; for both are infinite.
[*Nurse calls within.*
I hear some noise within: dear love, adieu!
Anon, good nurse!—Sweet Montague, be true.
Stay but a little, I will come again. [*Exit.*

Ro. O blessed, blessed night! I am afeard,
Being in night, all this is but a dream,
Too flattering-sweet to be substantial.

Re-enter JULIET, *above.*

Ju. Three words, dear Romeo, and good night indeed.
If that thy bent of love be honorable,
Thy purpose marriage, send me word to-morrow,
By one that I 'll procure to come to thee,
Where and what time thou wilt perform the rite;
And all my fortunes at thy foot I 'll lay,
And follow thee my lord throughout the world.
Nurse. [*within.*] Madam.
Ju. I come, anon:—but if thou mean'st not well,
I do beseech thee,——
Nurse. [*within.*] Madam.
Ju. By and by I come:——
To cease thy suit, and leave me to my grief:
To-morrow will I send.
Ro. So thrive my soul,——
Ju. A thousand times good night! [*Exit.*
Ro. A thousand times the worse to want thy light.
ove goes toward love, as schoolboys from their books;
But love from love, toward school with heavy looks.
[*retiring slowly.*

Re-enter JULIET, *above.*

Ju. Hist! Romeo, hist!—O, for a falconer's voice,

To lure this tassel-gentle[1] back again!
Bondage is hoarse, and may not speak aloud;
Else would I tear the cave where Echo lies,
And make her airy tongue more hoarse than mine
With repetition of my Romeo's name.

Ro. It is my soul, that calls upon my name:
How silver-sweet sound lovers' tongues by night,
Like softest music to attending ears!

Ju. Romeo!

Ro. Madam!

Ju. At what o' clock to-morrow
Shall I send to thee?

Ro. At the hour of nine.

Ju. I will not fail; 'tis twenty years till then.
I have forgot why I did call thee back.

Ro. Let me stand here till thou remember it.

Ju. I shall forget, to have thee still stand there,
Remembering how I love thy company.

Ro. And I 'll still stay, to have thee still forget:
Forgetting any other home but this.

Ju. 'Tis almost morning: I would have thee gone;
And yet no farther than a wanton's bird;
Who lets it hop a little from her hand,
Like a poor prisoner in his twisted gyves,[2]
And with a silk thread plucks it back again,
So loving-jealous of his liberty.

Ro. I would, I were thy bird.

---

[1] The male of the goshawk. [2] Fetters.

Ju. Sweet, so would I:
Yet I should kill thee with much cherishing.
Good night, good night! parting is such sweet sorrow,
That I shall say—good night, till it be morrow.
[*Exit.*

Ro. Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy breast!—
Would I were sleep and peace, so sweet to rest!
Hence will I to my ghostly father's cell;
His help to crave, and my dear hap to tell. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Friar Laurence's cell.

Enter FRIAR LAURENCE, *with a basket.*

F. Lau. The gray-eyed morn smiles on the frowning night,
Checkering the eastern clouds with streaks of light;
And flecked [1] darkness like a drunkard reels
From forth day's path, and Titan's [2] fiery wheels.
Now, ere the sun advance his burning eye,
The day to cheer, and night's dank dew to dry,
I must up-fill this osier cage of ours
With baleful weeds, and precious-juiced flowers.
The earth, that 's nature's mother, is her tomb;
What is her burying grave, that is her womb:

---

[1] Spotted, streaked. [2] The sun's.

And from her womb children of divers kind
We sucking on her natural bosom find;
Many for many virtues excellent,
None but for some, and yet all different.
O, mickle is the powerful grace, that lies
In herbs, plants, stones, and their true qualities:
For naught so vile that on the earth doth live,
But to the earth some special good doth give;
Nor aught so good, but, strain'd from that fair use,
Revolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse.
Virtue itself turns vice, being misapplied;
And vice sometime 's by action dignified.
Within the infant rind of this small flower
Poison hath residence, and medicine power:
For this, being smelt, with that part cheers each
part;
Being tasted, slays all senses with the heart.
Two such opposed foes encamp them still
In man as well as herbs, grace and rude will;
And, where the worser is predominant,
Full soon the canker death eats up that plant.

Enter ROMEO.

Ro. Good morrow, father!
F. Lau. *Benedicite!*
What early tongue so sweet saluteth me?—
Young son, it argues a distemper'd head,
So soon to bid good morrow to thy bed:
Care keeps his watch in every old man's eye,
And where care lodges, sleep will never lie;

But where unbruised youth with unstuff'd brain
Doth couch his limbs, there golden sleep doth reign:
Therefore thy earliness doth me assure,
Thou art uproused by some distemperature;
Or if not so, then here I hit it right;—
Our Romeo hath not been in bed to-night.

Ro. That last is true, the sweeter rest was mine.

F. Lau. God pardon sin! wast thou with Rosaline?

Ro. With Rosaline, my ghostly father? no;
I have forgot that name, and that name's woe.

F. Lau. That 's my good son: but where hast thou been then?

Ro. I 'll tell thee, ere thou ask it me again:
I have been feasting with mine enemy;
Where, on a sudden, one hath wounded me,
That 's by me wounded: both our remedies
Within thy help and holy physic lies.
I bear no hatred, blessed man; for, lo,
My intercession likewise steads my foe.

F. Lau. Be plain, good son, and homely in thy drift:
Riddling confession finds but riddling shrift.[1]

Ro. Then plainly know, my heart's dear love is set
On the fair daughter of rich Capulet:

---

[1] Absolution.

As mine on hers, so hers is set on mine;
And all combined, save what thou must combine
By holy marriage: when, and where, and how,
We met, we woo'd, and made exchange of vow,
I 'll tell thee as we pass; but this I pray,
That thou consent to marry us this day.

F. Lau. Holy saint Francis! what a change is here!
Is Rosaline, whom thou didst love so dear,
So soon forsaken? young men's love then lies
Not truly in their hearts, but in their eyes.
Jesu Maria! what a deal of brine
Hath wash'd thy sallow cheeks for Rosaline!
How much salt water thrown away in waste,
To season love, that of it doth not taste!
The sun not yet thy sighs from heaven clears;
Thy old groans ring yet in my ancient ears:
Lo, here upon thy cheek the stain doth sit
Of an old tear that is not wash'd off yet.
If e'er thou wast thyself, and these woes thine,
Thou and these woes were all for Rosaline:
And art thou changed? pronounce this sentence then;—
Women may fall, when there 's no strength in men.

Ro. Thou chidd'st me oft for loving Rosaline.

F. Lau. For doting, not for loving, pupil mine.

Ro. And badest me bury love.

F. Lau. Not in a grave,
To lay one in, another out to have.

Ro. I pray thee, chide not: she, whom I love now
Doth grace for grace, and love for love allow;

The other did not so.

F. Lau. O, she knew well,
Thy love did read by rote, and could not spell.
But come, young waverer, come, go with me,
In one respect I 'll thy assistant be;
For this alliance may so happy prove,
To turn your households' rancor to pure love.

Ro. O, let us hence; I stand on sudden haste.

F. Lau. Wisely and slow; they stumble that run fast. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

A street.

Enter BENVOLIO *and* MERCUTIO.

Mer. Where the devil should this Romeo be?
Came he not home to-night?

Ben. Not to his father's; I spoke with his man.

Mer. Ah, that same pale hard-hearted wench, that Rosaline,
Torments him so, that he will sure run mad.

Ben. Tybalt, the kinsman of old Capulet,
Hath sent a letter to his father's house.

Mer. A challenge, on my life.

Ben. Romeo will answer it.

Mer. Any man, that can write, may answer a letter.

Ben. Nay, he will answer the letter's master, how he dares, being dared.

Mer. Alas, poor Romeo! he is already dead: stabbed with a white wench's black eye; shot

through the ear with a love-song; the very pin of his heart cleft with the blind bow-boy's butt-shaft:[1] and is he a man to encounter Tybalt?

Ben. Why, what is Tybalt?

Mer. More than prince of cats,[2] I can tell you. O, he is the courageous captain of compliments: he fights as you sing prick-song, keeps time, distance, and proportion; rests me his minim rest, one, two, and the third in your bosom: the very butcher of a silk button, a duellist, a duellist; a gentleman of the very first house, of the first and second cause. Ah, the immortal passado! the punto reverso! the hay![3]——

Ben. The what?

Mer. The pox of such antic, lisping, affecting fantasticoes; these new tuners of accents!—'By Jesu, a very good blade!—a very tall man!—a very good whore!' Why, is not this a lamentable thing, grandsire, that we should be thus afflicted with these strange flies, these fashion-mongers, these *pardonnez-moys*, who stand so much on the new form, that they cannot sit at ease on the old bench? O, their *bons*, their *bons!*[4]

Enter ROMEO.

Ben. Here comes Romeo, here comes Romeo.

---

[1] Arrow.

[2] In allusion to Tybert the cat, in the story-book of Reynard ...x.

[3] Terms of the fencing-school.

[4] ...idicule of those coxcombs who affected the manners ...rench.

Mer. Without his roe, like a dried herring. O flesh, flesh, how art thou fishified! Now is he for the numbers that Petrarch flowed in: Laura, to his lady, was but a kitchen-wench;—marry, she had a better love to berhyme her: Dido, a dowdy; Cleopatra, a gipsy; Helen and Hero, hildings[1] and harlots; Thisbe, a gray eye or so, but not to the purpose.—Signior Romeo, *bon jour!* there 's a French salutation to your French slop.[2] You gave us the counterfeit fairly last night.

Ro. Good morrow to you both.—What counterfeit did I give you?

Mer. The slip, sir, the slip:[3] can you not conceive?

Ro. Pardon, good Mercutio; my business was great; and, in such a case as mine, a man may strain courtesy.

Mer. That 's as much as to say, such a case as yours constrains a man to bow in the hams.

Ro. Meaning to courtesy.

Mer. Thou hast most kindly hit it.

Ro. A most courteous exposition.

Mer. Nay, I am the very pink of courtesy.

Ro. Pink for flower.

Mer. Right.

Ro. Why, then is my pump well flowered.[4]

---

[1] Mean women.

[2] Loose trowsers, a French fashion in Shakspeare's time.

[3] In allusion to a counterfeit piece of money called a slip.

[4] It was the custom to wear ribands in the shoes, in the shape of roses or other flowers.

Mer. Well said: follow me this jest now, till thou hast worn out thy pump; that, when the single sole of it is worn, the jest may remain, after the wearing, solely singular.

Ro. O single-soled[1] jest, solely singular for the singleness!

Mer. Come between us, good Benvolio; my wits fail.

Ro. Switch and spurs, switch and spurs; or I 'll cry a match.

Mer. Nay, if thy wits run the wildgoose chase, I have done; for thou hast more of the wildgoose in one of thy wits, than, I am sure, I have in my whole five. Was I with you there for the goose?

Ro. Thou wast never with me for any thing, when thou wast not there for the goose.

Mer. I will bite thee by the ear for that jest.

Ro. Nay, good goose, bite not.

Mer. Thy wit is a very bitter sweeting;[2] it is a most sharp sauce.

Ro. And is it not well served in to a sweet goose?

Mer. O, here 's a wit of cheveril,[3] that stretches from an inch narrow to an ell broad!

Ro. I stretch it out for that word, broad; which, added to the goose, proves thee far and wide a broad goose.

---

[1] Slight, contemptible. [2] An apple of that name.
[3] Kid-skin, i. e. soft, stretching.

Mer. Why, is not this better now than groaning for love? now art thou sociable, now art thou Romeo; now art thou what thou art, by art as well as by nature: for this drivelling love is like a great natural, that runs lolling up and down to hide his bauble in a hole.

Ben. Stop there, stop there.

Mer. Thou desirest me to stop in my tale against the hair.

Ben. Thou wouldst else have made thy tale large.

Mer. O, thou art deceived; I would have made it short: for I was come to the whole depth of my tale; and meant, indeed, to occupy the argument no longer.

Ro. Here 's goodly geer![1]

Enter NURSE *and* PETER.

Mer. A sail, a sail, a sail!

Ben. Two, two; a shirt and a smock.

Nurse. Peter!

Peter. Anon?

Nurse. My fan, Peter.

Mer. Pr'ythee, do, good Peter, to hide her face for her fan 's the fairer of the two.

Nurse. God ye good morrow, gentlemen.

Mer. God ye good den,[2] fair gentlewoman.

Nurse. Is it good den?

---

[1] Stuff. [2] Good even.

Mer. 'Tis no less, I tell you; for the bawdy hand of the dial is now upon the prick of noon.

Nurse. Out upon you! what a man are you!

Ro. One, gentlewoman, that God hath made himself to mar.

Nurse. By my troth, it is well said;—for himself to mar, quoth 'a?—Gentlemen, can any of you tell me where I may find the young Romeo?

Ro. I can tell you; but young Romeo will be older when you have found him than he was when you sought him: I am the youngest of that name, for fault of a worse.

Nurse. You say well.

Mer. Yea, is the worst well? very well took, i' faith; wisely, wisely.

Nurse. If you be he, sir, I desire some confidence with you.

Ben. She will indite him to some supper.

Mer. A bawd, a bawd, a bawd! So ho!

Ro. What hast thou found?

Mer. No hare, sir; unless a hare, sir, in a lenten pie, that is something stale and hoar ere it be spent.

'An old hare hoar,
And an old hare hoar,
Is very good meat in Lent:
But a hare that is hoar,
Is too much for a score,
When it hoars ere it be spent.'

Romeo, will you come to your father's? we'll to ·· er thither.

Ro. I will follow you.

Mer. Farewell, ancient lady; farewell, lady, lady, lady. [*Exeunt Mercutio and Benvolio.*

Nurse. Marry, farewell!—I pray you, sir, what saucy merchant[1] was this, that was so full of his ropery?[2]

Ro. A gentleman, nurse, that loves to hear himself talk; and will speak more in a minute than he will stand to in a month.

Nurse. An 'a speak any thing against me, I 'll take him down an 'a were lustier than he is, and twenty such Jacks; and if I cannot, I 'll find those that shall. Scurvy knave! I am none of his flirt-gills; I am none of his skains-mates.[3]—And thou must stand by too, and suffer every knave to use me at his pleasure?

Peter. I saw no man use you at his pleasure; if I had, my weapon should quickly have been out, I warrant you. I dare draw as soon as another man, if I see occasion in a good quarrel, and the law on my side.

Nurse. Now, afore God, I am so vexed, that every part about me quivers. Scurvy knave! Pray you, sir, a word: and as I told you, my young lady bade me inquire you out: what she bade me say, I will keep to myself; but first let me tell ye, if ye should lead her into a fool's paradise, as they say, it

---

[1] A term of disrespect, in contradistinction to gentleman.

[2] Roguery.

[3] Cut-throat companions. A skain signifies a short sword.

were a very gross kind of behavior, as they say; for the gentlewoman is young; and, therefore, if you should deal double with her, truly, it were an ill thing to be offered to any gentlewoman, and very weak dealing.

Ro. Nurse, commend me to thy lady and mistress. I protest unto thee,——

Nurse. Good heart! and, i'faith, I will tell her as much. Lord, lord, she will be a joyful woman.

Ro. What wilt thou tell her, nurse? thou dost not mark me.

Nurse. I will tell her, sir, that you do protest; which, as I take it, is a gentlemanlike offer.

Ro. Bid her devise some means to come to shrift[1]
This afternoon;
And there she shall, at friar Laurence' cell,
Be shrived and married. Here is for thy pains.

Nurse. No, truly, sir, not a penny.

Ro. Go to; I say, you shall.

Nurse. This afternoon, sir? well, she shall be there.

Ro. And stay, good nurse, behind the abbey-wall:
Within this hour my man shall be with thee,
And bring thee cords made like a tackled stair,
Which to the high top-gallant of my joy
Must be my convoy in the secret night.
Farewell!—Be trusty, and I'll quit[2] thy pains:

---

[1] Confession. [2] Requite.

Farewell!—Commend me to thy mistress.

Nurse. Now God in heaven bless thee!—Hark you, sir.

Ro. What say'st thou, my dear nurse?

Nurse. Is your man secret? Did you ne'er hear say,
Two may keep counsel, putting one away?

Ro. I warrant thee; my man 's as true as steel.

Nurse. Well, sir; my mistress is the sweetest lady—Lord, lord! when 'twas a little prating thing,—O,—there 's a nobleman in town, one Paris, that would fain lay knife aboard; but she, good soul, had as lief see a toad, a very toad, as see him. I anger her sometimes, and tell her that Paris is the properer man; but, I 'll warrant you, when I say so, she looks as pale as any clout in the varsal world. Doth not rosemary and Romeo begin both with a letter?

Ro. Ay, nurse; what of that? both with an R.

Nurse. Ah, mocker! that 's the dog's name: R is for the dog. No; I know it begins with some other letter; and she hath the prettiest sententious of it, of you and rosemary, that it would do you good to hear it.

Ro. Commend me to thy lady. [*Exit.*

Nurse. Ay, a thousand times.—Peter!

Peter. Anon?

Nurse. Peter, take my fan, and go before.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Capulet's garden.

Enter JULIET.

Ju. The clock struck nine when I did send the nurse;
In half an hour she promised to return.
Perchance, she cannot meet him:—that 's not so.—
O, she is lame! Love's heralds should be thoughts,
Which ten times faster glide than the sun's beams,
Driving back shadows over lowering hills:
Therefore do nimble-pinion'd doves draw Love,
And therefore hath the wind-swift Cupid wings.
Now is the sun upon the highmost hill
Of this day's journey; and from nine till twelve
Is three long hours,—yet she is not come.
Had she affections, and warm youthful blood,
She 'd be as swift in motion as a ball;
My words would bandy[1] her to my sweet love,
And his to me:
But old folks, many feign as they were dead;
Unwieldy, slow, heavy and pale as lead.

Enter NURSE *and* PETER.

O God, she comes!—O honey nurse, what news?
Hast thou met with him? Send thy man away.

---

[1] Drive.



Starling sc.

ROMEO AND JULIET.

Juliet and Nurse.

Act II. Scene V.

Nurse. Peter, stay at the gate. [*Exit Peter.*
Ju. Now, good sweet nurse,—O lord! why look'st thou sad?
Though news be sad, yet tell them merrily.
If good, thou shamest the music of sweet news
By playing it to me with so sour a face.
Nurse. I am aweary; give me leave awhile:
Fie, how my bones ache! What a jaunt have I had!
Ju. I would, thou hadst my bones, and I thy news:
Nay, come, I pray thee, speak; good, good nurse, speak.
Nurse. Jesu!. what haste? can you not stay awhile?
Do you not see that I am out of breath?
Ju. How art thou out of breath, when thou hast breath
To say to me, that thou art out of breath?
The excuse, that thou dost make in this delay,
Is longer than the tale thou dost excuse.
Is thy news good or bad? answer to that;
Say either, and I 'll stay the circumstance.
Let me be satisfied. Is 't good or bad?

Nurse. Well, you have made a simple choice; you know not how to choose a man. Romeo! no, not he; though his face be better than any man's, yet his leg excels all men's; and for a hand, and a foot, and a body,—though they be not to be talked on, yet they are past compare: he is not the flower of

courtesy; but, I 'll warrant him, as gentle as a lamb. Go thy ways, wench; serve God.—What, have you dined at home?

Ju. No, no: but all this did I know before.
What says he of our marriage? what of that?

Nurse. Lord, how my head aches! what a head have I!
It beats as it would fall in twenty pieces.
My back o' t' other side;—O, my back, my back!—
Beshrew[1] your heart, for sending me about,
To catch my death with jaunting up and down!

Ju. I' faith, I am sorry that thou art not well:
Sweet, sweet, sweet nurse, tell me, what says my love?

Nurse. Your love says, like an honest gentleman,
And a courteous, and a kind, and a handsome,
And, I warrant, a virtuous:——Where is your mother?

Ju. Where is my mother?—why, she is within;
Where should she be? How oddly thou repliest!
'Your love says like an honest gentleman,——
Where is your mother?'

Nurse. O, God's lady dear!
Are you so hot? Marry, come up, I trow!
Is this the poultice for my aching bones?
Henceforward do your messages yourself.

Ju. Here 's such a coil![2]—Come, what says Romeo?

---

[1] Ill betide [2] Disturbance.

Nurse. Have you got leave to go to shrift to-day?

Ju. I have.

Nurse. Then hie you hence to friar Laurence' cell,
There stays a husband to make you a wife:
Now comes the wanton blood up in your cheeks;
They 'll be in scarlet straight at any news.
Hie you to church; I must another way,
To fetch a ladder, by the which your love
Must climb a bird's nest soon, when it is dark.
I am the drudge, and toil in your delight;
But you shall bear the burden soon at night.
Go; I 'll to dinner; hie you to the cell.

Ju. Hie to high fortune!—honest nurse, farewell
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Friar Laurence's cell.

Enter FRIAR LAURENCE *and* ROMEO.

F. Lau. So smile the heavens upon this holy act,
That after-hours with sorrow chide us not!

Ro. Amen, amen! but come what sorrow can,
It cannot countervail the exchange of joy
That one short minute gives me in her sight.
Do thou but close our hands with holy words,
Then love-devouring death do what he dare;
It is enough I may but call her mine.

F. Lau. These violent delights have violent ends,
And in their triumph die; like fire and powder,

Which, as they kiss, consume. The sweetest honey
Is loathsome in his own deliciousness,
And in the taste confounds the appetite:
Therefore love moderately; long love doth so:
Too swift arrives as tardy as too slow.

Enter JULIET.

Here comes the lady.—O, so light a foot
Will ne'er wear out the everlasting flint.
A lover may bestride the gossamers [1]
That idle in the wanton summer air,
And yet not fall; so light is vanity.

Ju. Good even to my ghostly confessor.

F. Lau. Romeo shall thank thee, daughter, for us both.

Ju. As much to him; else are his thanks too much.

Ro. Ah, Juliet, if the measure of thy joy
Be heap'd like mine, and that thy skill be more
To blazon it, then sweeten with thy breath
This neighbor air, and let rich music's tongue
Unfold the imagined happiness that both
Receive in either by this dear encounter.

Ju. Conceit,[2] more rich in matter than in words,
Brags of his substance, not of ornament.
They are but beggars that can count their worth:
But my true love is grown to such excess,

---

[1] The long white filament which flies in the air.
[2] Imagination.

I cannot sum up half my sum of wealth.

F. Lau. Come, come with me, and we will make short work;
For, by your leaves, you shall not stay alone,
Till holy church incorporate two in one. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.

A public place.

Enter MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO, *Page, and Servants.*

Ben. I pray thee, good Mercutio, let 's retire:
The day is hot, the Capulets abroad;
And, if we meet, we shall not 'scape a brawl;
For now, these hot days, is the mad blood stirring.

Mer. Thou art like one of those fellows, that, when he enters the confines of a tavern, claps me his sword upon the table, and says, 'God send me no need of thee!' and, by the operation of the second cup, draws it on the drawer, when, indeed, there is no need.

Ben. Am I like such a fellow?

Mer. Come, come, thou art as hot a Jack in thy mood as any in Italy; and as soon moved to be moody, and as soon moody to be moved.

Ben. And what to?

Mer. Nay, an there were two such, we should have none shortly, for one would kill the other.

Thou! why thou wilt quarrel with a man that hath a hair more or a hair less in his beard than thou hast: thou wilt quarrel with a man for cracking nuts, having no other reason but because thou hast hazel eyes. What eye, but such an eye, would spy out such a quarrel? Thy head is as full of quarrels as an egg is full of meat; and yet thy head hath been beaten as addle as an egg for quarrelling. Thou hast quarrelled with a man for coughing in the street, because he hath wakened thy dog that hath lain asleep in the sun. Didst thou not fall out with a tailor for wearing his new doublet before Easter? with another, for tying his new shoes with old riband? and yet thou wilt tutor me from quarrelling!

Ben. An I were so apt to quarrel as thou art, any man should buy the fee-simple of my life for an hour and a quarter.

Mer. The fee-simple? O simple!

Enter TYBALT *and others.*

Ben. By my head, here come the Capulets.

Mer. By my heel, I care not.

Ty. Follow me close, for I will speak to them.— Gentlemen, good den:[1] a word with one of you.

Mer. And but one word with one of us? Couple it with something; make it a word and a blow.

Ty. You will find me apt enough to that, sir, if you will give me occasion.

---

[1] Good even.

Mer. Could you not take some occasion without giving?

Ty. Mercutio, thou consortest with Romeo.

Mer. Consort! what, dost thou make us minstrels? an thou make minstrels of us, look to hear nothing but discords: here 's my fiddlestick; here 's that shall make you dance. Zounds, consort!

Ben. We talk here in the public haunt of men:
Either withdraw into some private place,
Or reason coldly of your grievances,
Or else depart: here all eyes gaze on us.

Mer. Men's eyes were made to look, and let them gaze;
I will not budge for no man's pleasure, I.

Enter ROMEO.

Ty. Well, peace be with you, sir! here comes my man.

Mer. But I 'll be hang'd, sir, if he wear your livery.
Marry, go before to field, he 'll be your follower:
Your worship, in that sense, may call him man.

Ty. Romeo, the hate I bear thee, can afford
No better term than this;—thou art a villain.

Ro. Tybalt, the reason that I have to love thee
Doth much excuse the appertaining rage
To such a greeting.—Villain am I none;
Therefore farewell; I see, thou know'st me not.

Ty. Boy, this shall not excuse the injuries
That thou hast done me; therefore turn, and draw.

Ro. I do protest, I never injured thee;
But love thee better than thou canst devise,
Till thou shalt know the reason of my love:
And so, good Capulet,—which name I tender
As dearly as mine own,—be satisfied.

Mer. O calm, dishonorable, vile submission!
A la stoccata[1] carries it away.— [*draws.*
Tybalt, you rat-catcher, will you walk?

Ty. What wouldst thou have with me?

Mer. Good king of cats, nothing, but one of your nine lives; that I mean to make bold withal, and, as you shall use me hereafter, drybeat the rest of the eight. Will you pluck your sword out of his pilcher[2] by the ears? Make haste, lest mine be about your ears ere it be out.

Ty. I am for you. [*drawing.*

Ro. Gentle Mercutio, put thy rapier up.

Mer. Come, sir, your passado. [*they fight.*

Ro. Draw, Benvolio;
Beat down their weapons:—gentlemen, for shame
Forbear this outrage;—Tybalt—Mercutio—
The prince expressly hath forbid this bandying
In Verona streets:—hold, Tybalt;—good Mercutio
[*Exeunt Tybalt and his partisans*

Mer. I am hurt;—
A plague o' both the houses!—I am sped:—
Is he gone, and hath nothing?

---

[1] The Italian term for a thrust or stab with a rapier.
[2] Case or scabbard.

Ben. What, art thou hurt?

Mer. Ay, ay, a scratch, a scratch; marry, 'tis enough.—
Where is my page?—go, villain; fetch a surgeon.
[*Exit Page.*

Ro. Courage, man; the hurt cannot be much.

Mer. No, 'tis not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a church door; but 'tis enough; 'twill serve: ask for me to-morrow, and you shall find me a grave man. I am peppered, I warrant, for this world:—a plague o' both your houses!—Zounds, a dog, a rat, a mouse, a cat, to scratch a man to death! a braggart, a rogue, a villain, that fights by the book of arithmetic!—Why, the devil, came you between us? I was hurt under your arm.

Ro. I thought all for the best.

Mer. Help me into some house, Benvolio,
Or I shall faint.—A plague o' both your houses!
They have made worm's meat of me:
I have it, and soundly too:—your houses!
[*Exeunt Mercutio and Benvolio.*

Ro. This gentleman, the prince's near ally,
My very friend, hath got his mortal hurt
In my behalf; my reputation stain'd
With Tybalt's slander, Tybalt, that an hour
Hath been my kinsman.—O sweet Juliet,
Thy beauty hath made me effeminate,
And in my temper soften'd valor's steel.

Re-enter BENVOLIO.

Ben. O, Romeo, Romeo, brave Mercutio 's dead;

That gallant spirit hath aspired the clouds,
Which too untimely here did scorn the earth.
Ro. This day's black fate on more days doth depend;
This but begins the woe, others must end.

Re-enter TYBALT.

Ben. Here comes the furious Tybalt back again.
Ro. Alive! in triumph! and Mercutio slain!
Away to heaven, respective[1] lenity,
And fire-eyed fury be my conduct[2] now!—
Now, Tybalt, take the villain back again,
That late thou gavest me; for Mercutio's soul
Is but a little way above our heads,
Staying for thine to keep him company:
Either thou, or I, or both, must go with him.
Ty. Thou, wretched boy, that didst consort him here,
Shalt with him hence.
Ro. This shall determine that.
[*they fight; Tybalt falls.*
Ben. Romeo, away, be gone!
The citizens are up, and Tybalt slain:—
Stand not amazed:—the prince will doom thee death,
If thou art taken:—hence!—be gone!—away!
Ro. O! I am Fortune's fool!

---

[1] Considerate. [2] For conductor.

Ben. Why dost thou stay?
[*Exit Romeo.*

Enter CITIZENS, *&c.*

1 *Cit.* Which way ran he, that kill'd Mercutio?
Tybalt, that murderer, which way ran he?

Ben. There lies that Tybalt.

1 *Cit.* Up, sir, go with me:
I charge thee, in the prince's name, obey.

Enter PRINCE, *attended;* MONTAGUE, CAPULET, *their Wives, and others.*

Prince. Where are the vile beginners of this fray?

Ben. O noble prince, I can discover all
The unlucky manage of this fatal brawl:
There lies the man, slain by young Romeo,
That slew thy kinsman, brave Mercutio.

L. Cap. Tybalt, my cousin!—O my brother's child!
Unhappy sight! ah me, the blood is spill'd
Of my dear kinsman!—Prince, as thou art true,[1]
For blood of ours, shed blood of Montague.—
O cousin, cousin!

Prince. Benvolio, who began this bloody fray?

Ben. Tybalt, here slain, whom Romeo's hand did slay.

---

[1] Just and upright.

e him fair, bade him be
quarrel was, and urged withal
easure: all this, uttered
reath, calm look, knees humbly bow'd,
e truce with the unruly spleen
eaf to peace, but that he tilts
ng steel at bold Mercutio's breast;
s hot, turns deadly point to point,
a martial scorn, with one hand beats
th aside, and with the other sends
to Tybalt, whose dexterity
it: Romeo he cries aloud,
, friends! friends, part!' and, swifter than
his tongue,
gile arm beats down their fatal points,
'twixt them rushes; underneath whose arm
envious thrust from Tybalt hit the life
stout Mercutio, and then Tybalt fled:
ut by and by comes back to Romeo,
Who had but newly entertain'd revenge,
And to't they go like lightning; for, ere I
Could draw to part them, was stout Tybalt slain;
And, as he fell, did Romeo turn and fly.
This is the truth, or let Benvolio die.

L. Cap. He is a kinsman to the Montague:
Affection makes him false: he speaks not true:
Some twenty of them fought in this black strife,
And all those twenty could but kill one life.

1 Slight, unimportant.

Who now
Mon. N
fr
His fault c
The life of
Prince.
Immediatel
I have an i
My blood f
But I'll am
That you s
I will be d
Nor tears
Therefor
The

I beg for justice, which thou, prince, must give:
Romeo slew Tybalt; Romeo must not live.

Prince. Romeo slew him, he slew Mercutio:
Who now the price of his dear blood doth owe?

Mon. Not Romeo, prince; he was Mercutio's friend;
His fault concludes but, what the law should end,
The life of Tybalt.

Prince. And, for that offence,
Immediately we do exile him hence.
I have an interest in your hates' proceeding;
My blood for your rude brawls doth lie a bleeding;
But I'll amerce you with so strong a fine,
That you shall all repent the loss of mine:
I will be deaf to pleading and excuses;
Nor tears nor prayers shall purchase out abuses,
Therefore use none: let Romeo hence in haste,
lse, when he's found, that hour is his last.
ar hence this body, and attend our will:
cy but murders, pardoning those that kill.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A room in Capulet's house.

Enter JULIET.

p apace, you fiery-footed steeds,
bus' mansion: such a waggoner
ould whip you to the west,
cloudy night immediately.
se curtain, love-performing night!

And may not wear them. O, here comes my nurse,

Enter NURSE, *with cords.*

And she brings news; and every tongue, that speaks
But Romeo's name, speaks heavenly eloquence.—
Now, nurse, what news? What hast thou there? the cords,
That Romeo bade thee fetch?

Nurse. Ay, ay, the cords.
[*throws them down.*

Ju. Ah me! what news? why dost thou wring thy hands?

Nurse. Ah welladay! he 's dead, he 's dead, he 's dead!
We are undone, lady, we are undone!—
Alack the day!—he 's gone, he 's kill'd, he 's dead!

Ju. Can Heaven be so envious?

Nurse. Romeo can,
ough Heaven cannot.—O Romeo! Romeo!—
ho ever would have thought it?—Romeo!

Ju. What devil art thou, that dost torment me thus?
s torture should be roar'd in dismal hell.
h Romeo slain himself? say thou but *I*,[1]
that bare vowel *I* shall poison more

Shakspeare's time the affirmative particle 'ay' was written *I*.

Beautiful tyrant! fiend angelical!
Dove-feather'd raven! wolvish-ravening lamb!
Despised substance of divinest show!
Just opposite to what thou justly seem'st,
A damned saint, an honorable villain!
O Nature! what hadst thou to do in hell,
When thou didst bower the spirit of a fiend
In mortal paradise of such sweet flesh?
Was ever book, containing such vile matter,
So fairly bound? O, that deceit should dwell
In such a gorgeous palace!

Nurse. There 's no trust,
No faith, no honesty in men; all perjured,
All forsworn, all naught, all dissemblers.—
Ah, where 's my man? give me some *aqua vitæ:*
These griefs, these woes, these sorrows make me old.
Shame come to Romeo!

Ju. Blister'd be thy tongue
For such a wish! he was not born to shame:
on his brow shame is ashamed to sit;
'tis a throne where honor may be crown'd
monarch of the universal earth.
what a beast was I to chide at him!

urse. Will you speak well of him that kill'd your cousin?

Shall I speak ill of him that is my husband?
or my lord, what tongue shall smoothe thy name.
thy three-hours wife, have mangled it?—
efore, villain, didst thou kill my cousin?

That villain cousin would have kill'd my husband.
Back, foolish tears, back to your native spring;
Your tributary drops belong to woe,
Which you, mistaking, offer up to joy.
My husband lives, that Tybalt would have slain;
And Tybalt 's dead, that would have slain my husband:
All this is comfort; wherefore weep I then?
Some word there was, worser than Tybalt's death,
That murder'd me: I would forget it fain;
But, O! it presses to my memory,
Like damned guilty deeds to sinners' minds:
'Tybalt is dead, and Romeo banished:'
That—'banished,' that one word—'banished,'
Hath slain ten thousand Tybalts. Tybalt's death
Was woe enough, if it had ended there;
Or, if sour woe delights in fellowship,
And needly will be rank'd with other griefs;—
Why follow'd not, when she said—'Tybalt 's dead,'
Thy father, or thy mother, nay, or both,
Which modern[1] lamentation might have moved?
But, with a rearward following Tybalt's death,
'Romeo is banished;'—to speak that word,
Is father, mother, Tybalt, Romeo, Juliet,
All slain, all dead:—'Romeo is banished:'
There is no end, no limit, measure, bound,
In that word 's death; no words can that woe sound.—

---

[1] Common.

Where is my father and my mother, nurse?
Nurse. Weeping and wailing over Tybalt's corse.
Will you go to them? I will bring you thither.
Ju. Wash they his wounds with tears? mine shall be spent,
When theirs are dry, for Romeo's banishment.
Take up those cords.—Poor ropes, you are beguiled,
Both you and I; for Romeo is exiled:
He made you for a highway to my bed;
But I, a maid, die maiden-widowed.
Come, cords; come, nurse: I'll to my wedding bed;
And death, not Romeo, take my maidenhead!
Nurse. Hie to your chamber: I'll find Romeo
To comfort you: I wot well where he is.
Hark ye, your Romeo will be here at night:
I'll to him; he is hid at Laurence' cell.
Ju. O, find him: give this ring to my true knight,
And bid him come to take his last farewell.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Friar Laurence's cell.

Enter FRIAR LAURENCE *and* ROMEO.

F. Lau. Romeo, come forth; come forth, thou fearful man:
ffliction is enamour'd of thy parts,
d thou art wedded to calamity.

Ro. Father, what news? wh
doom?
What sorrow craves acquaintance a
That I yet know not?
F. Lau. Too familiar
Is my dear son with such sour co
I bring thee tidings of the prince'
Ro. What less than doomsd
doom?
F. Lau. A gentler judgmen
lips;
Not body's death, but body's b
Ro. Ha! banishment? be m
For exile hath more terror in l
Much more than death: do n
F. Lau. Hence from Veron
Be patient; for the world is b
Ro. There is no world wi
But purgatory, torture, hell i
Hence-banished is banish'd f
And world's exile is death:-
Is death misterm'd: calling
Thou cut'st my head off wi
And smilest upon the strok
F. Lau. O deadly sin!
Thy fault our law calls dea
Taking thy part, hath rush
And turn'd that black wor
This is dear mercy, and th
Ro. 'Tis torture, and no

Where Juliet lives; and every cat, and dog,
And little mouse, every unworthy thing,
Live here in heaven, and may look on her;
But Romeo may not.—More validity,[1]
More honorable state, more courtship lives
In carrion flies, than Romeo: they may seise
On the white wonder of dear Juliet's hand,
And steal immortal blessing from her lips;
Who, even in pure and vestal modesty,
Still blush, as thinking their own kisses sin;
But Romeo may not; he is banished:
Flies may do this, when I from this must fly;
They are free men, but I am banished.
And say'st thou yet, that exile is not death?
Hadst thou no poison mix'd, no sharp-ground knife
No sudden mean of death, though ne'er so mean,
But—banished—to kill me; banished?
O friar, the damned use that word in hell;
Howlings attend it: how hast thou the heart,
Being a divine, a ghostly confessor,
A sin-absolver, and my friend profess'd,
To mangle me with that word—banishment?

F. Lau. Thou fond mad man, hear me but speak a word.

Ro. O, thou wilt speak again of banishment.

F. Lau. I 'll give thee armour to keep off that word;
...sity's sweet milk, philosophy,

[1] Worth, value.

To comfort thee, though thou art banished.

Ro. Yet banished?—Hang up philosophy!
Unless philosophy can make a Juliet,
Displant a town, reverse a prince's doom;
It helps not, it prevails not: talk no more.

F. Lau. O, then I see that madmen have no ears.

Ro. How should they, when that wise men have no eyes?

F. Lau. Let me dispute with thee of thy estate.

Ro. Thou canst not speak of what thou dost not feel:
Wert thou as young as I, Juliet thy love,
An hour but married, Tybalt murdered,
Doting like me, and like me banished;—
Then mightst thou speak, then mightst thou tear thy hair,
And fall upon the ground, as I do now,
Taking the measure of an unmade grave.

F. Lau. Arise; one knocks: good Romeo, hide thyself. [*knocking within.*

Ro. Not I; unless the breath of heart-sick groans,
Mistlike, infold me from the search of eyes. [*knocking.*

F. Lau. Hark, how they knock!—Who 's there?—Romeo, arise;—
ou wilt be taken;—stay awhile;—stand up;— [*knocking.*
un to my study;—by and by:—God's will!
What wilfulness is this!—I come, I come. [*knocking.*

Who knocks so hard? whence come you? what 's your will?

Nurse. [*within.*] Let me come in, and you shall know my errand:
I come from lady Juliet.

F. Lau. Welcome then.

Enter NURSE.

Nurse. O holy friar, O, tell me, holy friar,
Where is my lady's lord, where 's Romeo?

F. Lau. There on the ground, with his own tears made drunk.

Nurse. O, he is even in my mistress' case
Just in her case!

F. Lau. O woful sympathy!
Piteous predicament!

Nurse. Even so lies she,
Blubbering and weeping, weeping and blubbering.—
Stand up, stand up; stand, an you be a man:
For Juliet's sake, for her sake, rise and stand.—
Why should you fall into so deep an O?

Ro. Nurse!

Nurse. Ah, sir! ah, sir!—Well, death 's the end of all.

Ro. Spakest thou of Juliet? how is it with her?
Doth she not think me an old murderer,
Now I have stain'd the childhood of our joy
With blood removed but little from her own?
Where is she? and how doth she? and what says
My conceal'd lady to our cancell'd love?

Nurse. O, she says nothing, sir, but weeps and weeps;
And now falls on her bed; and then starts up,
And Tybalt calls; and then on Romeo cries,
And then down falls again.

Ro. As if that name,
Shot from the deadly level of a gun,
Did murder her; as that name's cursed hand
Murder'd her kinsman.—O, tell me, friar, tell me,
In what vile part of this anatomy
Doth my name lodge? tell me, that I may sack
The hateful mansion. [*drawing his sword*

F. Lau. Hold thy desperate hand:
Art thou a man? thy form cries out, thou art:
Thy tears are womanish; thy wild acts denote
The unreasonable fury of a beast.
Unseemly woman, in a seeming man!
Or ill-beseeming beast, in seeming both!
Thou hast amazed me: by my holy order,
I thought thy disposition better temper'd.
Hast thou slain Tybalt? wilt thou slay thyself,
And slay thy lady too that lives in thee,
By doing damned hate upon thyself?
Why rail'st thou on thy birth, the heaven, and earth?
Since birth, and heaven, and earth, all three do meet
In thee at once, which thou at once wouldst lose.
Fie, fie! thou shamest thy shape, thy love, thy wit;
Which, like a usurer, abound'st in all,
And usest none in that true use indeed

Which should bedeck thy shape, thy love, thy wit.
Thy noble shape is but a form of wax,
Digressing from the valor of a man;
Thy dear love, sworn, but hollow perjury,
Killing that love which thou hast vow'd to cherish;
Thy wit, that ornament to shape and love,
Mis-shapen in the conduct of them both,
Like powder in a skill-less soldier's flask,
Is set on fire by thine own ignorance,
And thou dismember'd with thine own defence.[1]
What, rouse thee, man! thy Juliet is alive,
For whose dear sake thou wast but lately dead;
There art thou happy: Tybalt would kill thee,
But thou slew'st Tybalt; there art thou happy too:
The law, that threaten'd death, becomes thy friend,
And turns it to exile; there art thou happy too:
A pack of blessings lights upon thy back;
Happiness courts thee in her best array;
But, like a misbehaved and sullen wench,
Thou pout'st upon thy fortune and thy love.
Take heed, take heed, for such die miserable.
Go, get thee to thy love, as was decreed;
Ascend her chamber, hence and comfort her;
But, look, thou stay not till the watch be set,
For then thou canst not pass to Mantua;
Where thou shalt live, till we can find a time
To blaze your marriage, reconcile your friends,
Beg pardon of the prince, and call thee back

[1] Torn to pieces with thine own weapons.

With twenty hundred thousand times more joy
Than thou went'st forth in lamentation.—
Go before, nurse: commend me to thy lady;
And bid her hasten all the house to bed,
Which heavy sorrow makes them apt unto:
Romeo is coming.

Nurse. O Lord, I could have stay'd here all the night,
To hear good counsel: O, what learning is!—
My lord, I'll tell my lady you will come.

Rom. Do so, and bid my sweet prepare to chide.

Nurse. Here, sir, a ring she bid me give you, sir:
Hie you, make haste; for it grows very late.
[*Exit Nurse.*

Rom. How well my comfort is revived by this!

Fri. Lau. Go hence: good night; and here stands all your state:[1]—
Either be gone before the watch be set,
Or by the break of day disguised from hence:
Sojourn in Mantua; I'll find out your man,
And he shall signify from time to time
Every good hap to you that chances here.
Give me thy hand; 'tis late: farewell; good night.

Rom. But that a joy past joy calls out on me,
It were a grief so brief to part with thee.
Farewell. [*Exeunt.*

---

[1] The whole of your fortune depends on this.

SCENE IV.

A room in Capulet's house.

Enter CAPULET, LADY CAPULET, *and* PARIS.

Cap. Things have fallen out, sir, so unluckily,
That we have had no time to move our daughter.
Look you, she loved her kinsman Tybalt dearly,
And so did I:—Well, we were born to die.—
'Tis very late; she 'll not come down to-night:
I promise you, but for your company,
I would have been a-bed an hour ago.

Pa. These times of woe afford no time to woo.
Madam, good night; commend me to your daughter.

L. Cap. I will, and know her mind early to-morrow;
To-night she 's mew'd up to her heaviness.

Cap. Sir Paris, I will make a desperate[1] tender
Of my child's love. I think, she will be ruled
In all respects by me; nay, more, I doubt it not.
Wife, go you to her ere you go to bed;
Acquaint her here of my son Paris' love;
And bid her, mark you me, on Wednesday next——
But, soft; what day is this?

Pa. Monday, my lord.

Cap. Monday? ha! ha! Well, Wednesday is too soon;
O' Thursday let it be;—o' Thursday, tell her,

---

[1] Bold.

She shall be married to this noble earl:—
Will you be ready? do you like this haste?
We'll keep no great ado;—a friend or two:
For, hark you, Tybalt being slain so late,
It may be thought we held him carelessly,
Being our kinsman, if we revel much:
Therefore we'll have some half a dozen friends,
And there an end. But what say you to Thursday?

Pa. My lord, I would that Thursday were to-morrow.

Cap. Well, get you gone:—o' Thursday be it then.—
Go you to Juliet ere you go to bed;
Prepare her, wife, against this wedding-day.—
Farewell, my lord.—Light to my chamber, ho!
Afore me, it is so very late, that we
May call it early by and by.—Good night. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Juliet's chamber.

Enter ROMEO *and* JULIET.

Ju. Wilt thou be gone? it is not yet near day:
It was the nightingale, and not the lark,
That pierced the fearful hollow of thine ear:
Nightly she sings on yon pomegranate tree.
Believe me, love, it was the nightingale.

Ro. It was the lark, the herald of the morn,
No nightingale: look, love, what envious streaks
Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east:

Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops:
I must be gone and live, or stay and die.

Ju. Yon light is not daylight; I know it, I:
It is some meteor that the sun exhales,
To be to thee this night a torch-bearer,
And light thee on thy way to Mantua:
Therefore stay yet; thou need'st not to be gone.

Ro. Let me be ta'en, let me be put to death;
I am content, so thou wilt have it so.
I 'll say, yon gray is not the morning's eye;
'Tis but the pale reflex of Cynthia's brow:[1]
Nor that is not the lark, whose notes do beat
The vaulty heaven so high above our heads:
I have more care[2] to stay than will to go.—
Come, death, and welcome! Juliet wills it so.—
How is 't, my soul? let 's talk; it is not day.

Ju. It is, it is: hie hence; be gone; away:
It is the lark that sings so out of tune,
Straining harsh discords, and unpleasing sharps.
Some say, the lark makes sweet division;[3]
This doth not so, for she divideth us:
Some say, the lark and loathed toad change eyes;
O, now I would they had changed voices too!
Since arm from arm that voice doth us affray,
Hunting thee hence with hunts-up to the day.

---

[1] Reflection of the moon. [2] Inclination.

[3] Division was the technical phrase for the pauses or parts of a musical composition.

O, now be gone; more light and light it grows.

Ro. More light and light?—more dark and dark our woes.

Enter NURSE.

Nurse. Madam!

Ju. Nurse?

Nurse. Your lady mother 's coming to your chamber:
The day is broke: be wary; look about.
[*Exit Nurse.*

Ju. Then, window, let day in, and let life out.

Ro. Farewell, farewell! one kiss, and I 'll descend. [*Romeo descends.*

Ju. Art thou gone so? my lord! my love! my friend!
I must hear from thee every day i' the hour,
For in a minute there are many days:
O! by this count I shall be much in years,
Ere I again behold my Romeo.

Ro. Farewell! I will omit no opportunity,
That may convey my greetings, love, to thee.

Ju. O, think'st thou, we shall ever meet again?

Ro. I doubt it not; and all these woes shall serve
For sweet discourses in our time to come.

Ju. O God! I have an ill-divining soul:
Methinks, I see thee, now thou art below,
As one dead in the bottom of a tomb.
Either my eyesight fails, or thou look'st pale.



Rigaud del.　　　　Starling sc

ROMEO & JULIET.

Romeo, Juliet and Nurse.

Act III. Scene V

Ro. And trust me, love, in my eye so do you:
Dry sorrow drinks our blood. Adieu! adieu!
[*Exit Romeo.*

Ju. O Fortune, Fortune! all men call thee fickle:
If thou art fickle, what dost thou with him
That is renown'd for faith? Be fickle, Fortune;
For then, I hope, thou wilt not keep him long,
But send him back.

L. Cap. [*within.*] Ho, daughter! are you up?

Ju. Who is 't that calls? is it my lady mother?
Is she not down so late, or up so early?
What unaccustom'd cause procures[1] her hither?

Enter LADY CAPULET.

L. Cap. Why, how now, Juliet?

Ju. Madam, I am not well.

L. Cap. Evermore weeping for your cousin's death?
What, wilt thou wash him from his grave with tears?
An if thou couldst, thou couldst not make him live;
Therefore, have done: some grief shows much of love;
But much of grief shows still some want of wit.

Ju. Yet let me weep for such a feeling loss.

L. Cap. So shall you feel the loss, but not the friend

---

[1] Brings.

Which you weep for.

Jul. Feeling so the loss,
I cannot choose but ever weep the friend.

L. Cap. Well, girl, thou weep'st not so much for his death,
As that the villain lives which slaughter'd him.

Jul. What villain, madam?

L. Cap. That same villain, Romeo.

Jul. Villain and he are many miles asunder.
God pardon him! I do, with all my heart;
And yet no man, like he, doth grieve my heart.

L. Cap. That is, because the traitor murderer lives.

Jul. Ay, madam, from the reach of these my hands.
Would, none but I might venge my cousin's death!

L. Cap. We will have vengeance for it, fear thou not:
Then weep no more. I'll send to one in Mantua,—
Where that same banish'd runagate doth live,—
That shall bestow on him so sure a draught,
That he shall soon keep Tybalt company:
And then, I hope, thou wilt be satisfied.

Jul. Indeed, I never shall be satisfied
With Romeo, till I behold him—dead—
Is my poor heart so for a kinsman vex'd.
Madam, if you could find out but a man
To bear a poison, I would temper it;
That Romeo should, upon receipt thereof,
Soon sleep in quiet. O, how my heart abhors
To hear him nam'd,—and cannot come to him,—

To wreak the love I bore my cousin Tybalt
Upon his body that hath slaughter'd him!

L. Cap. Find thou the means, and I'll find such a man.
But now I'll tell thee joyful tidings, girl.

Ju. And joy comes well in such a needful time:
What are they, I beseech your ladyship?

L. Cap. Well, well, thou hast a careful father, child;
One, who, to put thee from thy heaviness,
Hath sorted out a sudden day of joy,
That thou expect'st not, nor I look'd not for.

Ju. Madam, in happy time; what day is that?

L. Cap. Marry, my child, early next Thursday morn,
The gallant, young, and noble gentleman,
The county Paris, at saint Peter's church,
Shall happily make thee there a joyful bride.

Ju. Now, by saint Peter's church, and Peter too,
He shall not make me there a joyful bride.
I wonder at this haste; that I must wed,
Ere he, that should be husband, comes to woo.
I pray you, tell my lord and father, madam,
I will not marry yet; and, when I do, I swear,
It shall be Romeo, whom you know I hate,
Rather than Paris.—These are news indeed!

L. Cap. Here comes your father; tell him so yourself,
And see how he will take it at your hands.

Enter CAPULET *and* NURSE.

Cap. When the sun sets, the air doth drizzle dew;
But for the sunset of my brother's son,
It rains downright.—
How now? a conduit, girl? what, still in tears?
Evermore showering? In one little body
Thou counterfeit'st a bark, a sea, a wind;
For still thy eyes, which I may call the sea,
Do ebb and flow with tears: the bark thy body is,
Sailing in this salt flood; the winds, thy sighs;
Who, raging with thy tears, and they with them,
Without a sudden calm, will overset
Thy tempest-tossed body.—How now, wife?
Have you deliver'd to her our decree?

L. Cap. Ay, sir; but she will none, she gives you thanks.
I would, the fool were married to her grave!

Cap. Soft, take me with you, take me with you, wife.
How! will she none? doth she not give us thanks?
Is she not proud? doth she not count her bless'd,
Unworthy as she is, that we have wrought
So worthy a gentleman to be her bridegroom?

Jul. Not proud, you have; but thankful, that you have:
Proud can I never be of what I hate;
But thankful even for hate, that is meant love.

Cap. How now, how now, chop-logic! What is this?

Proud,—and, I thank you,—and, I thank you not;—
And yet not proud!—Mistress minion, you,
Thank me no thankings, nor proud me no prouds,
But settle your fine joints 'gainst Thursday next,
To go with Paris to saint Peter's church,
Or I will drag thee on a hurdle thither.
Out, you green-sickness carrion! out, you baggage!
You tallow face!

L. Cap. Fie, fie! what, are you mad?

Ju. Good father, I beseech you on my knees,
Hear me with patience but to speak a word.

Cap. Hang thee, young baggage! disobedient wretch!
I tell thee what;—get thee to church o' Thursday,
Or never after look me in the face:
Speak not, reply not, do not answer me:
My fingers itch.—Wife, we scarce thought us bless'd,
That God had sent us but this only child;
But now I see this one is one too much,
And that we have a curse in having her:
Out on her, hilding![1]

Nurse. God in heaven bless her!—
You are to blame, my lord, to rate her so.

Cap. And why, my lady wisdom? hold your tongue,
Good prudence; smatter with your gossips; go.

Nurse. I speak no treason.

---

[1] Base woman.

Cap. O, God ye good den!
Nurse. May not one speak?
Cap. Peace, you mumbling fool!
Utter your gravity o'er a gossip's bowl,
For here we need it not.
L. Cap. You are too hot.
Cap. God's bread! it makes me mad: day, night, late, early,
At home, abroad, alone, in company,
Waking or sleeping, still my care hath been
To have her match'd; and having now provided
A gentleman of princely parentage,
Of fair demesnes, youthful, and nobly train'd,
Stuff'd, as they say, with honorable parts,
Proportion'd as one's heart could wish a man;—
And then to have a wretched puling fool,
A whining mammet, in her fortune's tender,
To answer—'I 'll not wed;—I cannot love;—
I am too young:—I pray you, pardon me.'—
But, an you will not wed, I 'll pardon you:
Graze where you will, you shall not house with me:
Look to 't, think on 't, I do not use to jest.
Thursday is near; lay hand on heart; advise:
An you be mine, I 'll give you to my friend:
An you be not, hang, beg, starve, die i' the streets,
For, by my soul, I 'll ne'er acknowlege thee,
Nor what is mine shall never do thee good:
Trust to 't: bethink you; I 'll not be forsworn.
[*Exit.*

Is there no pity sitting in the clouds,

That sees into the bottom of my grief?
O, sweet my mother, cast me not away!
Delay this marriage for a month, a week;
Or, if you do not, make the bridal bed
In that dim monument where Tybalt lies.

L. Cap. Talk not to me, for I 'll not speak a word:
Do as thou wilt, for I have done with thee. [*Exit.*

Ju. O God!—O nurse! how shall this be prevented?
My husband is on earth, my faith in heaven:
How shall that faith return again to earth,
Unless that husband send it me from heaven
By leaving earth? Comfort me, counsel me.—
Alack, alack, that Heaven should practise stratagems
Upon so soft a subject as myself!—
What say'st thou? hast thou not a word of joy?
Some comfort, nurse.

Nurse. Faith, here 'tis: Romeo
Is banished; and all the world to nothing,
That he dares ne'er come back to challenge you;
Or, if he do, it needs must be by stealth.
Then, since the case so stands as now it doth,
I think it best you married with the county:
O, he 's a lovely gentleman!
Romeo 's a dishclout to him: an eagle, madam,
Hath not so green, so quick, so fair an eye,
As Paris hath. Beshrew[1] my very heart,

---

[1] Ill betide.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

Friar Laurence's cell.

Enter FRIAR LAURENCE *and* PARIS.

F. Lau. On Thursday, sir? the time is very short.

Pa. My father Capulet will have it so;
And I am nothing slow to slack his haste.

F. Lau. You say, you do not know the lady's mind:
Uneven is the course; I like it not.

Pa. Immoderately she weeps for Tybalt's death,
And therefore have I little talk'd of love;
For Venus smiles not in a house of tears.
Now, sir, her father counts it dangerous,
That she doth give her sorrow so much sway;
And, in his wisdom, hastes our marriage,
To stop the inundation of her tears;
Which, too much minded by herself alone,
May be put from her by society.
Now do you know the reason of this haste.

F. Lau. I would I knew not why it should be slow'd. [*aside*
Look, sir, here comes the lady towards my cell.

Enter JULIET.

Par. Happily met, my lady, and my wife!

Jul. That may be, sir, when I may be a wife.

Par. That may be, must be, love, on Thursday next.

Jul. What must be shall be.

F. Law. That's a certain text.

Par. Come you to make confession to this father?

Jul. To answer that, were to confess to you.

Par. Do not deny to him, that you love me.

Jul. I will confess to you, that I love him.

Par. So will you, I am sure, that you love me.

Jul. If I do so, it will be of more price,
Being spoke behind your back, than to your face.

Par. Poor soul, thy face is much abused with tears.

Jul. The tears have got small victory by that;
For it was bad enough before their spite.

Par. Thou wrong'st it, more than tears, with that report.

Jul. That is no slander, sir, that is a truth;
And what I spake, I spake it to my face.

Par. Thy face is mine, and thou hast slander'd it.

Jul. It may be so, for it is not mine own.—
Are you at leisure, holy father, now;
Or shall I come to you at evening mass?

F. Law. My leisure serves me, pensive daughter, now.—
we must entreat the time alone.

Pa. God shield, I should disturb devotion!—
Juliet, on Thursday early will I rouse you:
Till then, adieu! and keep this holy kiss.
[*Exit Paris.*

Ju. O, shut the door; and when thou hast done so,
Come weep with me; past hope, past cure, past help!

F. Lau. Ah, Juliet, I already know thy grief;
It strains me past the compass of my wits.
I hear thou must, and nothing must prorogue it,
On Thursday next be married to this county.

Ju. Tell me not, friar, that thou hear'st of this,
Unless thou tell me how I may prevent it.
If, in thy wisdom, thou canst give no help,
Do thou but call my resolution wise,
And with this knife I 'll help it presently.
God join'd my heart and Romeo's, thou our hands;
And ere this hand, by thee to Romeo seal'd,
Shall be the label to another deed,
Or my true heart with treacherous revolt
Turn to another, this shall slay them both:
Therefore, out of thy long-experienced time,
Give me some present counsel; or, behold,
'Twixt my extremes and me this bloody knife
Shall play the umpire; arbitrating that,
Which the commission [1] of thy years and art
Could to no issue of true honor bring.

---

[1] Authority, power.

Be not so long to speak; I long to die,
If what thou speak'st speak not of remedy.

F. Lau. Hold, daughter: I do spy a kind of hope,
Which craves as desperate an execution
As that is desperate which we would prevent.
If, rather than to marry county Paris,
Thou hast the strength of will to slay thyself;
Then is it likely, thou wilt undertake
A thing like death to chide away this shame,
That copest with death himself to scape from it;
And, if thou darest, I'll give thee remedy.

Ju. O, bid me leap, rather than marry Paris,
From off the battlements of yonder tower;
Or walk in thievish ways; or bid me lurk
Where serpents are; chain me with roaring bears;
Or shut me nightly in a charnel-house,
O'ercover'd quite with dead men's rattling bones,
With reeky shanks, and yellow chapless sculls;
Or bid me go into a new-made grave,
And hide me with a dead man in his shroud;
Things that, to hear them told, have made me tremble;
And I will do it without fear or doubt,
To live an unstain'd wife to my sweet love.

F. Lau. Hold, then; go home; be merry; give consent
To marry Paris: Wednesday is to-morrow:
To-morrow night look that thou lie alone;
thy nurse lie with thee in thy chamber.
›u this phial, being then in bed,

And this distilled liquor drink thou off;
When, presently, through all thy veins shall run
A cold and drowsy humor, which shall seise
Each vital spirit; for no pulse shall keep
His natural progress, but surcease to beat:
No warmth, no breath shall testify thou livest;
The roses in thy lips and cheeks shall fade
To paly ashes; thy eyes' windows fall,
Like death, when he shuts up the day of life;
Each part, deprived of supple government,
Shall stiff, and stark, and cold, appear like death;
And in this borrow'd likeness of shrunk death
Thou shalt remain full two and forty hours,
And then awake as from a pleasant sleep.
Now, when the bridegroom in the morning comes
To rouse thee from thy bed, there art thou dead:
Then, as the manner of our country is,
In thy best robes uncover'd on the bier,
Thou shalt be borne to that same ancient vault,
Where all the kindred of the Capulets lie.
In the mean time, against thou shalt awake,
Shall Romeo by my letters know our drift,
And hither shall he come; and he and I
Will watch thy waking, and that very night
Shall Romeo bear thee hence to Mantua.
And this shall free thee from this present shame;
If no unconstant toy, nor womanish fear,
Abate thy valor in the acting it.

Ju. Give me, give me! O, tell me not of fear.

F. Lau. Hold; get you gone; be strong and prosperous

In this resolve: I'll send a friar with speed
To Mantua, with my letters to thy lord.

Ju. Love, give me strength! and strength shall help afford.
Farewell, dear father! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A room in Capulet's house.

Enter CAPULET, LADY CAPULET, NURSE, *and* SERVANTS.

Cap. So many guests invite as here are writ.— [*Exit Servant.*
Sirrah, go hire me twenty cunning cooks.

2 *Ser.* You shall have none ill, sir; for I'll try if they can lick their fingers.

Cap. How canst thou try them so?

2 *Ser.* Marry, sir, 'tis an ill cook that cannot lick his own fingers; therefore he that cannot lick his fingers goes not with me.

Cap. Go; be gone. [*Exit Servant.*
We shall be much unfurnish'd for this time.—
What, is my daughter gone to friar Laurence?

Nurse. Ay, forsooth.

Cap. Well, he may chance to do some good on her:
A peevish self-will'd harlotry it is.

Enter JULIET.

[illegible] ee, where she comes from shrift with [illegible] ry look.

Cap. How now, my headstrong! where have you been gadding?

Ju. Where I have learn'd me to repent the sin
Of disobedient opposition
To you, and your behests;[1] and am enjoin'd
By holy Laurence to fall prostrate here,
And beg your pardon.—Pardon, I beseech you:
Henceforward I am ever ruled by you.

Cap. Send for the county; go tell him of this:
I 'll have this knot knit up to-morrow morning.

Ju. I met the youthful lord at Laurence' cell;
And gave him what becomed[2] love I might,
Not stepping o'er the bounds of modesty.

Cap. Why, I am glad on 't; this is well; stand up:
This is as 't should be.—Let me see the county;
Ay, marry, go, I say, and fetch him hither.—
Now, afore God, this reverend holy friar,
All our whole city is much bound to him.

Ju. Nurse, will you go with me into my closet,
To help me sort such needful ornaments
As you think fit to furnish me to-morrow?

L. Cap. No, not till Thursday; there is time enough.

Cap. Go, nurse, go with her: we 'll to church to-morrow. [*Exeunt Juliet and Nurse.*

L. Cap. We shall be short in our provision;
'Tis now near night.

---

[1] Commands. [2] For becoming.

Cap. Tush! I will stir about,
And all things shall be well, I warrant thee, wife:
Go thou to Juliet, help to deck up her;
I 'll not to bed to-night;—let me alone;
I 'll play the housewife for this once.—What, ho!—
They are all forth: well, I will walk myself
To county Paris, to prepare him up
Against to-morrow: my heart is wondrous light,
Since this same wayward girl is so reclaim'd.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Juliet's chamber.

Enter JULIET *and* NURSE.

Ju. Ay, those attires are best:—but, gentle nurse,
I pray thee, leave me to myself to-night;
For I have need of many orisons
To move the heavens to smile upon my state,
Which, well thou know'st, is cross and full of sin.

Enter LADY CAPULET.

L. Cap. What, are you busy? do you need my help?

Ju. No, madam; we have cull'd such necessaries
As are behoveful for our state to-morrow.
So please you, let me now be left alone,
And let the nurse this night sit up with you;
For, I am sure, you have your hands full all
In this so sudden business.

L. Cap. Good night!
Get thee to bed, and rest; for thou hast need.
[*Exeunt Lady Capulet and Nurse.*
Ju. Farewell!—God knows, when we shall meet again.
I have a faint cold fear thrills through my veins,
That almost freezes up the heat of life:
I 'll call them back again to comfort me:—
Nurse!—What should she do here?
My dismal scene I needs must act alone.
Come, phial.
What, if this mixture do not work at all?
Must I of force be married to the county?—
No, no; this shall forbid it:—lie thou there.
[*laying down a dagger.*
What if it be a poison, which the friar
Subtly hath minister'd to have me dead;
Lest in this marriage he should be dishonor'd,
Because he married me before to Romeo?
I fear it is; and yet, methinks, it should not,
For he hath still been tried a holy man:
I will not entertain so bad a thought.—
How if, when I am laid into the tomb,
I wake before the time that Romeo
Come to redeem me? there 's a fearful point!
Shall I not then be stifled in the vault,
To whose foul mouth no healthsome air breathes in,
And there die strangled ere my Romeo comes?
Or, if I live, is it not very like,
The horrible conceit of death and night,
Together with the terror of the place,—

As in a vault, an ancient receptacle,
Where, for these many hundred years, the bones
Of all my buried ancestors are pack'd;
Where bloody Tybalt, yet but green in earth,
Lies festering in his shroud: where, as they say,
At some hours in the night spirits resort;—
Alack, alack! is it not like, that I,
So early waking; what with loathsome smells,
And shrieks like mandrakes'[1] torn out of the earth,
That living mortals, hearing them, run mad;—
O! if I wake, shall I not be distraught,[2]
Environed with all these hideous fears?
And madly play with my forefathers' joints?
And pluck the mangled Tybalt from his shroud?
And, in this rage, with some great kinsman's bone,
As with a club, dash out my desperate brains?
O look! methinks, I see my cousin's ghost
Seeking out Romeo, that did spit his body
Upon a rapier's point.—Stay, Tybalt, stay!—
Romeo, I come! this do I drink to thee.

[She throws herself on the bed.

---

[1] This plant was vulgarly supposed to possess a degree of animal life, and, when torn from the ground, to utter a groan [illegible] that pulled it up.

[2] Distracted.

SCENE IV.

Capulet's hall.

Enter LADY CAPULET *and* NURSE.

L. Cap. Hold, take these keys, and fetch more spices, nurse.

Nurse. They call for dates and quinces in the pastry.[1]

Enter CAPULET.

Cap. Come, stir, stir, stir; the second cock hath crow'd,
The curfew bell hath rung; 'tis three o'clock.
Look to the baked meats, good Angelica:
Spare not for cost.

Nurse. Go, go, you cot-quean,[2] go;
Get you to bed: faith, you 'll be sick to-morrow
For this night's watching.

Cap. No, not a whit: what! I have watch'd ere now
All night for lesser cause, and ne'er been sick.

L. Cap. Ay, you have been a mouse-hunt[3] in your time;
But I will watch you from such watching now.

[*Exeunt Lady Capulet and Nurse.*

---

[1] i. e. the room where the pastry was made.
[2] A man who busies himself with women's occupations.
[3] Mouse was an amorous term of endearment.

SCENE V.

Juliet's chamber; Juliet on the bed.

Enter NURSE.

Nurse. Mistress!—what, mistress!—Juliet!—fast, I warrant her, she:—
Why, lamb!—why, lady!—fie, you slug-a-bed!—
Why, love, I say!—madam! sweetheart!—why, bride!—
What, not a word?—you take your pennyworths now;
Sleep for a week; for the next night, I warrant,
The county Paris hath set up his rest,
That you shall rest but little.—God forgive me,
(Marry, and amen!) how sound is she asleep!
I needs must wake her.—Madam, madam, madam!—
Ay, let the county take you in your bed;
He 'll fright you up, i' faith.—Will it not be?
What, dress'd, and in your clothes, and down again!
I must needs wake you.—Lady! lady! lady!—
Alas! alas!—Help! help! my lady 's dead!—
O, welladay, that ever I was born!—
...me aqua vitæ, ho!—my lord! my lady!

Enter LADY CAPULET.

Cap. What noise is here?
...rse. O lamentable day!
Cap. What is the matter?

Nurse. Look, look! O heavy day!

La. Cap. O me, O me!—my child, my only life,
Revive, look up, or I will die with thee!—
Help, help!—call help.

Enter CAPULET.

Cap. For shame; bring Juliet forth; her lord is come.

Nurse. She's dead, deceased; she's dead: alack the day!

La. Cap. Alack the day! she's dead, she's dead, she's dead.

Cap. Ha! let me see her.—Out, alas! she's cold.
Her blood is settled, and her joints are stiff:
Life and these lips have long been separated:
Death lies on her, like an untimely frost
Upon the sweetest flower of all the field.
Accursed time! unfortunate old man!

Nurse. O lamentable day!

La. Cap. O woful time!

Cap. Death, that hath ta'en her hence to make me wail,
Ties up my tongue, and will not let me speak.

Enter FRIAR LAURENCE *and* PARIS, *with Musicians.*

F. Lau. Come, is the bride ready to go to church?

Cap. Ready to go, but never to return:
O, the night before thy wedding day

Hath Death lain with thy bride:—see, there she lies,
Flower as she was, deflowered by him.
Death is my son-in-law; Death is my heir:
My daughter he hath wedded. I will die,
And leave him all; life leaving, all is death's.

Pa. Have I thought long to see this morning's face,
And doth it give me such a sight as this?

L. Cap. Accursed, unhappy, wretched, hateful day!
Most miserable hour, that e'er time saw
In lasting labor of his pilgrimage!
But one, poor one, one poor and loving child,
But one thing to rejoice and solace in,
And cruel death hath catch'd it from my sight!

Nurse. O woe! O woful, woful, woful day!
Most lamentable day! most woful day,
That ever, ever, I did yet behold!
O day! O day! O day! O hateful day!
Never was seen so black a day as this.
O woful day! O woful day!

Pa. Beguiled, divorced, wronged, spited, slain!
Most detestable death, by thee beguiled,
By cruel cruel thee quite overthrown!—
O love! O life!—not life, but love in death!

Cap. Despised, distressed, hated, martyr'd, kill'd!—
Uncomfortable time! why camest thou now
To murder murder our solemnity?—
O child! O child!—my soul, and not my child!—
Dead art thou?—alack! my child is dead;



Opie, del. T. Starling, sc.

ROMEO & JULIET.

Juliet, Capulet, Lady, Capulet, Friar &c.

Act IV Scene V.

To follow this fair corse unto her grave.
The heavens do lower upon you for some ill;
Move them no more, by crossing their high will.

[*Exeunt Capulet, Lady Capulet, Paris, and Friar.*

1 *Mu.* Faith, we may put up our pipes, and be gone.

Nurse. Honest, good fellows, ah, put up, put up;
For, well you know, this is a pitiful case.

[*Exit Nurse.*

1 *Mu.* Ay, by my troth, the case may be amended.

Enter PETER.

Peter. Musicians, O, musicians, 'heart's ease, heart's ease,' O, an you will have me live, play 'heart's ease.'

1 *Mu.* Why 'heart's ease?'

Peter. O musicians, because my heart itself plays, 'My heart is full of woe.' O, play me some merry dump [1] to comfort me.

2 *Mu.* Not a dump we; 'tis no time to play now

Peter. You will not then?

Mu. No.

Peter. I will then give it you soundly.

1 *Mu.* What will you give us?

Peter. No money, on my faith; but the gleek: [2] I will give you the minstrel.

---

[1] Dumps were heavy, mournful tunes, adapted for elegies.

[2] A pun is here intended between 'gleek,' scorn; and 'gleekman,' which signified a minstrel.

1 *Mu.* Then will I give you the serving-creature.

Peter. Then will I lay the serving-creature's dagger on your pate. I will carry no crotchets: I'll *re* you; I'll *fa* you. Do you note me?

1 *Mu.* An you *re* us, and *fa* us, you note us.

2 *Mu.* Pray you, put up your dagger, and put out your wit.

Peter. Then have at you with my wit: I will dry-beat you with an iron wit, and put up my iron dagger.—Answer me like men.

> 'When griping grief the heart doth wound,
> And doleful dumps the mind oppress;
> Then Music, with her silver sound,'——

Why 'silver sound?' why, 'Music, with her silver sound?'—What say you, Simon Catling?

1 *Mu.* Marry, sir, because silver hath a sweet sounding.

Peter. Pretty!—What say you, Hugh Rebeck?

2 *Mu.* I say 'silver sound,' because musicians sound for silver.

Peter. Pretty too!—What say you, James Soundpost?

3 *Mu.* Faith, I know not what to say.

Peter. O, I cry you mercy! you are the singer: I will say for you. It is—'Music, with her silver sound,' because such fellows as you have seldom gold for sounding:—

> 'Then Music, with her silver sound,
> With speedy help doth lend redress.'

[*Exit, singing.*

1 *Mu.* What a pestilent knave is this same!

2 *Mu.* Hang him, Jack! Come, we 'll in here, tarry for the mourners, and stay dinner. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.

Mantua. A street.

Enter ROMEO.

Ro. If I may trust the flattering eye of sleep,
My dreams presage some joyful news at hand:
My bosom's lord[1] sits lightly in his throne;
And, all this day, an unaccustom'd spirit
Lifts me above the ground with cheerful thoughts.
I dreamt, my lady came and found me dead;
(Strange dream, that gives a dead man leave to think!)
And breathed such life with kisses in my lips,
That I revived, and was an emperor.
Ah me! how sweet is love itself possess'd,
When but love's shadows are so rich in joy!

Enter BALTHASAR.

News from Verona!—How now, Balthasar?
Dost thou not bring me letters from the friar?
How doth my lady? Is my father well?

---

[1] i. e the god of love.

How fares my Juliet? That I ask again;
For nothing can be ill if she be well.

Bal. Then she is well, and nothing can be ill;
Her body sleeps in Capels' monument,
And her immortal part with angels lives:
I saw her laid low in her kindred's vault,
And presently took post to tell it you.
O, pardon me for bringing these ill news,
Since you did leave it for my office, sir.

Ro. Is it even so? then I defy you, stars!—
Thou know'st my lodging: get me ink and paper,
And hire post-horses; I will hence to-night.

Bal. Pardon me, sir; I will not leave you thus:
Your looks are pale and wild, and do import
Some misadventure.

Ro. Tush, thou art deceived:
Leave me, and do the thing I bid thee do.
Hast thou no letters to me from the friar?

Bal. No, my good lord.

Ro. No matter: get thee gone,
And hire those horses: I'll be with thee straight.
[*Exit Balthasar.*

Well, Juliet, I will lie with thee to-night:
Let's see for means.—O, mischief! thou art swift
To enter in the thoughts of desperate men!
I do remember an apothecary,—
And hereabouts he dwells,—whom late I noted
In tatter'd weeds, with overwhelming brows,
Culling of simples: meagre were his looks;
Sharp misery had worn him to the bones;
[illegible] in his needy shop a tortoise hung,

An alligator stuff'd, and other skins
Of ill-shaped fishes; and about his shelves
A beggarly account of empty boxes,
Green earthen pots, bladders, and musty seeds,
Remnants of packthread, and old cakes of roses,
Were thinly scatter'd, to make up a show.
Noting this penury, to myself I said,—
An if a man did need a poison now,
Whose sale is present death in Mantua,
Here lives a caitiff wretch would sell it him.
O, this same thought did but forerun my need;
And this same needy man must sell it me.
As I remember, this should be the house:
Being holyday, the beggar's shop is shut.—
What, ho! apothecary!

Enter APOTHECARY.

Apo. Who calls so loud?

Ro. Come hither, man.—I see that thou art poor:—
Hold, there is forty ducats: let me have
A dram of poison; such soon-speeding geer,[1]
As will disperse itself through all the veins,
That the life-weary taker may fall dead;
And that the trunk may be discharged of breath
As violently, as hasty powder fired
Doth hurry from the fatal cannon's womb.

---

[1] Stuff.

Apo. Such mortal drugs I have; but Mantua's law
Is death to any he that utters them.

Ro. Art thou so bare and full of wretchedness,
And fear'st to die? famine is in thy cheeks,
Need and oppression starveth in thy eyes,
Upon thy back hangs ragged misery:
The world is not thy friend, nor the world's law:
The world affords no law to make thee rich;
Then be not poor, but break it, and take this.

Apo. My poverty, but not my will consents.

Ro. I pay thy poverty, and not thy will.

Apo. Put this in any liquid thing you will,
And drink it off; and, if you had the strength
Of twenty men, it would despatch you straight.

Ro. There is thy gold; worse poison to men's souls,
Doing more murders in this loathsome world,
Than these poor compounds that thou mayst not sell:
I sell thee poison, thou hast sold me none.
Farewell; buy food, and get thyself in flesh.—
Come, cordial, and not poison, go with me
To Juliet's grave, for there must I use thee.

Exeunt.

SCENE II.

Friar Laurence's cell.

Enter FRIAR JOHN.

John. Holy Franciscan friar! brother, ho!

Enter FRIAR LAURENCE.

F. Lau. This same should be the voice of friar John.—
Welcome from Mantua. What says Romeo?
Or, if his mind be writ, give me his letter.

F. John. Going to find a barefoot brother out,
One of our order, to associate me,
Here in this city visiting the sick,
And finding him, the searchers of the town,
Suspecting that we both were in a house
Where the infectious pestilence did reign,
Seal'd up the doors, and would not let us forth;
So that my speed to Mantua there was stay'd.

F. Lau. Who bare my letter then to Romeo?

F. John. I could not send it;—here it is again;—
Nor get a messenger to bring it thee;
So fearful were they of infection.

F. Lau. Unhappy fortune! by my brotherhood,
The letter was not nice,[1] but full of charge,
Of dear import; and the neglecting it
May do much danger. Friar John, go hence;
Get me an iron crow, and bring it straight
Unto my cell.

F. John. Brother, I 'll go and bring it thee. [*Exit.*

F. Lau. Now must I to the monument alone;
Within this three hours will fair Juliet wake:

---

[1] On a trivial or idle subject.

She will beshrew me much, that Romeo
Hath had no notice of these accidents:
But I will write again to Mantua,
And keep her at my cell till Romeo come;
Poor living corse, closed in a dead man's tomb!
[*Exit.*

SCENE III.

A churchyard; in it a monument belonging to the Capulets.

Enter PARIS; *and his* PAGE, *bearing flowers and a torch.*

Par. Give me thy torch, boy: hence, and stand aloof:—
Yet put it out, for I would not be seen.
Under yon yew-trees lay thee all along,
Holding thine ear close to the hollow ground;
So shall no foot upon the churchyard tread,
(Being loose, unfirm, with digging up of graves)
But thou shalt hear it: whistle then to me,
As signal that thou hear'st something approach.
Give me those flowers: do as I bid thee; go.

Page. I am almost afraid to stand alone
Here in the churchyard: yet I will adventure.
[*retires.*

Par. Sweet flower, with flowers I strew thy bridal bed:
Sweet tomb, that in thy circuit dost contain
The perfect model of eternity,
Fair Juliet, that with angels dost remain,

Accept this latest favor at my hands;
That living honor'd thee; and, being dead,
With funeral praises do adorn thy tomb!

[*the Boy whistles.*

The boy gives warning, something doth approach.
What cursed foot wanders this way to-night,
To cross my obsequies, and true love's rites?
What, with a torch?—muffle me, night, awhile.

[*retires.*

Enter ROMEO, *and* BALTHASAR *with a torch, mattock, &c.*

Ro. Give me that mattock, and the wrenching iron.
Hold, take this letter; early in the morning
See thou deliver it to my lord and father.
Give me the light. Upon thy life, I charge thee,
Whate'er thou hear'st or seest, stand all aloof,
And do not interrupt me in my course.
Why I descend into this bed of death,
Is, partly, to behold my lady's face;
But, chiefly, to take thence from her dead finger
A precious ring; a ring, that I must use
In dear employment:[1] therefore hence; be gone:—
But if thou, jealous, dost return to pry
In what I farther shall intend to do,
By heaven, I will tear thee joint by joint,
And strew this hungry churchyard with thy limbs.

---

[1] i. e. in an action of importance.

The time and my intents are savage-wild;
More fierce, and more inexorable far,
Than empty tigers, or the roaring sea.

Bal. I will be gone, sir, and not trouble you.

Ro. So shalt thou show me friendship.—Take thou that;
Live, and be prosperous; and farewell, good fellow.

Bal. For all this same, I 'll hide me hereabout:
His looks I fear, and his intents I doubt. [*retires.*

Ro. Thou detestable maw, thou womb of death,
Gorged with the dearest morsel of the earth,
Thus I enforce thy rotten jaws to open,
[*breaking open the door of the monument.*
And, in despite, I 'll cram thee with more food!

Pa. This is that banish'd haughty Montague,
That murder'd my love's cousin: with which grief,
It is supposed, the fair creature died;
And here is come to do some villanous shame
To the dead bodies.—I will apprehend him.
[*advances.*
Stop thy unhallow'd toil, vile Montague:
Can vengeance be pursued farther than death?
Condemned villain, I do apprehend thee:
Obey, and go with me; for thou must die.

Ro. I must, indeed; and therefore came I hither.—
Good gentle youth, tempt not a desperate man;
Fly hence and leave me:—think upon these gone;
t them affright thee.—I beseech thee, youth,
p not another sin upon my head,
urging me to fury:—O, be gone!

By heaven, I love thee better than myself;
For I come hither arm'd against myself.
Stay not; be gone; live, and hereafter say,—
A madman's mercy bade thee run away.

Pa. I do defy thy conjurations,[1]
And do attach thee as a felon here.

Ro. Wilt thou provoke me? then have at thee, boy. [*they fight.*

Page. O lord! they fight: I will go call the watch. [*Exit Page.*

Pa. O, I am slain! [*falls.*]—If thou be merciful,
Open the tomb; lay me with Juliet. [*dies.*

Ro. In faith, I will. Let me peruse this face:—
Mercutio's kinsman, noble county Paris.
What said my man, when my betossed soul
Did not attend him as we rode? I think,
He told me, Paris should have married Juliet:
Said he not so? or did I dream it so?
Or am I mad, hearing him talk of Juliet,
To think it was so?—O, give me thy hand,
One writ with me in sour misfortune's book!
I 'll bury thee in a triumphant grave;—
A grave? O, no; a lantern, slaughter'd youth;
For here lies Juliet, and her beauty makes
This vault a feasting presence[2] full of light.
Death, lie thou there, by a dead man interr'd.
[*laying Paris in the monument.*
How oft, when men are at the point of death,

---

[1] I refuse to do as thou conjurest me to do; i. e. to depart.
[2] Presence-chamber

Have they been merry? which their keepers call
A lightning before death: O, how may I
Call this a lightning?—O, my love! my wife!
Death, that hath suck'd the honey of thy breath,
Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty:
Thou art not conquer'd; beauty's ensign yet
Is crimson in thy lips and in thy cheeks,
And death's pale flag is not advanced there.—
Tybalt, liest thou there in thy bloody sheet?
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] O, here
[illegible]
[illegible] stars
[illegible] Eyes, look your
[illegible]
[illegible] and, lips, O you
[illegible] with a righteous kiss
[illegible] engrossing death!—
[illegible] come, unsavory guide!

[illegible]

Thou desperate pilot, now at once run on
The dashing rocks thy sea-sick weary bark!
Here 's to my love!—[*drinks.*] O, true apothecary!
Thy drugs are quick.—Thus with a kiss I die.
[*dies.*

Enter, at the other end of the churchyard, FRIAR LAURENCE, *with a lantern, crow, and spade.*

F. Lau. Saint Francis be my speed! how oft to-night
Have my old feet stumbled at graves!—Who 's there?
Who is it that consorts, so late, the dead?

Bal. Here 's one, a friend, and one that knows you well.

F. Lau. Bliss be upon you! Tell me, good my friend,
What torch is yond', that vainly lends his light
To grubs and eyeless sculls? as I discern,
It burneth in the Capels' monument.

Bal. It doth so, holy sir; and there 's my master,
One that you love.

F. Lau. Who is it?

Bal. Romeo.

F. Lau. How long hath he been there?

Bal. Full half an hour

F. Lau. Go with me to the vault.

Bal. I dare not, sir:
My master knows not, but I am gone hence;
And fearfully did menace me with death,

If I did stay to look on his intents.

F. Lau. Stay then; I 'll go alone:—fear comes upon me.
O, much I fear some ill unlucky thing.

Bal. As I did sleep under this yew-tree here,
I dreamt my master and another fought,
And that my master slew him.

F. Lau. Romeo?—[*advances*
Alack, alack, what blood is this, which stains
The stony entrance of this sepulchre?
What mean these masterless and gory swords
To lie discolor'd by this place of peace?
[*enters the monument.*
Romeo! O, pale!—Who else? what, Paris too;
And steep'd in blood?—Ah, what an unkind hour
Is guilty of this lamentable chance!—
The lady stirs. [*Juliet wakes and stirs.*

Ju. O, comfortable friar! where is my lord?
I do remember well where I should be,
And there I am.—Where is my Romeo?
[*noise within.*

F. Lau. I hear some noise.—Lady, come from that nest
Of death, contagion, and unnatural sleep:
A greater Power than we can contradict
Hath thwarted our intents: come, come away:
Thy husband in thy bosom there lies dead,
And Paris too. Come; I 'll dispose of thee
ng a sisterhood of holy nuns.
ot to question, for the watch is coming;



ROMEO & JULIET.

Juliet awaking.

Act V Scene III

Come, go, good Juliet.—[*noise again.*] I dare stay no longer. [*Exit*

Ju. Go, get thee hence, for I will not away.—
What 's here? a cup, closed in my true love's hand?
Poison, I see, hath been his timeless end.—
O churl! drink all; and leave no friendly drop,
To help me after?—I will kiss thy lips;
Haply, some poison yet doth hang on them,
To make me die with a restorative. [*kisses him.*
Thy lips are warm!

1 *Watch.* [*within.*] Lead, boy:—which way?

Ju. Yea, noise? then I 'll be brief.—O happy dagger! [*snatching Romeo's dagger.*
This is thy sheath; [*stabs herself.*] there rust, and let me die.
[*falls on Romeo's body, and dies.*

Enter WATCH, *with the* PAGE *of Paris.*

Page. This is the place; there, where the torch doth burn.

1 *Watch.* The ground is bloody. Search about the churchyard:
Go, some of you; whoe'er you find, attach.
[*Exeunt some.*
Pitiful sight! here lies the county slain,
And Juliet bleeding, warm, and newly dead,
Who here hath lain these two days buried.—
Go, tell the prince;—run to the Capulets;—
Raise up the Montagues;—some others search.
[*Exeunt other Watchmen.*

We see the ground whereon these woes do lie;
But the true ground of all these piteous woes,
We cannot without circumstance descry.

Enter some of the WATCH, *with* BALTHASAR.

2 *Watch.* Here 's Romeo's man; we found him in the churchyard.

1 *Watch.* Hold him in safety till the prince come hither.

Enter another WATCHMAN, *with* FRIAR LAURENCE.

3 *Watch.* Here is a friar, that trembles, sighs, and weeps:
We took this mattock and this spade from him,
As he was coming from this churchyard side.

1 *Watch.* A great suspicion: stay the friar too.

Enter PRINCE *and Attendants.*

Prince. What misadventure is so early up,
That calls our person from our morning's rest?

Enter CAPULET, LADY CAPULET, *and others.*

Cap. What should it be, that they so shriek abroad?

L. Cap. The people in the street cry Romeo,
Some Juliet, and some Paris; and all run,
With open outcry, toward our monument.

What fear is this, which startles in our ears?

1 *Watch.* Sovereign, here lies the county Paris slain;
And Romeo dead; and Juliet, dead before,
Warm and new kill'd.

Prince. Search, seek, and know how this foul murder comes.

1 *Watch.* Here is a friar, and slaughter'd Romeo's man,
With instruments upon them, fit to open
These dead men's tombs.

Cap. O heavens!—O wife! look how our daughter bleeds!
This dagger hath mista'en: for, lo! his house[1]
Is empty on the back of Montague,
And is mis-sheathed in my daughter's bosom.

L. Cap. O me! this sight of death is as a bell,
That warns my old age to a sepulchre.

Enter MONTAGUE *and others.*

Prince. Come, Montague; for thou art early up,
To see thy son and heir more early down.

Mon. Alas, my liege, my wife is dead to-night;
Grief of my son's exile hath stopp'd her breath.
What farther woe conspires against mine age?

Prince. Look, and thou shalt see.

Mon. O thou untaught! what manners is in this,
To press before thy father to a grave?

---

[1] i. e. the scabbard.

To this same place, to this same monument.
This letter he early bid me give his father;
And threaten'd me with death, going in the vault,
If I departed not, and left him there.

Prince. Give me the letter; I will look on it.—
Where is the county's page, that raised the watch?—
Sirrah, what made your master in this place?

Page. He came with flowers to strew his lady's grave;
And bid me stand aloof, and so I did.
Anon, comes one with light to ope the tomb;
And, by and by, my master drew on him;
And then I ran away to call the watch.

Prince. This letter doth make good the friar's words,
Their course of love, the tidings of her death:
And here he writes, that he did buy a poison
Of a poor 'pothecary, and therewithal
Came to this vault to die, and lie with Juliet.—
Where be these enemies?—Capulet! Montague!
See, what a scourge is laid upon your hate,
That Heaven finds means to kill your joys with love!
And I, for winking at your discords too,
Have lost a brace of kinsmen.[1] All are punish'd.

Cap. O, brother Montague, give me thy hand:
This is my daughter's jointure; for no more

---

[1] Mercutio and Paris.

Can I demand.

Mon. But I can give thee more:
For I will raise her statue in pure gold;
That, while Verona by that name is known,
There shall no figure at such rate be set,
As that of true and faithful Juliet.

Cap. As rich shall Romeo by his lady lie;
Poor sacrifices of our enmity!

Prince. A glooming peace this morning with it brings:
The sun, for sorrow, will not show his head.
Go hence, to have more talk of these sad things;
Some shall be pardon'd, and some punished:
For never was a story of more woe
Than this of Juliet and her Romeo. [*Exeunt.*

END OF VOL. XIII.



3 6105 010 441 694

STANFORD UNIVERSITY LIBRARIES
STANFORD AUXILIARY LIBRARY
STANFORD, CALIFORNIA 94305-6004
(415) 723-9201
All books may be recalled after 7 days

DATE DUE

JUN 3 0 1999
MAR 29 1999
APR 17 2001
JUN 3 0 2001